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THE NEW YORKER

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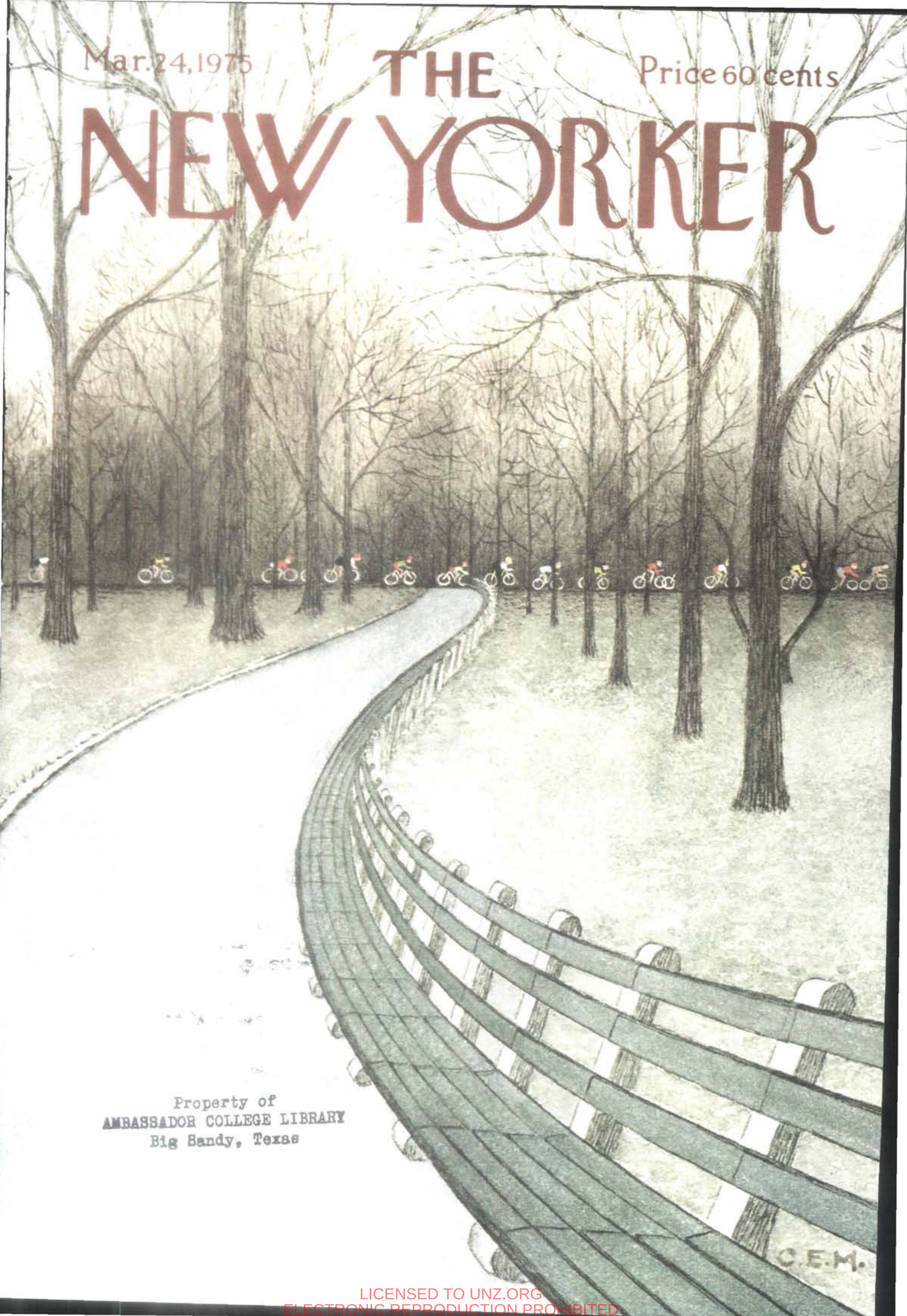

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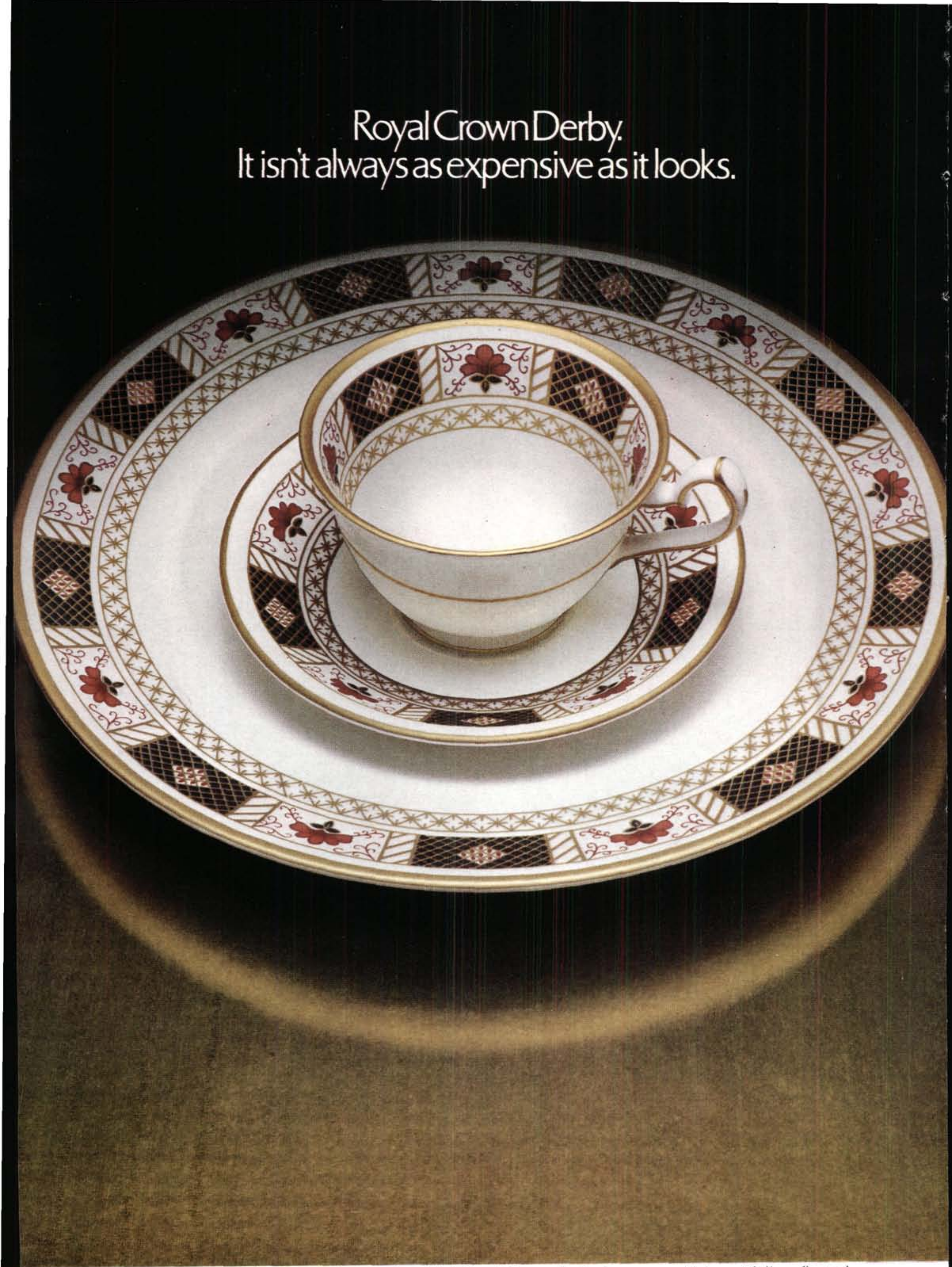
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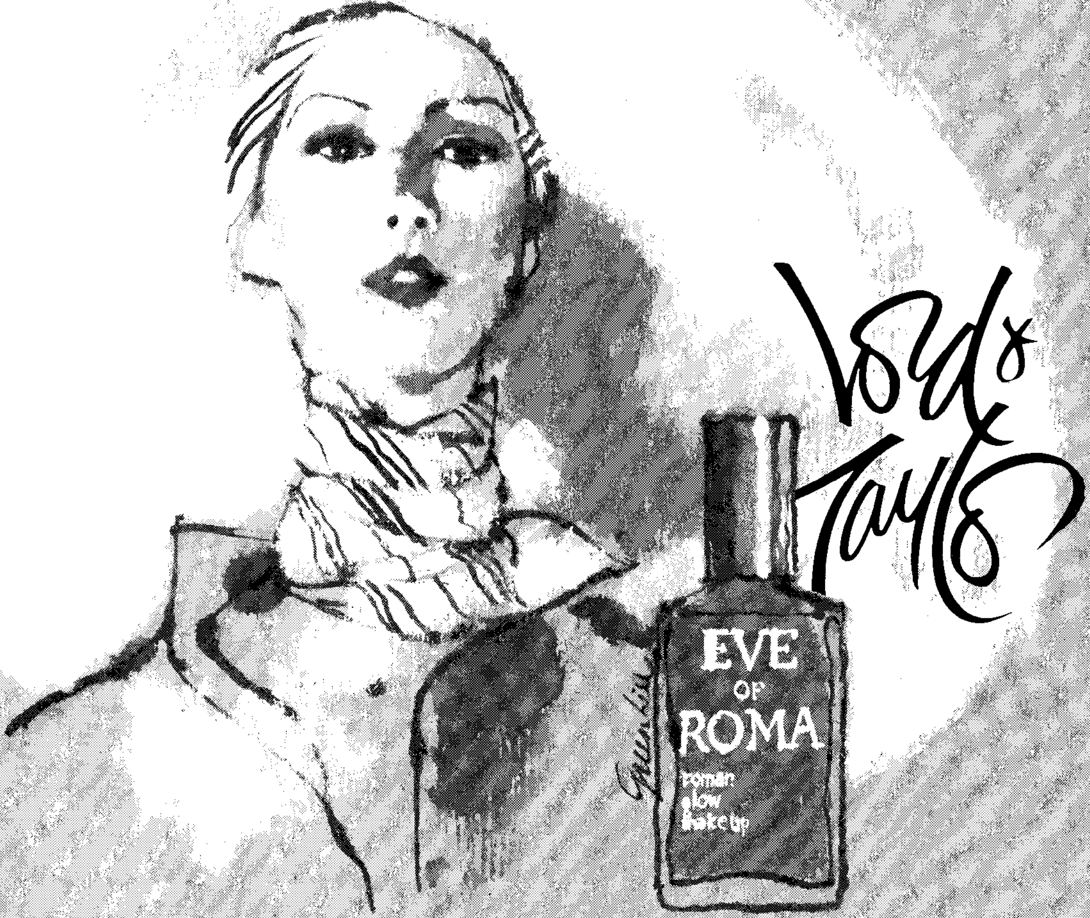

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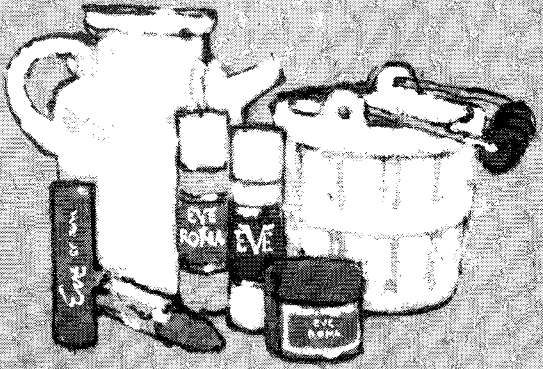

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All God's Chillun Got Wings—Trish Van Devere in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's 1924 play. George C. Scott is the director. Previews Wednesday, March 19. Opens officially on Thursday, March 20, and will run through Sunday, May 25. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

All Over Town—A failed farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Bone Room—A three-character musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt. (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Friday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

Clarence Darrow—Henry Fonda brings to life that sturdy midwestern lawyer and Peck's bad boy, whom history sees as having been nearly always on the right side. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Wednesday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

Dance with Me—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by and starring Greg Antonacci, aided by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Jazz—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics (mostly) by Buster Davis, and a cast headed by Bobby Van, Lola Falana, and Lillian Hayman. Directed by Donald McKayle. Opens Wednesday, March 19. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Doll's House—Liv Ullmann and Sam Waterston in a clumsy production of the Ibsen treatise on women's liberation. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 19, at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, March 23, at 7.)

Don't Call Back—Arlene Francis in a thriller by Russell O'Neil. Directed by Len Cariou. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 19, and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the Rodgers-Laurents-Sondheim musical DO I HEAR A WALTZ? is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company has opened its season with a wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterful direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, a young man called Reyno, and Mr. W. himself especially so. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

God's Favorite—Neil Simon's repulsive retelling, in contemporary urban-Jewish patois, of the Book of Job. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

Goodtime Charley—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking make this musical oddity about the Dauphin and Joan of Arc worth giving half your attention to. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel all give exquisite lessons in the art of acting; their vehicle, by Terence Rattigan, is not an exquisite lesson in the art of playwriting but it will serve. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Letter for Queen Victoria—An opera written and directed by Robert Wilson, and in which he also appears. Alan Lloyd composed the score. Previews through Friday, March 21. Opens officially on Saturday, March

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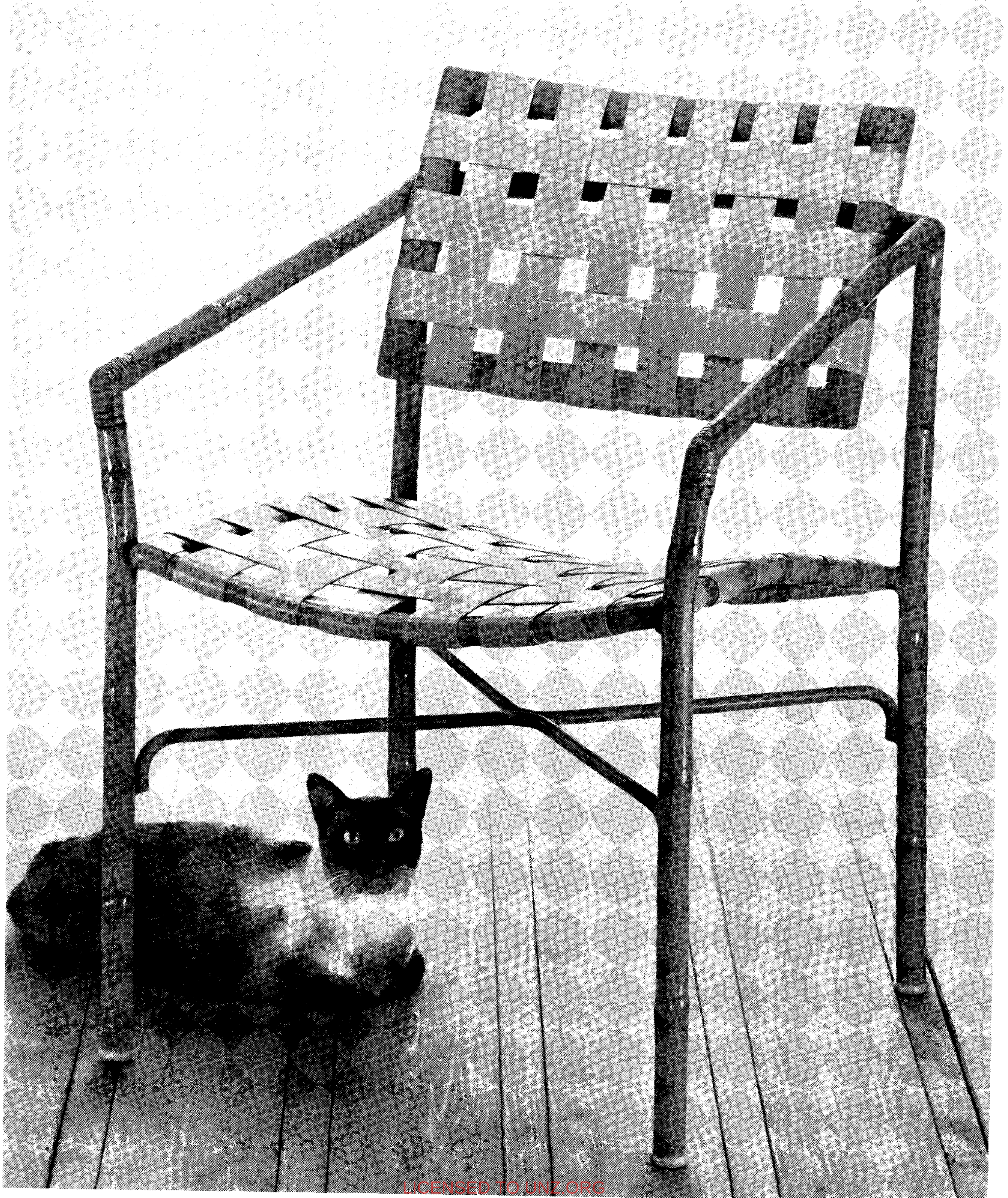


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

22. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Lieutenant—A brilliant little musical about My Lai and the abominable conduct of American soldiers there. Hard to believe it could work, but it does. Eddie Mekka plays the title role. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime, with Pierre Verry, in a three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, March 25, and will run through Sunday, April 13. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Misanthrope—A strange rendering of Molière's great play, with Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg pretending to be Parisians of the nineteen-sixties. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Night That Made America Famous—A gratuitously overblown show, heaped up round the balladeer Harry Chapin. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Pretzels—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Renallo, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Private Lives—Maggie Smith and John Standing in Noël Coward's well-nigh perfect comedy of fidelity and infidelity—the infidelity being a consequence of the fidelity. That's Coward for you. Directed by John Gielgud. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Ritz—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Jack Weston and Rita Moreno. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

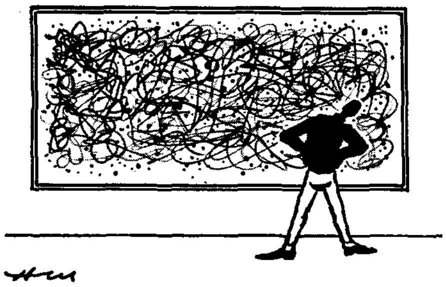
The Rocky Horror Show—A foolish parody of the good old vampire movies. Even brimming with human blood, Count Dracula would have blanched at it. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—A seven-week engagement that will end Sunday, April 6. **LEAR,** a shortened version of Shakespeare's tragedy: Wednesday, March 19, at 8; Thursday, March 20, at 2 and 8; Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8; Sunday, March 23, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday through Saturday, March 25-29, at 8. . . . **HE THAT PLAYS THE KING,** an anthology devised by Ian Richardson: Saturday, March 29, at 2 (opening). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Same Time, Next Year—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Seagull and **Our Late Night**—An unsuccessful production of Chekhov's great play, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **THE SEAGULL:** Wednesday, through Saturday, March 19-22, at 7:30. . . . **OUR LATE NIGHT:** Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 7:30 and 9:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. EN 2-7611.)

Seascape—Two primordial lizards emerge from the sea and strike up a conversation with a wealthy, middle-aged couple picnicking among the dunes at, say, East Hampton. Edward Albee makes this unlikely encounter an instructive and often witty one. With Deborah Kerr, Barry Nelson, Frank Langella, and Maureen Anderman. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)



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Shenandoah—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Wood is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD,** a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND,** two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

Straws in the Wind: A Theatrical Look Ahead—A revue, with script contributions by, among others, Donald Barthelme and Peter Stone, plus songs by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Cy Coleman, and others. Directed by Phyllis Newman. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

The Taking of Miss Janie—A splendid new play by Ed Bullins. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

Wings—A musical version, by Robert McLaughlin and Peter Ryan, of Aristophanes' comedy "The Birds." (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Wiz—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,201 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 989-3295. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 247-0429. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—First sign of spring for non-bird-watchers. Opens Tuesday, March 25, and will run through Monday, May 26. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening day at 1 and 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Fridays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Put Up Your Dukes," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, March 19, at 8: "Moves," "As Time Goes By," "The Big City," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Pas des Déesses," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Jeu de Cartes," "Remembrances," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "Jeu de Cartes," "As Time Goes By," "Pas des Déesses," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "The Dream," "Monotones I and II," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 23, at 2: "Viva Vivaldi!," "As Time Goes By," "Confetti," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 23, at 7:30: "Jeu de Cartes," "Deuce Coupe II," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W., 55th St. 246-8989.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Swan Lake," "Go for Barocco," and other ballets. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, March 30. For tickets, call 989-5240.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Rashied Ali—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three. Thursdays through Sundays.

David Amram—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh

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Cadillac traditionally leads all U.S. luxury car makes in resale value. Therefore, it comes as no surprise that according to the most recent Automotive Marketing Report, the 1974 Cadillac has retained a higher percentage of its original value (Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price) than any other U.S. luxury car make. Models compared were priced to include those popular options that were installed on 50% or more of a particular body style.

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Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Gary Burton—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vibraharp, leading a quintet, Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Jaki Byard—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, Sundays, from five to nine. . . . ¶ Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). With bassist Major Holley, from nine-thirty on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes (Mondays through Wednesdays), Dick Katz (Thursdays through Saturdays), Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Sonny Fortune—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Reeds and flute, with Stanley Cowell, Charles Sullivan, Reggie Workman, and Chip Lyles. Wednesday through Saturday, March 19-22, from nine-forty-five to three.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading the Hip Ensemble, a quintet, from ten to three, Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, except Sundays.

Milt Jackson—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Vibraharp, with a quartet, at ten, through Sunday, March 23.

Keith Jarrett—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, with tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman, bassist Charlie Haden, and drummer Paul Motian, beginning Tuesday, March 25, at ten.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Ron Carter and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Lloyd McNeill—Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566). Flute, with Cecil McBee, Dom Salvador, and Billy Williams, Fridays and Saturdays, from ten-thirty.

Helen Merrill—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Jazz singer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-fifteen.

Tracy Nelson—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals, with her band, beginning Friday, March 28, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Sy Oliver—Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from seven, nightly, except Sundays.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Bobby Short—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Cecil Taylor—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a quartet, through Sunday, March 23.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Saxophonist Tommy Jones and a trio play Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at this Chelsea pub, which remains unmercifully cluttered with nautical artifacts. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. English soul food: fish-and-chips, steak-and-kidney pie, and shepherd's pie.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may just be tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cozy place—white brick walls and a long, paned picture window with gauzy curtains—in which to munch pork chops, ribs, or collard greens and listen to some reliable, vigorously amplified music. Sonny Fortune, a creator of very fine, extended and developed alto-sax and flute solos, works in an exemplary quintet, which also includes trumpeter Charles Sullivan, pianist Stanley Cowell, bassist Reggie Workman, and drummer Chip Lyles; through Saturday, March 22. On Wednesday, March 26, reedman Robin Kenyatta takes over with his quartet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Former rock prodigy Janis Ian sings about the joys and trials of growing old—she's twenty-four now—opposite folkrocker Larry Gatlin on Wednesday, March 19. Thursday through Sunday, March 20-23, seasoned folkie Eric Andersen performs husky-voiced ditties about women: Lila, Florentine, Sheila, Mama, and others. Two progressive-rock bands—one led by former Door Ray Manzarek and another, a German specimen called Passport—share the stage on Monday and Tuesday, March 24-25. Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, vibraharpist Gary Burton and his quintet alternate with Oregon, a multi-instrumental—guitar, oboe, tabla, bass, English horn, sitar, etc.—quartet which plays ragas and rock riffs that are rooted in improvisatory jazz. Singer Tracy Nelson arrives with her band on Friday, March 28. Miss Nelson, with her impressive range, control, and subtlety, was one of the wonders of late-sixties rock; lately, her voice has been disturbingly overmiked and she seems to have lost whatever rapport she may have had with past audiences. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Pianist Barry Harris and bassist Bill Takas operate (through Saturday, March 22) in this pleasant, dark-pine-walled Village sanctuary that often takes on the qualities of friendly chaos. On Monday, March 24, the musical cast is enlarged to a trio—bassist Takas, pianist Benny Aronoff, and guitarist Sam Brown. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the CAFÉ CARLYLE, Bobby Short demonstrates his unique, hard-hitting ways with classic popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Short and company go on at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the BEMELMANS BAR, which—fingers crossed—appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Helen Humes, who began when microphones were still menacing contraptions, is singing beautifully. Her accompanist is Mr. Intelligent—Ellis Larkins. Wilbur Little plays bass. Every night from eight to one, except Sunday, when pianist Dick Hyman, who likes to pretend he is everyone from Don Lambert to Nat Cole, comes aboard. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer (cornet), Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Dick Wellstood, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Cliff Leeman. On Tuesday, March 25, two old-time swingsters—Buddy Tate, a still active tenorman (with the Countsmen), and Doc Cheatham, who is now nearly seventy and who has played trumpet with just about everybody from McKinney's Cotton Pickers to Perez Prado—will sit in. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Cecil Taylor, a pianist endowed with genius, intensity, at least twenty fingers, and a loyal following, winds up a rare club appearance on Sunday, March 23. He hasn't played a New York club in five years, and it has been nearly fifteen since he last was at the Five Spot. He has lately been sequestering himself in concert halls. On Mondays: Dave Matthews' twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese food. . . . ¶ On Sunday afternoons: The Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. It has trouble with intonation, time, and some slow readers, but it also has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist Jaki Byard acts as the leader.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz swaps ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Ron Carter. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson soloes every night from six to nine. Snacks.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Roy Eldridge is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there, even if it doesn't generally appear until midnight. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The newest edition of George Wein's Newport All-Stars numbers Joe Newman, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Wein himself on piano, Larry Ridley, and Panama Francis. Newman, who once passed through the shadow of Harry Edison, continues to use Edison's big blue notes and to play with the outsized sounds and musical gestures of a big-band trumpeter of old. Lockjaw Davis, who once passed through the shadow of Ben Webster,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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continues to use Webster's tone to enfold his own myriad slap-tongued effects. Wein, who once passed through the shadows of Fats Waller and Teddy Wilson, continues to play parlor piano with chutzpah. Ridley and Francis, who once passed through the shadows of Oscar Pettiford and Sid Catlett, continue to keep excellent time. A cheerful and wholly predictable group that swings hardest when it has the least to say. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **BIRD CAGE** is the remarkable Helen Merrill, who has not worked in New York for a decade and more because she has been busy growing famous abroad, particularly in Italy and Japan, where she has lived long periods. Her voice is soft and gentle and smoky, but it has surprising strength, and her repertory is handsome and varied, even including Italian and Japanese folk songs in Italian and Japanese. Her accompanists are John Bunch, an able and delicate pianist, and Richard Davis, who likes to think the bass violin is an orchestra. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-fifteen.

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MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The management has thoughtfully installed two bicycle racks just outside this upper West Side hangout. One can keep tabs on one's bike from the sidewalk gallery, which has windows made of the same type of plastic that separates taxi passengers from taxi-drivers. Some intricate, super-cool, and lazy rhythm and blues is offered up by bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, tenorman Charlie Brown, and drummer Chris Parker, through Wednesday, March 26. The music is of the puristic, early- and mid-fifties variety—the basic and raw materials untarnished by sixties and seventies rock-and-roll inflections or soul mannerisms. Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29, drummer Roy Haynes heads up a lively quintet. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

MUSIC ROOM, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—This modest restaurant and bar, which presents classical and, sometimes, folk music nightly from seven to eleven, makes a pleasant, relaxed alternative to the rigidities of the concert hall. The decorations include a characteristically brooding, steely-eyed portrait of Beethoven, a guitar-shaped poster that enumerates the recording artists for a small blues label, and regimented rows of hanging plastic plants and a few preserved palms. The musicians are young, proficient, and usually amenable to requests. Soloists perform weekdays; chamber duos, trios, and quartets take over on Fridays and Saturdays.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, with an enthusiastic clientele and a reverence for just about anything campy. The current object of that reverence is Warholian superstar Holly Woodlawn, a scrawnily slinky female impersonator who churns out torchy numbers and twirls a feathery boa. Singer Larry Paulette alternates with Ms. Woodlawn through Saturday, March 22. On Tuesday, March 25, Ellen Greene, a singer with an Ethel Merman vibrato (but, alas, not the power or control), starts trading sets with a young but old-guard standup comic, Mike Preminger. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sunday, March 23, Tally Brown sings a program of Brecht, Weill, and David Bowie at nine and again at eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—An infirmary in name only—the music is very much alive and kicking. Pianist Hod O'Brian collaborates with bassist Cameron Brown nightly, except Mondays, and the two are joined by trumpeter Chet Baker, a talented alto saxophonist named Bob Mover, and drummer Beaver Harris Thursdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, David Amram and his cohorts move in to play "Tompkins Square Park Consciousness Expander," "Horn & Hardart Succotash Blues," and other Amram compositions. Music from about ten.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Chet Baker—thin as a pole, his face all cheekbones and shadows—has lost none of the lilt and flow he displayed as a member of Gerry Mulligan's famous quartet. His cohorts sometimes forget what page they are on, but they keep him afloat Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two. Lee Konitz, the alto saxophonist, and another old-time coolnik, is on hand Wednesdays and Thursdays. Fridays and Saturdays are claimed by singer Bobby Hill and his backup quartet. Sundays, from nine to two, are given over to the guitar duo of Joe Puma and Chuck Wayne, who exchange more notes than there are begats. Snacks.

STUDIO 77 / ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The dark emptiness of nighttime SoHo streets belies the fashionable, steaming activity found in some of the neighborhood hangouts. This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested, is one of the more animated. The source of the commotion is the bandstand, where drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—James Vass, David Durrah, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who were the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and John Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, a black-marble-topped bar, and an acoustically perfect corner where the musicians are to be found. Sonelius Smith is there playing solo piano on Wednesday, March 19, from nine to one. Pianist Bobby Dorough and bassist Steve Gilmore perform Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, from ten to two, and Sunday, March 23, from six to ten. Wednesday, March 26, is set aside for further solo-keyboard explorations, this time to be conducted by Kenny Barron. Two fine young players, guitarist Jack Wilkins and bassist Eddie Gomez (a member of the Bill Evans trio), pay a return visit here on Friday and Saturday, March 28-29. Dinner.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A lively though scarcely palatial evening haunt comprising two enclosed sidewalk galleries—affording views of the Bowery—and a large inner room with the obligatory exposed-brick walls and a black ceiling of hand-pressed tin. Nothing much happens until around ten-thirty, when the music commences and when the crush of assorted musicians, local loft dwellers, and a smattering of students and uptown observers beset the place in the tradition of resigned rush-hour commuters. Flutist Lloyd McNeill and his capable crew—the very fine Cecil McBee on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, and drummer Billy Williams—keep everyone happy on Fridays and Saturdays with their commanding knowledge of rhythmic, Brazilian-flavored jazz. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, singer Randy Harris works in front of a combo; and Cosmology, a jazz band of varying size, performs Sundays and Mondays. Dinner.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. One of them is subtle, soothing, and bluesy Milt Jackson, now on the loose following the disassembling of the Modern Jazz Quartet, and he's leading his own quartet here through Sunday, March 23. On Tuesday, March 25, Keith Jarrett arrives along with Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, and Paul Motian. Jarrett is an impressive young pianist and occasional soprano saxophonist, who, unlike many of his contemporaries, firmly shuns electronic instruments. His approach to the keyboard is singularly (post Cecil Taylor) cerebral and acrobatic: he sits on the edge of his seat, almost standing up, and hunches his shoulders, contorts his face, rolls his head around, and hits unexpected keys. On Mondays, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band ambles in, assembles itself, lets loose, and sometimes—but not often enough—blasts off. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Nat Jones on piano and a bassist perform Thursdays through Sundays, and Chuck Fowler and Duke Cleamons trade ideas Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here and away from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Monday and Tuesday, March 24-25, a swing combo takes the stand; it comprises drummer Oliver Jackson, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, and pianist Dill Jones. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a four-string tenor guitarist, plays bebopping blues with his bassist, Brian Torff, and his drummer, Ronnie Cole. Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians. Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price works with drummer Jo Jones and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette on Saturdays and Sundays. Music from nine to one.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, pianist Herb Winner plays Tuesdays through Fridays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays from eight to midnight. Steven Weltner is on duty Sundays from eight to midnight, and Mondays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Argentine singer Alberto Rochi will be in operation in the **PERSIAN ROOM** through Saturday, March 22. On Monday, March 24, Betty Rhodes will start singing. Shows at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **PLAZA RESTAURANT** provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the **PALM COURT**, from five to one. Saturdays from five to one, and Sundays from four to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Italian singer Enzo Stuarti is holding forth on this sixty-fifth-floor height at dinner and supper. Dancing from seven-forty-five to two. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting Sy Oliver's dance orchestra from seven every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE**, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by singer Barbara Cook through Saturday, March 22, after which the room shuts down for a week's vacation. . . . ¶ In the **KING COLE GRILL**, Eleanor Fell plays the harp from seven-thirty to eleven every night but Sunday.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL

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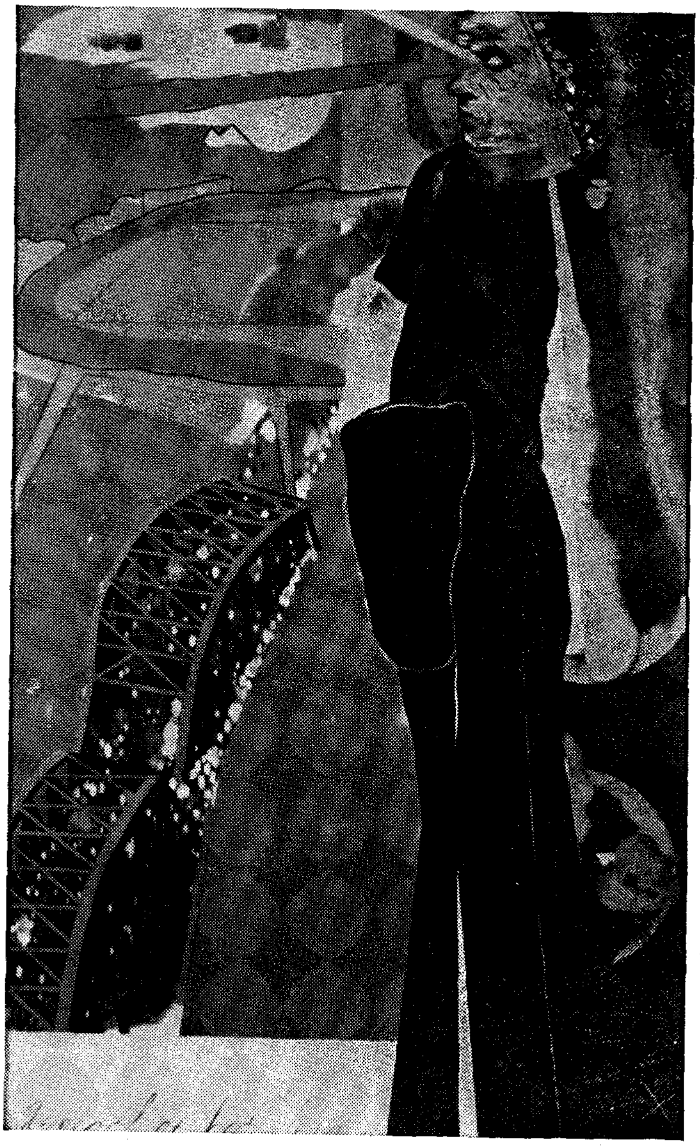

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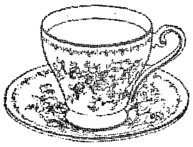

Photo: Pesn

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5-3000)—Little Anthony and the Imperials are the dinner and supper fare in the **EMPIRE ROOM.** Dance music the rest of the time. The room closes after Saturday, March 22, for a week.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Abe Ajay—Relief paintings. Through April 19. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Benny Andrews—Paintings and collages concerning the effects of war. Through April 5. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Romare Bearden—Collage paintings recording the history of American jazz. Through Saturday, March 22. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Erich Brauer—Paintings and etchings by a member of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through May 10. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Byron Burford—Acrylics on paper, some portraying carnival and circus life. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Arthur B. Davies (1862-1928)—A chronological retrospective exhibit, including oils, watercolors, pastels, drawings, etchings, and lithographs. Through April 15. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

John Day—Surrealistic landscapes. Through April 10. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Ernest Dieringer—White geometrical forms on brown linen canvas fields. Through Saturday, March 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

John Duff—Painted fibre-glass sculptures. Through April 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Sonja Eisenberg—Abstract paintings in which forms emerge from misty color fields. Through April 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Barbara Gardner—Surrealistic oil paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 29. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Recent abstract paintings and collages. Through Saturday, March 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Angelo Ippolito—Recent paintings that combine interior and exterior scenes. Through Thursday, March 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Miyoko Ito—Paintings. Through Thursday, March 27. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through Saturday, March 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Daniel LaRue Johnson—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 22. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings, mostly of women. Through Saturday, March 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Steel and aluminum wall pieces and freestanding vertical sculptures. Through April 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Nearly thirty drawings, with examples from his entire career. Through April 5. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1946 and 1971. Through April 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Emily J. Marshall—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings. Through Tuesday, March 25. (Bartholet, 55 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles E. Martin—Watercolors of Maine and magazine-cover designs in pastels and watercolors. Through Saturday, March 29. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

William McCartin—Nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Raoul Middleman / William Klapp—Figurative paintings. / Sculptures. Through Saturday, March 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

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Andre Minaux—Still-lifes. Through April 12. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

John Napper—Oil paintings of the English countryside by a British artist. Through Saturday, March 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jack Nelson—Free-flowing line drawings of birds, insects, fish, and celestial symbols. Through Saturday, March 22. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jules Olitski—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Paintings, many of them figurative and having their roots in Nordic folk tradition, by a member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, March 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Robert Reed—Abstract paintings, collages, and monotypes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

David Roth—Paintings and drawings. Through April 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Judith Rothschild—Relief paintings incorporating paper cutouts. Through April 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Charles Salerno—A retrospective of his carved-stone sculptures. Through April 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Edith Schloss—Abstract oils and watercolors in which still-life and landscape merge. Through Saturday, March 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Gertrude Shibley—Geometric acrylic paintings inspired by the New York subways. Through Saturday, March 22. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Burton Silverman—Paintings, drawings, and monotypes depicting the artist and his family and other subjects. Through Tuesday, March 25. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

May Stevens—A series of satirical paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Sculptures and paintings by a Chicago-born artist who studied with Rodin and later worked in Cubist-derived styles. Through April 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66)—Small gouaches and small drawings in mixed mediums. Through Thursday, March 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Imaginary portraits of Toulouse-Lautrec, Eakins, and others in group scenes. Through Friday, March 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Show—A selection of European portraiture (both paintings and sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through Saturday, March 29. (Raydon, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Batan—Paintings. Through April 12. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Roy De Forest—Four large paintings and a group of crayon and pastel drawings, all completed in the past few months. Through April 11. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Jillian Denby—Paintings of nudes. Through April 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Fahlen—Abstract sculptures made from numerous materials, including polyester resin, wire, and wood. Through Saturday, March 29. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Fares—Paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 29. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ron Gorchov—Abstract oils on shaped canvases. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Allan Hacklin—Paper collages. Through Saturday, March 29. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—Large-scale geometric drawings, done with graphite on paper. Through April 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rafael Mahdavi—Paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, March 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marisol—Drawings (colored pencil and crayon on black paper, mostly), measuring up to nine feet in length. Also wall pieces (plaster and found objects). Through Saturday, March 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Aline Porter / Thomas Stokes—Wooden boxes in which small objects are mounted. Through Saturday, March 22. / Abstract paintings suggesting landscapes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Recent welded-steel sculptures composed of rods and cylinders. Through April 19. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Another recent piece, plus three earlier works. Through May 2. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Gilbert L. Stone—Paintings, some of them surrealistic. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

William Thon—Watercolors, many of the Maine coast. Through Saturday, March 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Welded-steel sculptures, some of which have been rubbed with paint. Through Saturday, March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ARRAS,** 29 W. 57th St.: A one-man show of Victor Vasarely's familiar Optical sculptures and wall pieces, plus a six-ring circus of works by other artists—notably, a flight of funny sewed-cloth dolls by Lesley Jean Goldberg and some startling wall hangings of rope and raw-looking fabrics by Josep Grau-Garriga. Through Saturday, March 29. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: A loan show marking the hundredth anniversary of the Art Students League of New York and containing paintings and sculptures by a hundred and one American artists (including Benton, Eakins, O'Keeffe, and Marisol) who have studied or taught at the institution. Through Saturday, March 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Artschwager / Larry Stark—Six drawings, each interpreting the same everyday objects from a different point of view. / Photo-Realist silkscreens on canvas, mainly of trucks. Through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—Five painted wall pieces and twenty large pastel drawings. Through Saturday, March 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jon Borofsky—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through April 2. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Cynthia Carlson—Painted-over woven canvases and other works. Through Saturday, March 22. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Dan Douke—Photo-Realist paintings of swimming pools and other appointments of the California life style; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 22. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Female figures done in drawings and oils with heavily painted surfaces. Through April 3. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Nobu Fukui—Constructivist paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Paul Georges—Landscapes, portraits, still-lifes, and nudes. Through Thursday, March 27. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Diane Karol—Constructions made of tubular forms suspended from the ceiling, leaning against the walls, and projecting at angles from the floor. Through April 2. (55 Mercer Street.)

Jack Lembeck—These semi-abstract paintings use shadows and a semblance of objects (windows, clotheslines, and pipes) to create an impression of several planes, one in front of the other. Through April 2. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Roman Opalka / Lucio Pozzi—Acrylic paintings

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and ink drawings, all of tiny numbers in sequence. / Works dealing with photographic papers according to their inherent properties. One part of the exhibit is the addition of a piece of unexposed, unprocessed photosensitive paper to the gallery wall each day. Through April 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Gianni Piacentino / Edward Kienholz—Paintings, all incorporating the Wright Brothers' planes as motifs, and sculptures by an Italian artist. / Watercolors. Through Saturday, March 29. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St.)

Halina Rusak / Rachel Rolon de Clet—Paintings of flowers. / Acrylic paintings and silverpoint drawings. Through April 9. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Remo Saraceni—A group of kinetic pieces (activated by the viewer through touching, walking, even blowing) that demonstrates handsome and amusing aspects of modern technology. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Sophia Sosnoff—Canvases and freestanding works containing found objects such as feathers and theatre tickets. Through Saturday, March 29. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Carolee Thea—A maze constructed of barbed wire; first solo show in New York. Through Wednesday, March 26. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Esteban Vicente—New paintings by a noted Abstract Expressionist. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

John Walker—Acrylics on canvas. Through April 10. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Paintings, drawings, and other works by Shirley Davidson, Gisela Fischer, Judith Henry, and Dee Shapiro. Through Wednesday, March 26. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, films, and other works by six northern California artists. Through April 9. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Gerald Horn, slide projections by Eric Staller, sculptures by Arden Scott, and photographs and videotapes by Donald Lipski. Through Saturday, March 22. . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Environmental pieces by Joan Webster Price, hand-painted nylon banners by Robert Venor, and small gouaches by Alice C. Adelman. Through April 3.

OTHER GALLERIES

Franklin Perrell—Paintings and drawings of the Long Beach, Long Island, boardwalk and its environs. Through Saturday, March 29. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Church St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Drawings from the late nineteen-fifties to the present. Through April 2. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

George Trakas—Six large constructions of glass, rope, wood, and metal, held together by tension and balance. Through Friday, March 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, photographs, ceramics, and stained glass by Camilla Chambers, John Dobbs, Herman Rose, and others. Through March 30. (Westbeth, 155 Bank St. Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gisèle Freund—Color and black-and-white portraits of writers and artists, among them Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, Henri Matisse, Pierre Bonnard, André Malraux, Simone de Beauvoir, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Through Saturday, March 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sid Kaplan / Irène Stern—Black-and-white prints. / Color photographs of nudes. Through Sunday, March 23. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people taken during the last decade by a thirty-seven-year-old Czech photographer who left his country in 1968. Through April 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Les McCann—Black-and-white photographs of people taken in Mexico, Jamaica, and other countries by the well-known jazz pianist; first one-man show in New York. Through April 13. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A retrospective of approximately two hundred and seventy-five photographs, dating from about 1918 to 1948. Through March 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Garry Winogrand / Ikko—Contemporary big-city street scenes. / Black-and-white landscapes by a Japanese photographer. Through Saturday, March 29. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Marc Riboud's photojournalism from the last two decades, done on assignment in Vietnam, Algeria, Cyprus, Saudi Arabia, and Washington (among other turbulent places). . . . ¶ Examples by eleven members of the Kamoinge Workshop, a group of black photographers from New York. Both through April 5. (Open Sundays.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Imogen Cunningham, Julia Margaret Cameron, Berenice Abbott, Dorothea Lange, Margaret Bourke-White, Inge Morath, Jill Krementz, and Sarah Moon are among the women photographers represented here. Through April 18. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Works by Dorothea Kehaya, Joe Portogallo, John Kosmer, and others. Through April 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . **WITKIN**, 243 E. 60th St.: A sixth-anniversary show. It includes work by Stieglitz, Steichen, Atget, Hine, Weston, Cunningham, Abbott, Lartigue, Brassai, Arbus, Friedlander, Tice, and Erwitt—about a hundred and twenty-five selections in all. Through April 12. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Great Wave" is the name of a remarkable exhibition here of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese woodcuts hung side by side with prints by the Impressionists on whom they exerted an influence. Through May 11. . . . ¶ The first exhibition of art from the Momoyama period (1568-1615) to be seen outside Japan. It is on loan from both public and private collections and contains examples of screen paintings, ceremonial armor, *no* costumes, and gold lacquer objects, as well as tea-ceremony utensils and ink paintings. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Northeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A group of paintings, including eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Starts Thursday, March 20. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings (by, among others, William Powell Frith and Edwin Henry Landseer) that were exhibited at the Royal Academy in London during the reign of Queen Victoria. Through April 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through April 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on similar themes by artists of different generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through June 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A Max Ernst retrospective of about three hundred paintings, collages, frottages, sculptures, and illustrated books, loaned from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Through April 20. Complementary shows are at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St., and the Leonard Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings dating from 1964 to the present by Brice Marden. Through April 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—This year's biennial is limited to artists who have never had one-man shows in New York or been included in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The first stage will close Sunday, March 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Sculptures from the sixties by Mark di Suvero, Claes Oldenburg, Donald Judd, and others. Through April 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles) on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures from China, India, Malaysia, and Thailand, some arranged in groups behind a screen as they might appear in an actual performance. Also, three-dimensional Asian puppets. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Adolph Gottlieb, Leon Kroll, Moses Soyer, and Zoltan Sepeshy. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-eight painters and five sculptors who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Both through April 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Through Sunday, March 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and other works by Hugo Weber (1918-71), a Swiss-American Abstract Expressionist. Through April 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Cover paintings done for this magazine, cartoons that have appeared in our columns, and books that saw first light here, all selected by the Grolier Club in a friendly gesture. Through April 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of traditional containers and wrappings for foods, drinks, spices, and gifts, made of wood, bamboo, straw, hemp, ceramic; paper, and fabric. Through April 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A large exhibition of letters, musical scores, posters, photographs, and other memorabilia of the composer Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900). . . . ¶ Highlights from the museum's collection of illuminated manuscripts, early printed

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

books, and autograph manuscripts (for example, a Thoreau notebook). Both through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan exhibition of American calligraphy consisting of samples of pen drawings and Shaker spirit drawings, as well as pottery, quilts, and painted furniture in which writing is used as a part of the decoration. Through Sunday, March 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Wall hangings, rugs, jewelry, and ceramic and wood sculptures made by artisans from Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Through April 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs (some by Jacob Riis), journals, maps, and other items that illustrate the grim side of life (crime, sweatshops, tenements) in nineteenth-century New York City. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Color photographs, by Ralph Rosenblum, of children's art work on hoardings and walls and board fences around the city. Through April 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage contains costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30. . . . ¶ About a hundred dolls from Germany, France, England, and the United States, made of such diverse materials as wood, wax, porcelain, and clothespins. Through May 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A loan show of the graphic works of Renoir. Through March 30. . . . ¶ Boxes of wood, each decorated with a variety of materials and each containing a lead sheet with gold-leaf design on which the artist, Joe Ascrizzi, has etched poems. Through April 6. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 19, at 8: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, James King, Ingvar Wixell, and Andrew Foldi; conducted by Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Anna Moffo, Fernando Corena, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Walker; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Berit Lindholm, Nell Rankin, Anna Reynolds, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, and Marius Rintzler; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Cristina Deutekom, Wieslaw Ochman, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, March 24, at 8: "Tosca," with Galina Vishnevskaya, James King, Ingvar Wixell, and Andrew Foldi; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 25, at 7: "Siegfried," with Berit Lindholm, Betsy Norden, Maureen Forrester, Jess Thomas, Ragnar Ulfung, Thomas Stewart, Andrew Foldi, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 26, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Joann Grillo, Jon Vickers, Matteo Manuguerra, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 27, at 8: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 28, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Maralin Niska, Wieslaw Ochman, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 12:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Anna Reynolds, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Sixten Ehrling. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Anna Moffo, Fernando Corena, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Walker; Max Rudolf.

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New York City Opera—Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, José Carreras, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Fisher; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "The Mikado," with Diana Soviero, Betty Allen, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "The Consul," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, John Darrenkamp, and Edward Pierson; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 23, at 1: "Idomeneo," with Maralin Niska, Veronica Tyler, Richard Taylor, and Gary Glaze; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 23, at 7: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Wise, Diane Curry, José Carreras, and Pablo Elvira; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 25, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, José Carreras, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 27, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Patricia Wells, Barbara Hocher, Joseph Blanton, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 28, at 8: "Salome," with Eileen Schauler, Olivia Stapp, Robert Nagy, and Robert Fisher; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 2: "La Bohème," with Patricia Wells, Johanna Meier, Tullio Pane, and Pablo Elvira; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8: "La Traviata," with Heather Thomson, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 27.)

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing performances of Verdi's "La Traviata," with Norma French, soprano; Jerold Siena, tenor; and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. Wednesday, March 19, and Friday, March 21, at 8. For tickets, call 595-1161.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, March 20, at 8:30; Friday, March 21, at 2; Saturday, March 22, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 25, at 7:30 (all with Abbey Simon, piano, and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist on Thursday, March 27, at 8:30; Friday, March 28, at 2; Saturday, March 29, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 1, at 7:30.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy and Robert Page directing the final performance of the season here, with the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 24, at 8:15.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting Elgar's oratorio "The Dream of Gerontius," with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Morley Meredith, baritone; and a chorus. The final concert of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 19, at 7:30.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting the final concert of the season, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Municipal Concerts Chamber Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Friday, March 21, at 1. No tickets necessary.)

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Jeffrey Siegel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting The Ensemble and acting as piano soloist in a program of American music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of music by Japanese composers, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano, and the Barnard Women's Glee Club. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesday, March 25, at 8.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Schachter conducting an all-Haydn program. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, March 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Judith Raskin, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Our Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe in the first in a series of three programs, this one with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Justino Diaz, bass; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 29, at midnight.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with an orchestra and soloists. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Manhattan Chorus and Orchestra—Daniel Paget directing. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, March 25, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Philadelphia Singers and Orchestra—Michael Korn directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

Harvard University Glee Club—F. John Adams directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, March 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Crail Conner, soprano; Anita Darian, mezzo-soprano; Ann Yervanian, alto; Richard Shadley, tenor; and Edward Pierson, bass. The last in a series of concerts. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 28, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Carole Bogard, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, contralto; Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors; Samuel Ramey and Bruce Fifer, bass-baritones; Herbert Beattie, bass; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

RECITALS

Alexander Schneider and Lee Luvisi—Violin and piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Jorge Morel—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Cathy Berberian—Soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber Music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 21, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the second of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Paul Zukofsky, violin; Gilbert Kalish and Paul Jacobs, piano; and Paul Tobias, cello. The performance will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 21. For information about tickets, call 790-9595.)

Arthur Ozolins—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

Yma Sumac—Peruvian singer. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 23, at 6.)

Benita Valente, Lee Luvisi, and Harold Wright—

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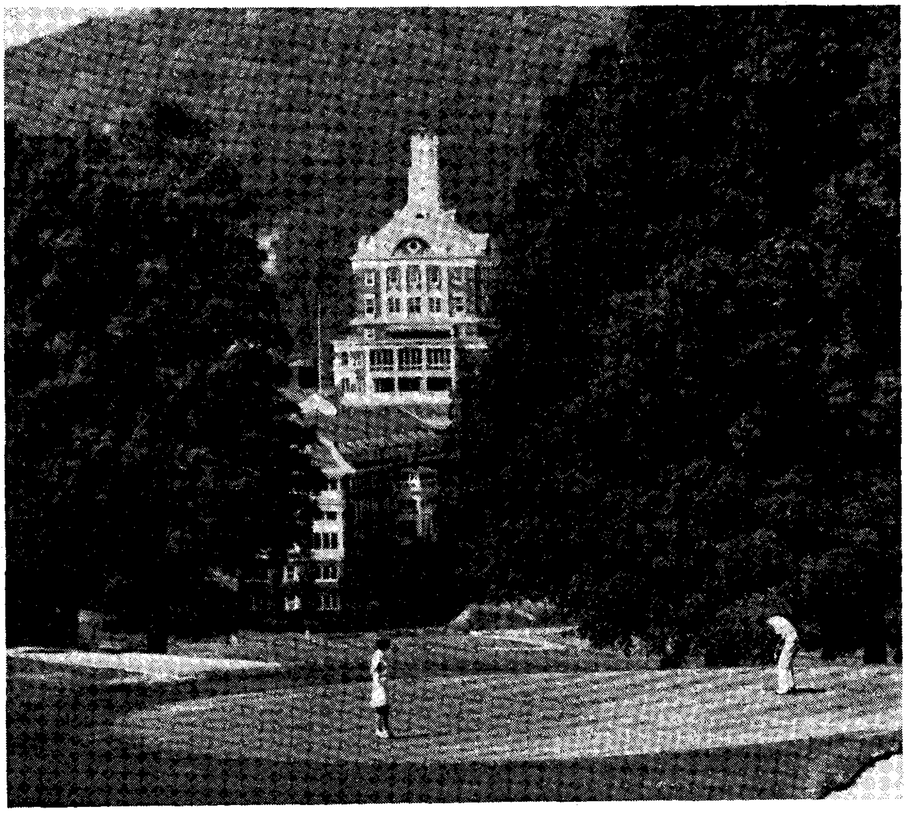


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Soprano, piano, and clarinet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 23, at 2:30.)

ALFRED BRENDEL—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

WILLIAM WARFIELD—Bass-baritone, in an all-Schumann benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 24, at 8.)

GERARDO RIBEIRO—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, March 24, at 8.)

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET—The third in a series of four concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 24, at 8.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 25, at 8.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with the Guarneri Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8.)

NOTE—Igor Kipnis will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 6, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, March 24, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

MAURICE RAVEL: CENTENARY RETROSPECTIVE CONCERT—A program of his music, performed by Sheila Schonbrun and Jeannette Walters, sopranos; Paul Sperry, tenor; Nancy Allen, harp; Charles Libove, violin; Paul Tobias, cello; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; and the Musica Reservata, directed by Margherita Hastings. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 19, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 19, at 5:45: **TEDDY WILSON.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 26, at 5:45: **PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY.**

NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY—A program of music by Jelly Roll Morton with Bob Wilber, Kenny Davern, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

NANCY WILSON—With Les McCann. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8 and 11:30.)

ARCHIE SHEPP AND ART BLAKEY—Each playing his own compositions, with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble conducted by Jimmy Owens. (Town Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III AND ORLEANS—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 21, at 8.

BAKER GURVITZ ARMY—With Ginger Baker and Paul and Adrian Gurvitz. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.)

ALICE COLTRANE, RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK, AND PHAROAH SANDERS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, March 22-23, at 8.

J. C. WHITE SINGERS—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, March 23, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS—With David Clayton-Thomas. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, March 23, at 7:30.)

COTTON CLUB ERA—Cab Calloway, the Duke Ellington Orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington, and Mama Lu Parks' Lindy Hoppers. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 25, at 8.)

URBIE GREEN AND THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA JAZZ ENSEMBLE AND CONCERT BAND—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 22, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Sunday, March 23, at 2:35. . . .

¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Wednesday, March 26, at 8:05.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 21, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. . . . ¶ Monday, March 24, at 9:30: Jerry Quarry vs. Ken Norton, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (A closed-circuit telecast of the Muhammad Ali-Chuck Wepner heavyweight championship bout in Cleveland will start at 10:30.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, March 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, March 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, March 26, at 9. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 22. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, March 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 29.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Correction Handicap, Saturday, March 22, and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 29. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27.

Tennis—Independent Players Association Championship Tennis: Jimmy Connors, Clark Graebner, Jan Kodes, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Wednesday through Friday, March 19-21, at 6; Saturday, March 22 [semifinals], at 7:30; and Sunday, March 23 [finals], at 1:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday and Sunday, March 22-23, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, March 29, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Alice in Wonderland." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.) . . . BLUE PEACOCK PLAYERS: "Folktales from the Red Ruby Pocket." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 22, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 22, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 866-0016.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 697-0730.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Hot Feet." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday and Sunday, March 22-23, at 1 and 3.)

Movies—"Fantastic Voyage," with Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch, Sunday, March 23, at 11 and 3. . . . ¶ "Living Free," with Nigel Davenport and Susan Hampshire, Sunday, March 23, at 1. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717.)

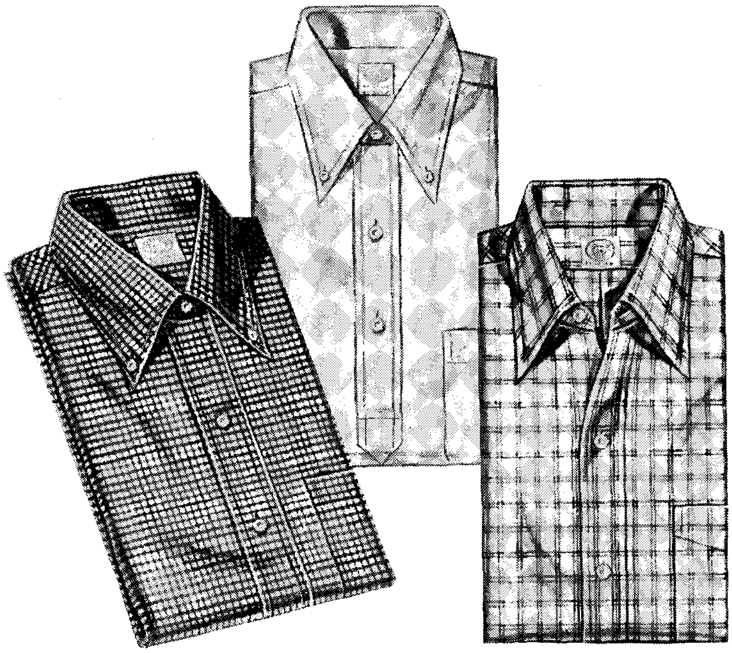
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Extra performances Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Howard Moss and Phyllis Thompson reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5613. Friday, March 21, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Charles Simic and Laurence Lieberman reading from their own works. (Art Gallery, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 24, at 8.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Good Friday, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 20, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 10:15 and 2: American, English, and Continental silver; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: Georgian, Queen Anne, and later English furniture and decorations; from several collectors.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 22: "The Abdication" and "Zandy's Bride."
From March 23: "Janis."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 22: "The Mad Miss Manton" and "Holiday."
March 23-25: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Arabian Nights."
From March 26: "Bringing Up Baby" and "My Favorite Wife."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 25: "Jeremiah Johnson" and "The Paper Chase."
From March 26: "Airport 1975" and "Slaughterhouse-Five."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 25: "Jimi Hendrix" and "Performance."
From March 26: "Rock and Roll Your Eyes."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 25: "The Gambler."
From March 26: "Scenes from a Marriage."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Great Waldo Pepper."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Report to the Commissioner."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through March 20: "Murder She Said" and "Murder at the Gallop."
From March 21: "And Now My Love."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
March 19: Theatre closed.
March 20-22: "Amarcord."
From March 23 at 8: "Rosebud." (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Shampoo."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through March 25: "Lenny."
From March 26: "Brannigan."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 26: "Les Enfants Terribles."
From March 27: "King of Hearts."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through March 22: "Janis."
From March 23: "Hearts and Minds."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 25: "The Stepford Wives."
From March 26: To be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Yakuza."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Daughters, Daughters!"

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 25: "Harry & Tonto."
From March 26: "The Gambler."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Lenny."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Report to the Commissioner."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Funny Lady."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Four Musketeers."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waldo Pepper."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 757-2132 for particulars.)
March 19: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ."/"Lenny Bruce Without Tears"/"The Cool World."
March 20: "True Heart Susie"/"The Earrings of Madame De . . ."/"Lenny Bruce Without Tears."
March 21: "The Devils"/"Bonnie and Clyde"/"Claire's Knee."
March 22: "Olympia, Parts I and II"/"Broken Blossoms"/"The Devils"/"Bonnie and Clyde."
March 23: "Woman in the Dunes"/"Claire's Knee"/"Way Down East"/"The Devils."
March 24: "Mean Streets"/"Teorema"/"On the Bowery."
March 25: "Le Samourai"/"The Cat and the Canary"/"Teorema."
March 26: "Walkabout"/"Le Samourai"/"Mean Streets."
March 27: "Lenny Bruce Without Tears"/"Walkabout"/"Le Samourai."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Young Frankenstein."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Gambler" and "The Parallax View."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 25: "Lenny."
From March 26: "Brannigan."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 25 at one or another of the theatres: "Passions of Carol" and "Rings of Passion"/"Le Trio Infernal" and "A Murder Is a Murder . . . Is a Murder"/"Juliet of the Spirits" and "8½"/"Scenes from a Marriage."
From March 26: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 19: "Carnal Knowledge" and "Drive, He Said."
March 20-22: "Five Easy Pieces" and "The Last Detail."
March 23: One performance, at noon, of "A Streetcar Named Desire."
March 23-24: "Easy Rider" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."
March 25: "The Shooting" and "Ride in the Whirlwind."
March 26: "The Music Lovers" and "Billion Dollar Brain."
From March 27: "Women in Love" and "The Devils."

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Godfather, Part II."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 25: "That's Entertainment!"
From March 26: "All Creatures Great and Small."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"At Long Last Love."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Young Frankenstein."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through the afternoon of March 25: "Lenny Bruce Without Tears."
From March 26: "Rock and Roll Your Eyes."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Brief Vacation."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 19: "Brief Encounter" and "The Lady with the Dog."
March 20: "The 400 Blows" and "Bad Company."
March 21: "Rashomon" and "The Idiot."
March 22: "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons."
March 23: "Richard III" and "As You Like It."
March 24: "L'Avventura" and "Red Desert."
March 25: "The Silence" and "All These Women."
March 26: "M" and "Human Desire."
March 27: "Ugetsu" and "Utamaro and His Five Women."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 23: "Murder on the Orient Express."
From March 24: "Rosebud."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 22: "Les Violons du Bal."
From March 23: "Donkey Skin."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 25: "Death Wish" and "Serpico."
From March 26: "The Great Gatsby."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Young Frankenstein."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 25: "Alfredo Alfredo" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From March 26: "The Stepford Wives" and "The Last Detail."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through March 25: "Lenny."
From March 26: "The Front Page" and "The Black Windmill."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 25: "The Gambler" and "The Parallax View."
From March 26: "Jeremiah Johnson" and "Badlands."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 19 at 5:30: "The Virginian" (1929), directed by Victor Fleming, with Gary Cooper and Walter Huston. . . . ¶ March 20 at 5:30: A program of French animated short films. . . . ¶ March 20 at 8: "Along the Fango River" (1975), in French, directed by Sotha; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 21 at 2: "I Will Be As Serious As Pleasure Can Be"

(1975), in French, directed by Robert Benayoun, with Jane Birkin and Pierre Etaix; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 21 at 5:30 and March 22 at noon: A program of short films. . . . ¶ March 22 at 3: A program of French animated short films. . . . ¶ March 22 at 5:30: "French People, If You Only Knew, Part I" (1973), in French, directed by André Harris and Alain De Sédouy; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 23 at 2: "The Thief of Baghdad" (1924), a silent film, directed by Raoul Walsh, with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. . . . ¶ March 23 at 5:30 and March 24 at 2: "Fingers to the Head" (1974), in French, directed by Jacques Doillon; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 24 at 5:30: "Two-Bit Haircut" (1974), in French, directed by Philippe Condroyer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 25 at 2: "Waxworks" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Paul Leni, with William Dieterle and Emil Jannings; English titles. . . . ¶ March 25 at 5:30: A program of films by Jon Jost. . . . ¶ March 26 at 5:30: "Waxworks.". . . ¶ March 27 at 5:30: "Jean's Wife" (1974), in French, directed by Yannick Bellon, with Claude Rich; French subtitles. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: "Fingers to the Head." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showing at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Japanese films, with English subtitles, directed by Yasujiro Ozu: March 20-21 at 3 and 5:30: "Drifting Weeds" (1959). . . . ¶ March 22-23 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Drifting Weeds" (1934), a silent film. . . . ¶ Starting March 27 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Good Morning" (1959). (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 25: "The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir," directed by Claudia Weill and Shirley MacLaine. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 9 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting March 26: "Intrepid Traveller and His Merry Band of Pranksters Search for a Cool Place, Part I," directed by Ken Kesey and Ken Babbs. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Clair, Cocteau, Dreyer, Bresson, Clarke, Dovzhenko, Deren, Conrad, Cornell, Chaplin, Flaherty, Eisenstein, and others. Showings March 19-20 at 5, 7, and 9:30; March 21 at 6, 8, and 10; March 22-23 at 2 and 8; and March 25-27 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Art; through March 22.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (10/28/74) (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 26.)

Alfredo Alfredo (1973)—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk; the stranger's voice makes him seem like a silent comedian doing a routine. The novelty of seeing him without his own frightened, choked-up voice gives this rather conventional Pietro Germi comedy an extra dimension. Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Carla Gravina plays the modern independent working woman who liberates him. Not up to Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," but the first third stays at a fairly high level; after that the picture sags. In Italian. (1/21/74) (Symphony; through March 25.)

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (1944)—Maria Montez and Jon Hall in a follow-up to "Arabian Nights," a picture of such dreamy fatuousness that Universal made a bundle out of it. This time, flabby-cheeked, slit-eyed Turhan Bey is the camp treat. With Andy Devine and Fortunio Bonanova. Directed by Arthur Lubin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 23-25.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wiredrawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (1/13/75) (34th St. East.)

All Creatures Great and Small—A Hallmark Hall of Fame production, with Simon Ward and Anthony Hopkins, directed by Claude Watham. Based on the book by James Herriot. (Guild; starting March 26.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the usual Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 25.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza; March 20-22.)

And Now My Love—With Marthe Keller and André Dussollier, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts; starting March 21.)

Arabian Nights (1942)—Maria Montez movies are camp classics because they're elaborately produced, yet every word and every plot device is stamped Grade-B. In this sumptuous number, Sabu plays Ali the acrobat, muscle-bound Jon Hall is Caliph Harun al-Rashid, and Maria Montez is Scheherazade (not a storyteller in this version, but only a dancing girl). The picture is filled with horses, Arizona scenery, and blissfully dumb lines. But then, perfection belongeth only to Allah the Most High. Directed by John Rawlins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 23-25.)

As You Like It (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectably lighthearted, but this is by no means a contemptible production. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a gamine to her fingertips and one of the great theatrical technicians specializing in heartbreaking charm, can't resist being more adorably mischievous than is absolutely necessary, but she's an actress to see. She's a little handicapped by her German accent, which dims the sparkle of some of her lines, but never for a moment does one think of her as Fräulein Rosalind. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando. With Henry Ainley, Sophie Stewart, Mackenzie Ward, and Leon Quartermaine. Directed by Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, who—as in his movie versions of operas—never really seems to get the hang of the medium. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 23.)

At Long Last Love—A musical, with Burt Reynolds and Cybill Shepherd, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 24.)

Bad Company (1969)—Jean Eustache ("The Mother and the Whore") wrote and directed the two films that form this package—"Robinson's Place," forty minutes long and made in 1964, and "Santa Claus Has Blue Eyes," forty-eight minutes long and filmed in 1966. The first is about two Parisian boys trying to make out; the second features Jean-Pierre Léaud as a small-town boy who works as a Santa Claus and has more success with girls when in costume than when out. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

Badlands (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a murderous spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Olympia; starting March 26.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Symphony; through March 25.)

Billion Dollar Brain (1967)—Ken Russell's second picture. (The first was "French Dressing," which didn't open here.) It stars a wearily nonchalant Michael Caine, as the seedy spy Harry Palmer, and it was a sequel to "The Ipcress File" and "Funeral in Berlin." Russell finished off the series; he hurled the audience from one crisis to the next, and things went by so fast that the story line got befuddled and nothing at all seemed to be happening. It was the late Françoise Dorléac's last role; though part of the film was shot in Helsinki in winter and she's all bundled up, she looks lovely. The cast includes Oscar Homolka as the Russian Colonel Stok, Karl Malden, Ed Begley, Vladek Scheybal, and some lively Honeywell electronic calculators. (Elgin; March 26.)

The Black Windmill—An English gunrunning story, directed by the American Don Siegel from a screenplay by Leigh Vance. Michael Caine plays a stoic-looking English investigator whose son is kidnapped, bringing him and his separated wife (Janet Suzman) together again. Hunting the kidnappers and the gunrunners in France and England, he is himself pursued by forces of officialdom (Scotland Yard, M.I.5, the French police). The film is helped by a lot of inventive gadgetry nearly up to 007's. Good small-boy stuff. (6/3/74) (Thalia; starting March 26.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 21-22.)

Brannigan—With John Wayne, directed by Douglas Hickok. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and Greenwich; starting March 26.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 19.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves its working-class realism behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on, almost like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Little Carnegie.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Field as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 26.)

Broken Blossoms (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film but perhaps his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, probably, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampano-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Elgin; March 19.)

The Cat and the Canary (1927)—A classic horror film, with Laura La Plante and Creighton Hall, directed by the gifted Expressionist, Paul Leni. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 22.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 21 and 23.)

The Cool World (1964)—Shirley Clarke's film, based on Warren Miller's novel and the play by Miller and Robert Rossen. Hampton Clanton plays Duke, the fourteen-year-old Harlem boy who is trying to get a gun from a racketeer (played by Carl Lee) so he can be leader of his gang, the Royal Pythons. The semidocumentary footage, shot by Baird Bryant, is often fine in itself (and it's far superior to the juvenile-gang story), but it's used for a facile cry of social outrage and

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for "art," rather than being integrated with the story. The film tried to encompass too much: you get the feeling that the director thought she could use everything good that she caught. There are beautiful bits, but they don't come together. Dizzy Gillespie and others are on the jazz and rock-and-roll track; Fred Wiseman was the producer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 19.)

Daughters, Daughters!—With Shai Ophir, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 25.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 21-23. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting March 27.)

Donkey Skin—With Catherine Deneuve, directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Regency; starting March 23.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (Elgin; March 19.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1945)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 19-20.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Elgin; March 23-24.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through March 25.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) In French. (D. W. Griffith; through March 26.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Elgin; March 20-22.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

The Four Musketeers—The continuing adventures of "The Three Musketeers," with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, and Richard Chamberlain, directed by Richard Lester. (Loews Ciné.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, seems to be foolproof, and the structure still stands up in this new version, directed by Billy Wilder. But something singular and marvellous has been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Wilder and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk; speaking softly but hurriedly, the words tumbling together in a slight and affecting stammer. Pendleton provides the only touch of innocence in this loud production. (1/27/75) (Thalia; starting March 26.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy transvestite imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific; it's no longer singing, it's strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Roy Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Gambler—A grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (10/14/74) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Olympia; through March 25. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting March 26.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the cor-

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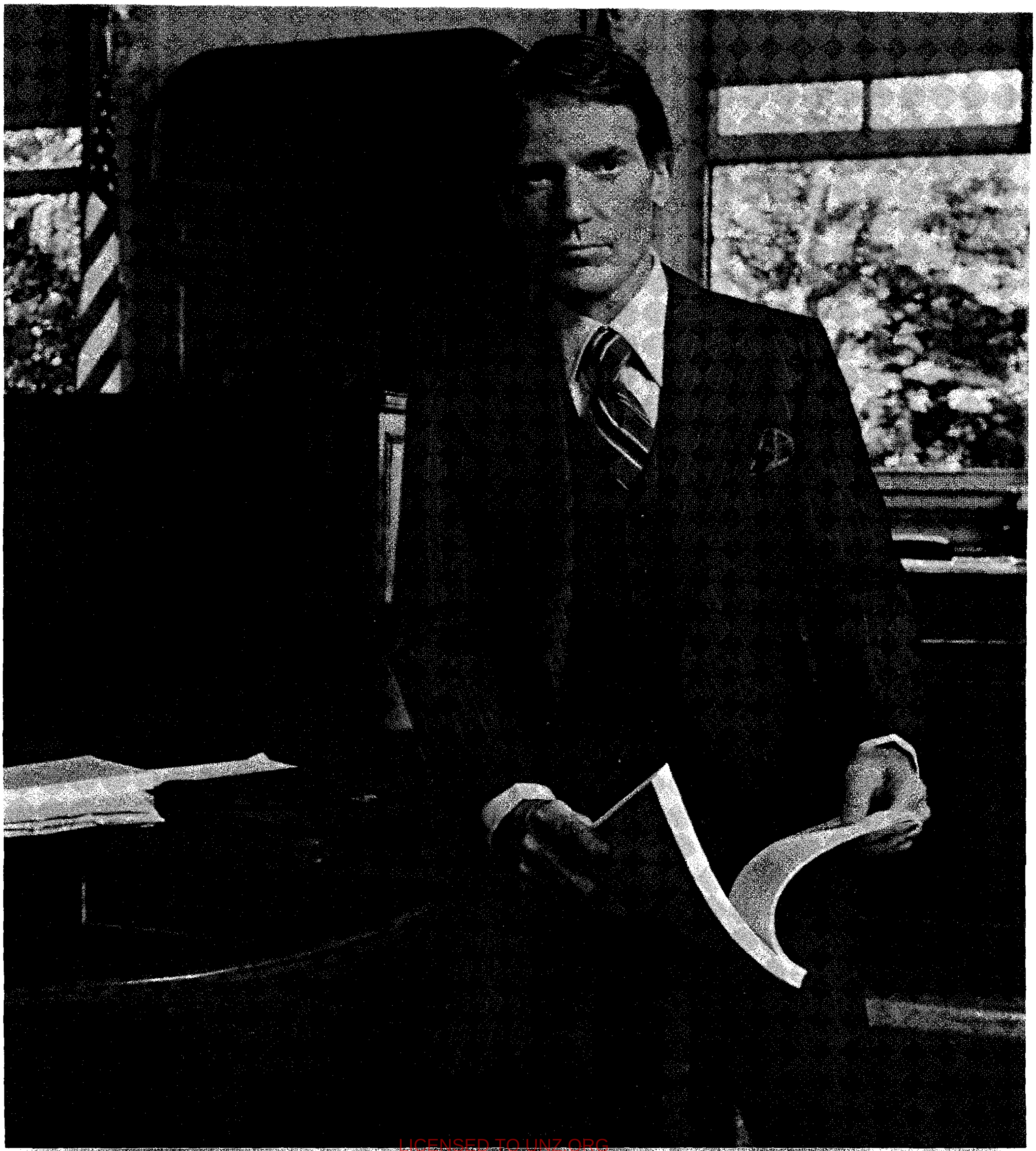

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Victoria.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 26.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—With Robert Redford, directed by George Roy Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (72nd Street East; through March 25.)

Hearts and Minds—A documentary about the United States involvement in Vietnam, directed by Peter Davis. (Cinema I; starting March 23.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 22.)

Human Desire (1954)—Fritz Lang's melodramatic Hollywood version of Zola's deterministic view of blind instinct, "La Bête Humaine," which had been turned into a classic film by Jean Renoir in 1938. There's nothing very special about this updated version, set in America, and starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame as a ruthless, taunting wife, and Broderick Crawford as her jealous husband. Lang didn't want to make the film but was contractually forced into it by Columbia, which hoped for a success comparable to his "The Big Heat" of the year before, also with Grahame and Ford. With lots of high angles and night scenes, and also Edgar Buchanan and Dan Seymour. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 26.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 21.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Cinema I; through March 22. . . . ¶ Art; starting March 23.)

Jeremiah Johnson (1972)—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 25. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 26.)

Jimi Hendrix (1973)—A documentary. (Cinema Village; through March 25.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through March 25.)

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King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith; starting March 27.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Elgin; March 23-24.)

The Lady with the Dog (1960)—A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifits that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 19.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Elgin; March 20-22. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting March 26.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, and Thalia; through March 25.)

Lenny Bruce Without Tears (1972)—A compilation of newsreel footage and filmed stage appearances, with added commentary by Mort Sahl, Kenneth Tynan, and others. Put together by Fred Baker. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 19, 20, and 27. . . . ¶ Playboy; through the afternoon of March 25.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer; the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 26.)

The Mad Miss Manton (1938)—Screwball comedy mixed with murder mystery—something ground out by writers in a desperate mood. Barbara Stanwyck, miscast as a dizzy débutante, is one of a covey of Junior League girls in fox capes; she walks her dog at three in the morning after a costume ball and finds a corpse in a deserted house. Inspirited by the spectacle, she immediately corrals her flighty friends; in their best party dresses, they scurry about the scene of the crime, squealing and looking for clues. Henry Fonda is the hero; the cast includes Sam Levene, Hattie McDaniel, and Stanley Ridges. Leigh Jason directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 22.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 22.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 24 and 26.)

A Murder Is a Murder . . . Is a Murder—With Jean-Claude Brialy and Stéphane Audran, directed by Etienne Perier. In French. (Quad Cinema; through March 25.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Baronet. . . . ¶ Paramount; through March 23.)

Murder She Said (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, a maiden-aunt amateur crim-

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BONWIT TELLER

inologist, in an amiable adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. With Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (Fine Arts; through March 20.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Fine Arts; through March 20.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Elgin; March 26.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden" in 1864, and the movies have been making versions of it ever since D. W. Griffith did it in 1911. This one is the most famous and the funniest. On the day Cary Grant (as Nick Arden) marries Gail Patrick, his wife, Irene Dunne, shipwrecked seven years before, comes home. She follows the newlyweds on their honeymoon and prevents the consummation of the marriage, and purrs herself to an ultimate victory. Garson Kanin was twenty-seven (and at his liveliest) when he wrote and directed this screwball-classic hit. Randolph Scott plays the vegetarian scientist who was Dunne's companion on the island. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 26.)

Olympia, Parts I and II (1938)—The 1936 Olympics in Berlin, with Hitler in his glory. "Olympia" is only incidentally a great record of the actual games: the director, Leni Riefenstahl, selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with more than three hours of dazzling quality. One of the two greatest films ever directed by a woman; the other (the infamous "Triumph of the Will") is also by Riefenstahl. Viewed now, "Olympia" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)

On the Bowery (1957)—The derelicts of New York's enormous skid row were persuaded to act out a story that is essentially their own. This is the technique Flaherty used in "Man of Aran" and "Nanook of the North"—but how different the results were! The basic truth of this story may be gauged by the fact that the man who plays the derelict hero later refused a Hollywood contract with the words "I just want to be left alone. . . . There's nothing else in life but the booze." Yet, as it's played, the script seems all wrong, and the work is awkward, hesitant, without the revelations the material cries out for. Some people evoked the names of Dostoevski and Christ, and the picture won the Grand Prix at the Venice Documentary Festival, but it's not really a very good movie. Produced by Lionel Rogosin. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 24.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 25.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Olympia; through March 25.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Cinema Village; through March 25.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. What works on the stage can be theatrical and empty at the same time, and that's how a Neil Simon sitcom like this can get by on Broadway. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a film-maker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 21.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 24.)

Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, with a twittering voice, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Eastside Cinema, and U.A. East.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 23.)

Ride in the Whirlwind (1965)—Monte Hellman directed this film and "The Shooting" in Utah during a seven-week period on a budget of a hundred and sixty thousand dollars (from Roger Corman) for both. Jack Nicholson, who acts in both, was also Hellman's co-producer, and wrote the script for this one. The cast includes Millie Perkins and Cameron Mitchell, and the story has something to do with three cowboys on the run—a metaphysical run. The picture was a critical success in Paris, but Hellman (he later made "Two-Lane Blacktop") bakes the Western in the sun too long for most Americans. Maybe the person who wrote the subtitles in the French version added something to the austerity and the bleak riddles. (Elgin; March 25.)

Rock and Roll Your Eyes—Emerson, Lake, and Palmer in concert. (Cinema Village, and Playboy; starting March 26.)

Rosebud—With Peter O'Toole and Richard Attenborough, directed by Otto Preminger. (Plaza; starting March 23 at 8. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting March 24.)

Le Samourai (1967; known as "The Godson" in the United States)—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25-27.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Quad Cinema; through March 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting March 26.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 25.)

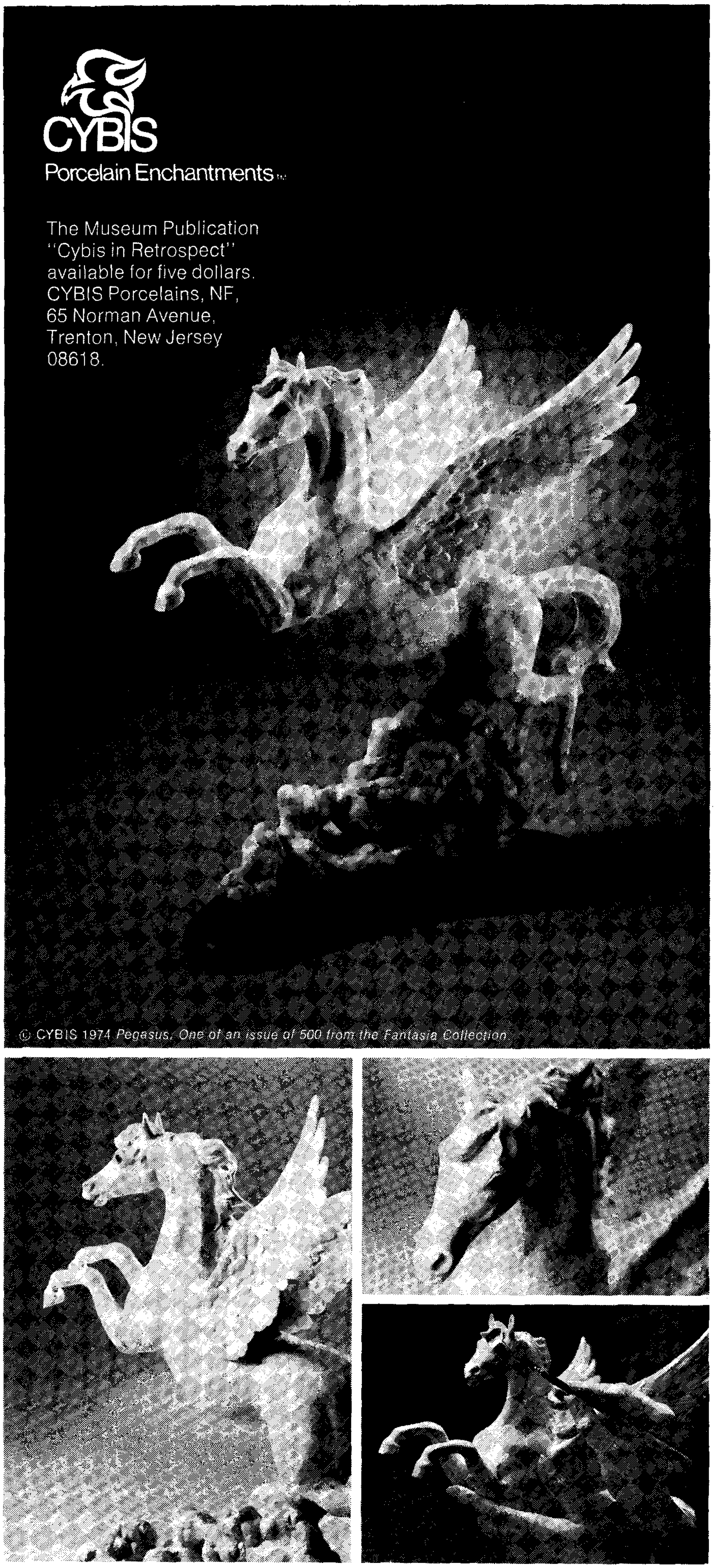
Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film, and it's going to cause dissension. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

The Shooting (1965)—The Monte Hellman film shot in Utah at the same time as "Ride in the Whirlwind." Carol Eastman, who later wrote "Five Easy Pieces," did the enigmatic script. Millie Perkins, on horseback, is searching for something unspecified in the desert; she has a gunman riding behind her, on a leash. The cast includes Jack Nicholson, Warren Oates, and Will Hutchins. They use a dialect that may be authentic to something but is largely indecipherable. To lift from Henry James, Monte Hellman asks a lot for the little he gives. (Elgin; March 25.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 25.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 26.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an impressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The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script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Columbia II; through March 25. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting March 26.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Elgin; March 23, one performance, at noon.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the Is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 24-25.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Guild; through March 25.)

Tommy—A rock opera, with Ann-Margret and Oliver Reed, directed by Ken Russell. (Ziegfeld.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

Le Trio Infernal—With Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli, directed by Francis Girod. In French. (Quad Cinema; through March 25.)

True Heart Susie (1919)—A lovely, simple pastoral romance—one of the most charming of all D. W. Griffith films. Close to perfection, on a small scale. Lillian Gish is Susie, Robert Harron is William, and Clarine Seymour is Bettina, William's pleasure-loving bride, who sneaks out to a party and can't get back into her house. Scott Fitzgerald must have seen this film before he wrote "Babylon Revisited." (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 20.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

Utamaro and His Five Women (1946)—A Japanese film, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Regency; through March 22.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 26-27.)

Way Down East (1920)—The plot is Victorian, but the treatment is inspired. D. W. Griffith took a creaking, dated stage melodrama and turned it into a melodramatic epic. Lillian Gish is the girl betrayed by Lowell Sherman and eventually rescued from an icy river by Richard Barthelmess. Audiences giggle at bits here and there, but not at the sequence in which she refuses to part from her dead baby. Griffith stole from Thomas Hardy, but he stole beautifully. One of Griffith's greatest box-office successes, and a film that influenced several Russian epics. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 23.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that your sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 23.)

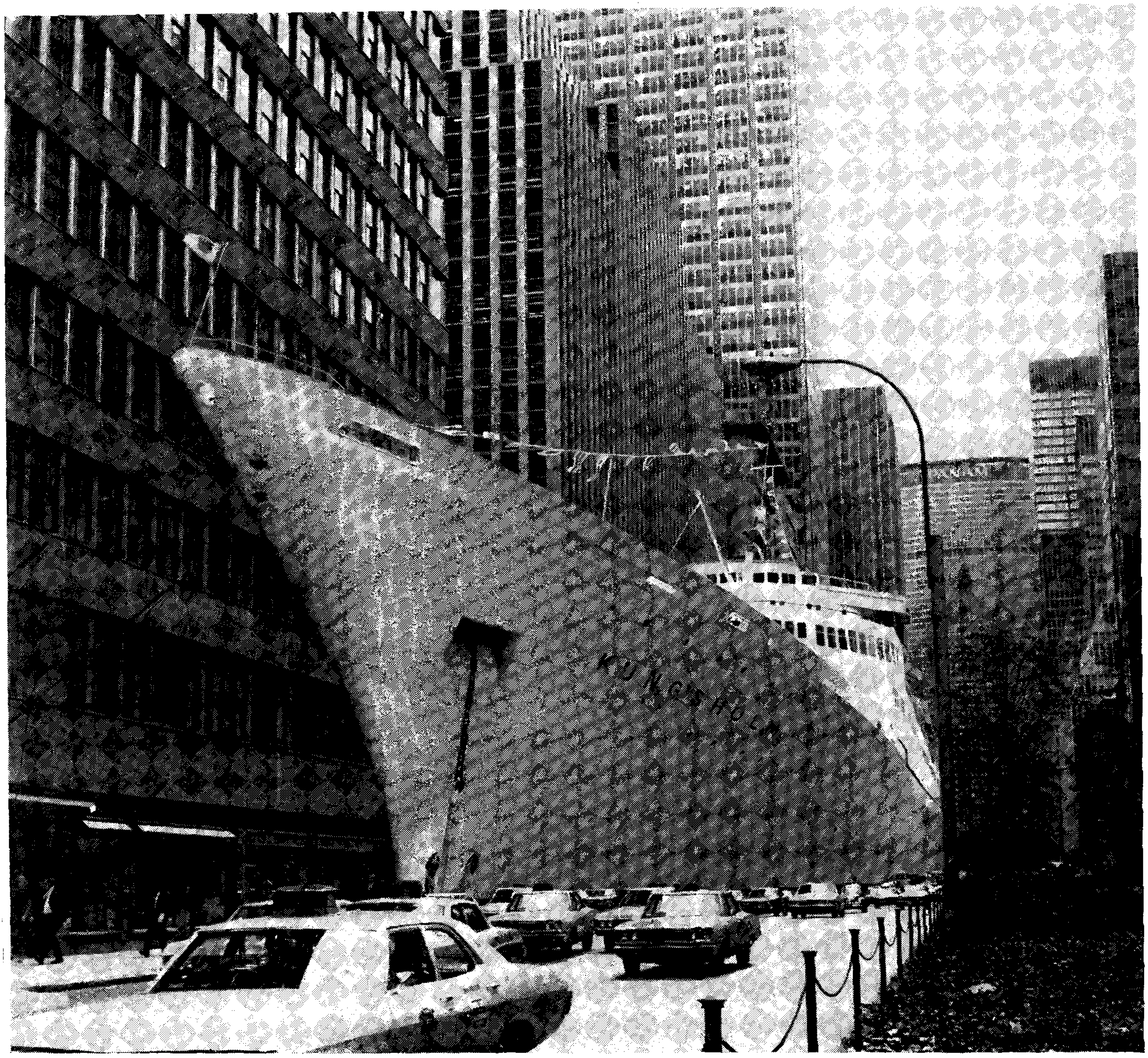
A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Cinema Studio.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Elgin; starting March 27.)

The Yakuza—With Robert Mitchum and Takakura Ken, directed by Sidney Pollack. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Zandy's Bride—Directed by Jan Troell, with Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman, both giving good performances in a dreary film that moves at the speed of a hand plow. (Art; through March 22.)



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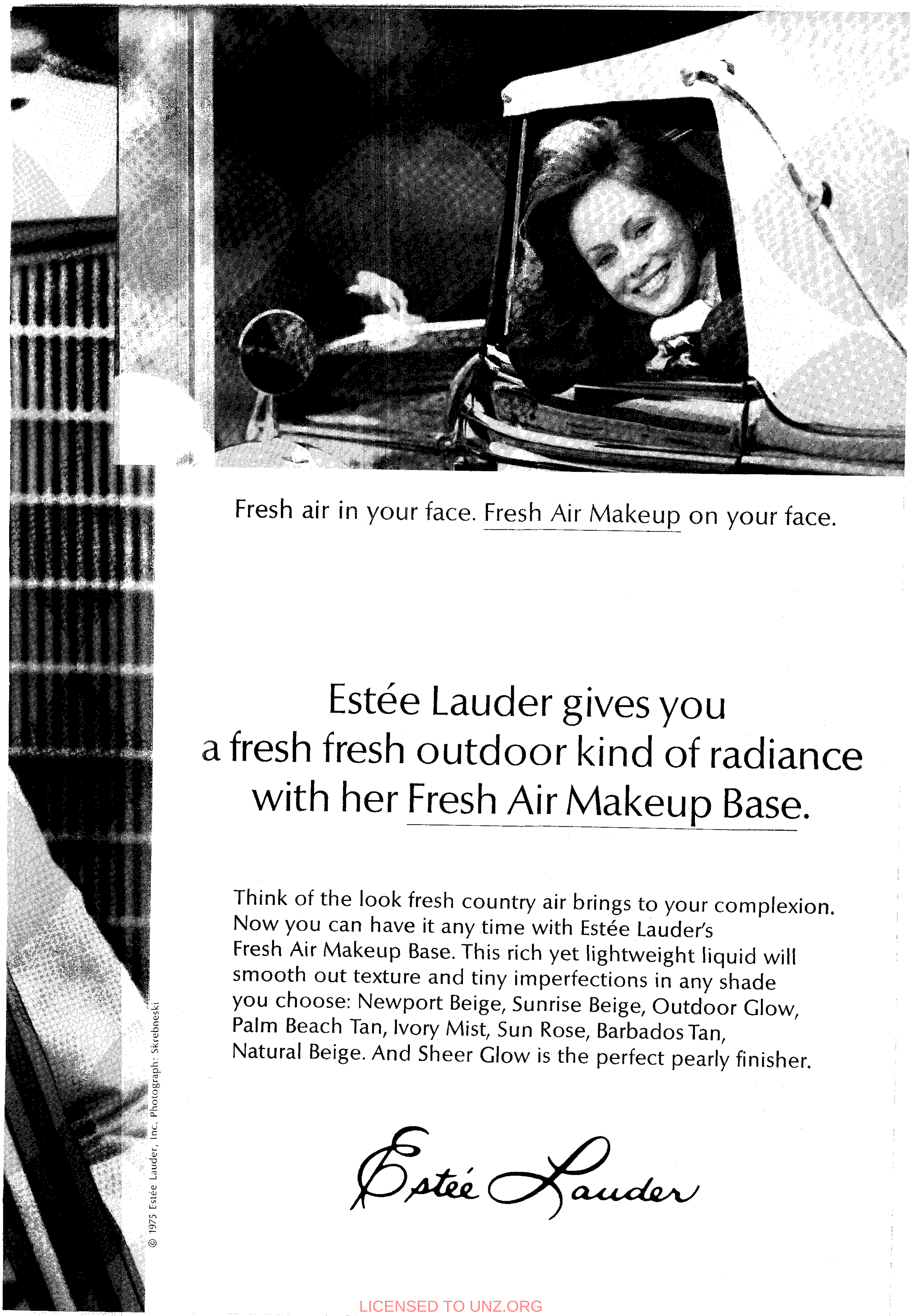

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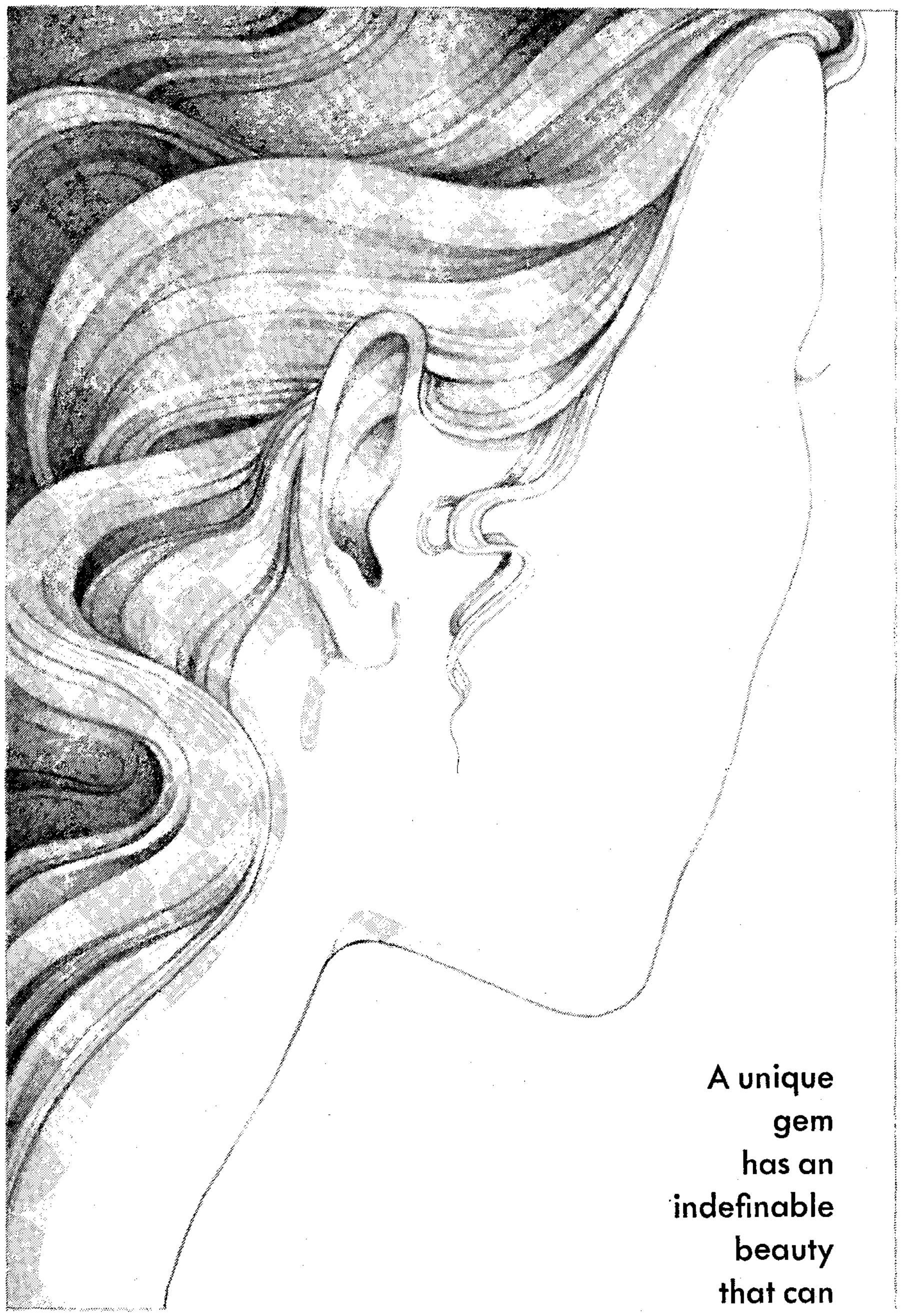

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SEVERAL years ago, around the time of the first Earth Day, when public concern over the state of the natural environment was becoming a political issue on a national scale, one of the television news programs began a series of reports whose title was "Can This World Be Saved?" Its logo showed the earth in the grip of a large, disembodied hand of the kind that sometimes reaches from behind the curtains in horror films. Before long, the series was dropped. It wasn't, of course, that the question was ever answered, or that pollution had abated. On the contrary. What had abated was the public clamor over pollution; and, apparently as a result, the question "Can This World Be Saved?" was left hanging in the air. Something similar seems to have happened recently to a vast range of predicaments and perils. Just a few months ago, for example, the world scarcity of food became a subject of large concern. Graphs were produced showing that a good portion of mankind might shortly starve. An international conference was held in Rome, speeches were made, articles were written, and television panels were assembled. Some people, abandoning their moral principles even before the disaster was upon them, likened the earth to a lifeboat and recommended throwing whole nations overboard so that other nations, including the United States, might survive. Today, the subject of food seems to have largely disappeared. Once again, it is not that new graphs have been produced showing that the alarming ones of a few months ago were wrong. Instead, those alarming reports, whether right or wrong, go uninvestigated, and the question of whether the world is running out of food goes unanswered. A related fate overtook President Ford's recent WIN program. In that case, indubitably real events—a slackening of activity throughout the economy, a precipitous rise in unemployment—intervened, and there is no mystery about why the slogan "Whip Inflation Now" was dropped. Nevertheless, the President's campaign is one more example of how a large wave of public interest and concern can suddenly wash over the nation and just as suddenly recede. Still another matter that seems to have reversed itself within a short period—and not once but several times—is the energy crisis. Here interest has been sustained but the terms of the problem have kept shifting. Project Independence, for instance, was momentarily named Project Interdependence before being renamed Project Independence. The world has been said to be suffering from an oil shortage, and no doubt in some sense or other it is, but in the last few days the papers have begun writing about "the oil glut." Whether our mistake is that we habitually overestimate modest perils and then must draw back or that we discover perils that really are grave and then fail to sustain our concern, it seems plain that, somehow or other, the rhythm of our attention has got out of synchronization with the rhythm of events. Public concern now appears to have its own rhythm, which is independent of what is actually going on. Issues have runs like plays. They make an opening splash, excite everyone's interest for a while, are written about and talked about, and then fold. But the matters to which the issues refer endure. The question "Can This World Be Saved?" fades from the TV screen, but the danger, whatever its degree, persists. Earth Day ends, but the troubled earth spins on.

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Unbound

THE biggest winner on the publicity front last week was "Funny Lady," the new Barbra Streisand warbler. The picture itself is a turkey, but the promotion has been peerless. It all came together on live television Sunday night, when the Kennedy family, the President of the United States, and *tout* Washington served as a backdrop while Streisand and James Caan, her co-star, delivered a concert consisting mostly of numbers from "Funny Lady's" forgettable score. We restrained ourself from dashing down to D.C. to be there in person, but we did check out one of the followup events, a press lunch at the Pierre on Tuesday. When we arrived, a beefy Streisand retainer was menacing a photographer who had just taken a picture of the star, who herself was sitting at a table with a half-dozen journalists.

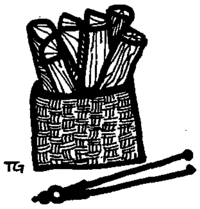
"I want that camera down! I want that film!" huffed the retainer.

"I got permission!" squeaked the photographer.

The dispute was submitted to Lee Solters, the Broadway press agent and an organizer of the lunch, for arbitration. Solters has the avuncular self-assurance of the old-time stereotype of a Hollywood producer, whom he physically resembles—he's short, plump, and heavy-featured, and he wears suits that are shiny because they are supposed to be shiny. Solters became Solomon: No more pictures till the scheduled photo session afterward, but the photographer could keep his film.

We perched on a radiator near Streisand's table. She was saying that although she was not into astrology, she was into mysticism. She said that her next picture, another remake of "A Star Is Born," with herself in the Janet Gaynor-Judy Garland role, will be very mystical. "It's about the female spirit," she said. "You know, civilization up to the time of Cleopatra, in a sense, was ruled by women. This is about the rebirth of women and the power of women. It's based on the myth of Isis and Osiris. It's also related to the myth of 'A Star Is Born,' of course."

Someone asked whom she'd like to get for the Fredric March-James Mason role, and she said, "I'd like it to be Elvis Presley. He's always been underrated as an actor. I think this could be a whole rebirth for him."



Streisand looked beautiful in that faintly extraterrestrial way of hers. She was blond that day, and she wore a dark-colored Art Deco dress. "I get very hurt by what I read sometimes," she told the journalists. "They write about me based on the past, on my image as Miss Marmelstein. They don't say anything good about the way I look, except the fashion magazines. That whole Brooklyn-girl-makes-good thing—to me it's so boring, and based on the past. I've in a sense contributed to that by the roles I've played, but not anymore. I'm not going to play any kind of self-deprecating waif anymore. I find that binding as a person."

A little later, Streisand and James Caan sat at a small table and nuzzled while the photographers took pictures. The shutters of their cameras made a sound like galloping horses in the distance. At intervals of a minute or so, Lee Solters would cry "Twenty seconds more!" or "Five seconds!" Afterward, he told us that although he expects these warnings to be ignored, he believes that they do reduce picture-taking time in the long run.

Out on the sidewalk in front of the Pierre, we bumped into a couple of teen-age girls with big autograph books. They said they had heard Mick Jagger was in the neighborhood.

Home on the Range

PALM SPRINGS, CALIF.—Way out here in the California desert [wires our reporter the Man in Motion with the Nose for News], where white geese saunter around on green lawns within cold brown eyeshot of dainty coyotes, where local land-owning Red Indians have come into the world worth a cool quarter of a million, where the only thing that doesn't have to be imported for a golf course is a sand trap—here, way out here, the ebullient Lewis Kerner is making money building a modular mobile-home club, the first trailer park for the affluent. You don't know Lew Kerner? Lew was a partner of Jules Dassin in the production of "Never on Sunday" and was Sam Goldwyn's executive talent director for years; the first picture he worked on for Goldwyn was "The Best Years of Our Lives," which won seven Academy Awards. Maybe you don't know the story of how Lew got his job with Goldwyn, who at that time was the biggest name in Hollywood? Background: Lew was a social director in the Catskills as a kid, later represented the Group Theatre in its heyday, and then became a top agent at the William Morris Agency. One day, in 1945—the same year he happened to buy forty-seven and a half acres of sand in Palm Springs, with the idea of maybe someday constructing a retirement colony for show folks—Lew decided to go into business for himself. Working out of a little bit of an office on Beverly Drive, which he shared with Jean Hersholt, the actor. And one day he goes to the ballet and sees a wonderful, wonderful dancer, Michael Kidd (now a top B'way choreographer). Says to himself, "This guy's got a brain, because he's not just a dancer."

"So I went backstage"—this is now Lew talking—"and signed him as a client. Shortly after, Goldwyn wants this dancer for a picture, and I go see Mr. Goldwyn and tell him the price is twenty-five thousand for a ten-week guarantee—fifteen thousand as a choreographer and a thousand a week as a dancer. Goldwyn says, '*What?* How much is he making now?' 'Two hundred and fifty a week.' '*What?* Where'd you get that value?' 'I made it.' By now, Goldwyn is frothing at the mouth. I say, 'I'm sorry, that's the price. If you don't want to pay it, our conversation's over.' And I walk out of the office thinking, *And that's on the great Sam Goldwyn.*

"For the next week, Goldwyn keeps calling my half an office. 'Young man'—he always called me 'young man'—'Young man, you must tell me your philosophy.' Finally, his vice-president called me and said, 'Listen, I gotta have lunch with you.' So we had a little lunch at a place on Vine, and he said, 'I gotta bring you back to the office.' We get there and Mr. Goldwy says, 'Young man, I want you to com work for me.' The biggest producer i the world! I figure out some psycho ogy. In order to upgrade my prices, walk away from the deal. I say I don want to work for him, I have my ow agency, the whole jazz. He says, 'I' going to need someone someday to fi this chair.' I asked him to get out of th chair—a *big* chair. A little borsch circuit work. I sit in the chair. I sa 'It doesn't fit. It's too big for me He says, 'Anybody that will represe a client the way you represent a clien I want that man. I've checked yo out, and if you buy talent the way yo sell talent, I want you.' The first tw pictures we did were 'The Best Yea of Our Lives' and 'The Secret Life Walter Mitty,' the Danny Ka thing." Lew sent Kidd home to Broo lyn, but later Goldwyn paid Kidd whole lot of money for choreograp ing "Guys and Dolls."

Lew's trailer park, The Colon Club, is the most gorgeous and i credible and posh trailer park in th Milky Way galaxy. Trailer par hell—it's a modular mobile-home r sort. I went over it with a fine-toot comb in the company of my Palm De ert friend, Fred Gonzales, who in th last fifteen years has done the m sonry work on many of the building in Palm Springs. He pronounced th construction satisfactory. This place h got a laser beam on the perimeter t keep out marauders, as well as fre Rolls-Royce and Mercedes limo serv ice. This place has got a closed-circuit television security system, so that yo can sit in your own mobile home an watch on your own TV set the face of any people in any car at the gat who claim they want to see you. An also, on the same set, you can watch camera scanning the swimming-pool and-tennis-court area, or watch a vid eotape of your own tennis game tha afternoon to critique your serve. O watch, in color, a show originating liv from the fully equipped theatre of th Colony clubhouse, situated not fift yards off. The clubhouse, which is ele gant in a most meticulous way tha embodies all Lew's Catskill and Holly wood training, has a kitchen that ca cook for four hundred, separate gym for the ladies and the men, men's an women's saunas, a place for rubdown by a masseur from the Eisenhowe Medical Center, Dr. Benson's air bubbling hydrotherapy baths, an arts and-crafts wing, a billiard room, Cork and Bottle Key Club in dar wood, brown leather, and a bold red nd-black tartan, where panelled lock- rs hold members' booze. They can nix their own drinks at a wet bar in he corner. There are lockers labelled Army Archerd" and "Henny Young- nan," and one for the Sheriff of Los Angeles County, Mr. Peter Pitchess, member, and one for the F.B.I. Na- ional Academy. (The last two lockers re behind iron bars.) Other members re Joe Pasternak, who did most of he Deanna Durbin flicks; Howard ackler, author of "The Great White Hope;" and David Merrick, who is oming out to dedicate the theatre. The deal is you buy a trailer, which annot have metal walls or roof, rent space at The Colony, and for a little xtra they landscape the site with a arport and a patio and things. The nodel sample trailers in The Colony ange from the modest Villa Torino nit, which retails for twenty-nine housand dollars, to the su- erduper Viking Executive nits, which retail for for- y-seven thousand dollars, nfurnished, and are rucked in in two halves fter being prefabricated at plant. Rent is a hundred nd fifty-five up to a hun- red and ninety-five dollars month, five modular nits to the acre. The mo- ile homes are mobile only nce. The wheels are re- noved upon installation. Lew is moving himself into thirty-five-thousand-dol- ar Mediterranean Home louble unit with red tile roof and stuccolike Kemo- ith walls that never, it is averred, crack, peel, or fade. The Mediterranean's dimensions are twenty-four feet by sixty-four feet. The Rollaway weighs in at thirty-six feet by sixty feet. It is two and a half times bigger than my N.Y.C. apartment. Moreover, Mediterranean is now preparing for Lew a superdeluxe quadruple unit, forty-eight feet by seventy feet, with—and this is a first—a medieval wine cellar.

Over Frescas, Lew, clad in white slacks, white sweat socks, and white tie-up moccasins, talked to me, Fred Gonzales, and Guy and Winifred Mansperger, the husband-and-wife team that manages the Club, while Ed Monroe, Lew's young construction foreman, waited for his attention. "This is a home for the affluent, the semi-retired, and the near-affluent. They want to get rid of those big houses. Their kids are grown up, there aren't any servants, and there have been a lot of rich people out here scared to death to live alone ever since the Manson thing. So we have computerized total electronic security in a select social environment. It's catching on. Europe. Canada. They're building places like The Colony Club. Run Run Shaw, the big Chinese Kung Fu filmmaker, has been here. He loves it. I love this more than making a big movie. I'm making people happy and I'm having fun. This whole place is a production. Who ever heard of a mobile-home community with a black-tie opening night? *And where's that vershtoonkench junction box?*"

Ed Monroe grinned.

Meeting

ALAS for the mother tongue! We received a letter of invitation to the members' meeting of the New York Zoological Society from someone who signed himself "Curator, Publications & Public Relations," conjuring up a picture of well-tended cabinets that contain—well, what? Announcements of the birth of a new giraffe? Promises to put boa constrictors on a four-day week? No matter. The event, which took place in Avery Fisher Hall, was prefaced, as usual, by foyer exhibits of Society animals, but on a diminished scale. No cages

of Rothschild's myna birds, no tanks (from the Aquarium) of beluga sturgeon, green turtles, and Pacific reef fish, as in the past. But single importations from Bronx Park were in evidence—a tiny screech owl, a gray goose, a rooster, a European ferret, a California king snake, an African monitor lizard.

"Do they shed?" an onlooker asked a woman demonstrator who was cuddling the lizard close to her smock, which bore a button reading "Friends of the Zoo."

"They slough off their skins the way snakes do," she said, and, in answer to other questions, remarked that the lizard was two years old, and uses his tail when he swims.

We asked the demonstrator whether she had been trained for her chore, and she said that she was one of two hundred volunteers, known as Friends of the New York Zoological Society, who are given a sixteen-week course before going to work as guides and animal demonstrators at the Bronx and Central Park Zoos, and as conductors of nature walks for school groups, handicapped children, and so on.

We went on into the concert hall, in the wake of a woman who was saying to her escort, "Let's go on the aisle, in case it's really boring," and sat behind a woman who was saying to another woman, "Agnes is very gullible." The lights were dimmed, and Robert G. Goelet, president of the Society, delivered a graceful, mercifully brief (three-minute) address of welcome, proclaiming the Society "a living organization, concerned with the welfare of living creatures, including its members and guests." Touching on the Society's financial problems, he continued, "We have eliminated elaborate lobby exhibits for reasons of economy."

Several excellent talks and films followed. The first picture, taken in the Bronx and narrated by General Director William G. Conway, featured the European wisent, a bisonlike beast that was a favorite subject of the cave painters of Spain and France and now has a world population of only a thousand, all of them in captivity, of which the Zoo has twelve; the Mongolian wild horse, with a world pop. of two hundred and nineteen, none of them wild, none in Mongolia, all in zoos, six in the Bronx; the Père David deer, six hundred and forty extant, twenty-seven in the Bronx; and the white-naped crane, fifteen hundred left, fifty in zoos, twelve in the Bronx, where seven have been bred in the past four years—more than four feet tall, a wingspread of seven feet. On to locally nurtured South American sun bitterns, checkered water snakes, giraffes, wolves, red foxes, bears, and a confident-looking rooster, Gus. None other than our foyer friend!

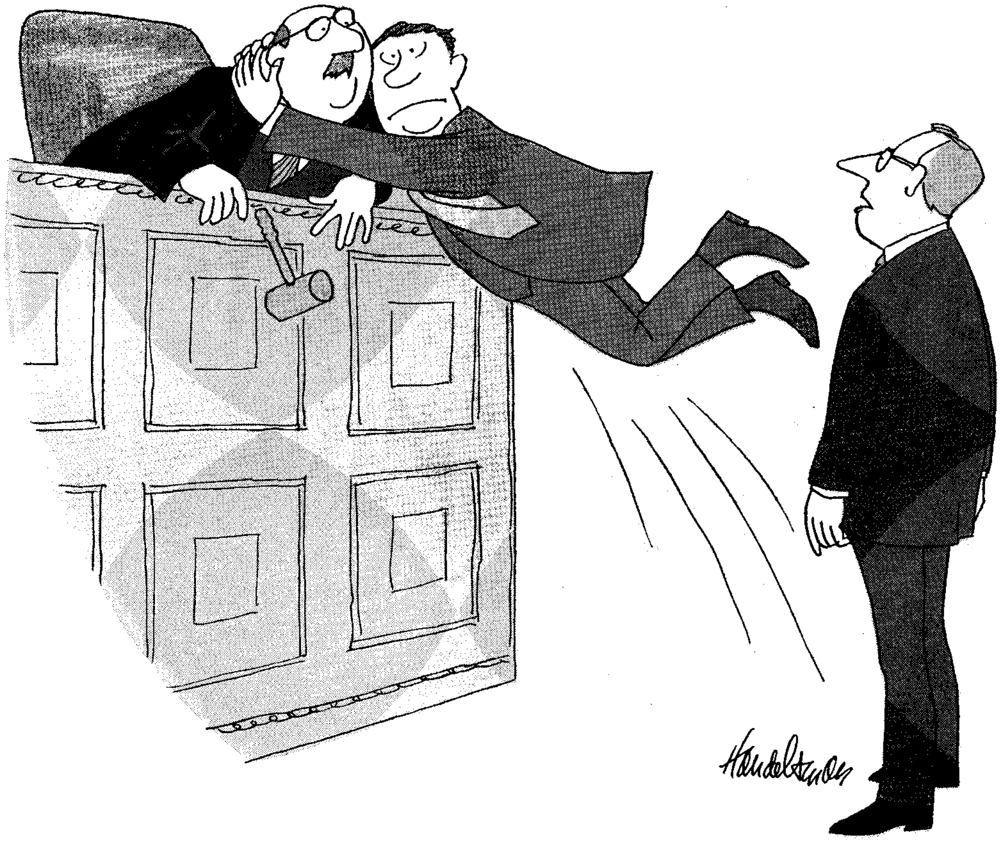
Next, Dr. Wayne King, the Society's director of conservation and environmental education, made a well-documented plug for the protection of crocodiles. Halfway through his speech, five men emerged from the wings with an enormous, coffinlike wooden box, from which ominous thumps were heard. Bursts of applause interrupted the speaker, whose words were all but lost as the pallbearers extracted a large, protesting crocodile, with which they staggered around the stage. Dr. King bravely kept on, introducing his rival, who was presently carried off, triumphantly.

Other attractions were a film of the vanishing blue sheep and snow leopard of Nepal; the presentation, by Mr. Goelet, of the Society's Gold Medal to Sir Peter Scott, the famous ornithologist, ichthyologist, and wildlife artist, who presides over several thousand waterfowl in England, and who remarked in his speech of acceptance, "Fishes are underwater birds;" and an intimate movie of a great assemblage of right whales observed during the past three years off the coast of Patagonia by Dr. Roger Payne, celebrated in musical and cetacean circles for his researches into the singing of whales. Get his record, "Songs of the Humpbacked Whale," and don't miss his Patagonian picture, which will be shown on CBS television April 30th, narrated by Orson Welles.

We got home late in the evening and told an eleven-year-old neighbor girl, whom we found there, that we'd been at the annual meeting of the Zoo. She burst into peals of laughter.

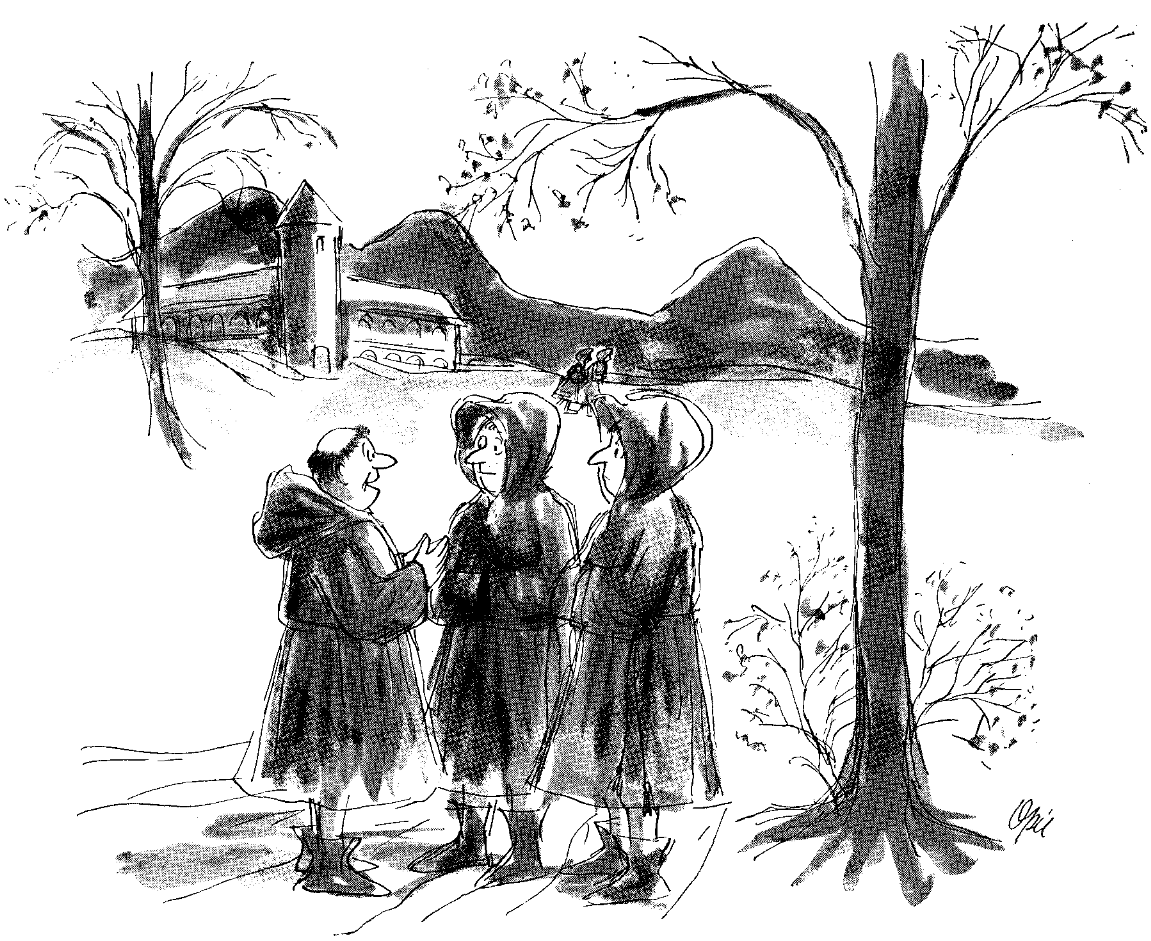
Ladders

WE had an airy, delightful Sunday lunch recently in the Oak Room of the Plaza with Max Ernst, the Surrealist master, whose current retrospective of more than three hundred paintings, sculptures, illustrated books, collages, and frottages (rubbings over textured surfaces) fills every last, curvaceous inch of the Guggenheim and is attracting huge crowds. Ernst is *almost* eighty-four years of age, small, trim, and impish, with snow-white hair, dark-brown eyebrows, and a compelling smile, which appears first in the corners of his eyes and then travels rapidly to the corners of his mouth—a smile both detached and encompassing, a smile of survival. Present were Thomas M. Messer, the



"My client is sorry for what he did, and throws himself on the mercy of the Court."

director of the Guggenheim, and Mrs. Messer; Ernst's wife, the American Surrealist painter Dorothea Tanning; and Ernst's trusted Boswell and observer, Werner Spies. Ernst was wearing a crisp blue suit, a crisp blue shirt, and a crisp blue necktie with a pattern of freedom-loving butterflies flying every which way. A striking Navajo bracelet circled his right wrist. We sat next to Ernst. His eyes swept over the *ancien-régime* grandeur of the Oak Room. "You know," he said, with a German accent, "we have been staying at the Pierre until today, when we moved to the house of dear friends, in the Seventies. A lovely house, with lovely *objets*. Dorothea was glad to get out of the hotel. We left a cheesecake back there at the Pierre, in an icebox. Cheesecake gets better as it gets older—much, much better—and perhaps in two hundred years, if no one pokes into the refrigerator before then, they will find this monumental cheesecake. *Ja, ja,* a cheesecake of genuine importance, an *artifact*. People will puzzle over this discovery and ascribe it to strange forces." He chuckled. When Ernst speaks, there is a mysterious buffer zone between him and others—a private, inviolate area, an area of *hush*.



"Rain or shine, I always put the top down on the first day of spring."

A waiter came by.

"A vodka Martini," said Ernst, "That is, a Martini with vodka."

"What are you ordering?" asked Mrs. Ernst.

"A Martini with vodka," said Ernst.

"We are trying to involve ourselves with a tequila drink on this side," said Mrs. Ernst, "but we seem to have run into some insurmountable difficulties."

Ernst shrugged. "You see," he said to us, "she is interested in what I am drinking. I will take it upon myself to order the wine—a Pouilly Fuissé. One of the finest."

The waiter was back and was asking for the order.

"In New York, it is the fish life," said Ernst. "I *dream* of the fish life in New York. I want those small, delectable, delicious, perfectly exquisite little clams."

"Cherrystones?" said the waiter.

"No," said Ernst. "Try again."

"Little Necks?" said the waiter.

"*Ja, ja!*" said Ernst. "And without any side business or sauce. Just the Little Necks. And then I want oysters Rockefeller—the ones with the spinach, the ones from New Orleans."

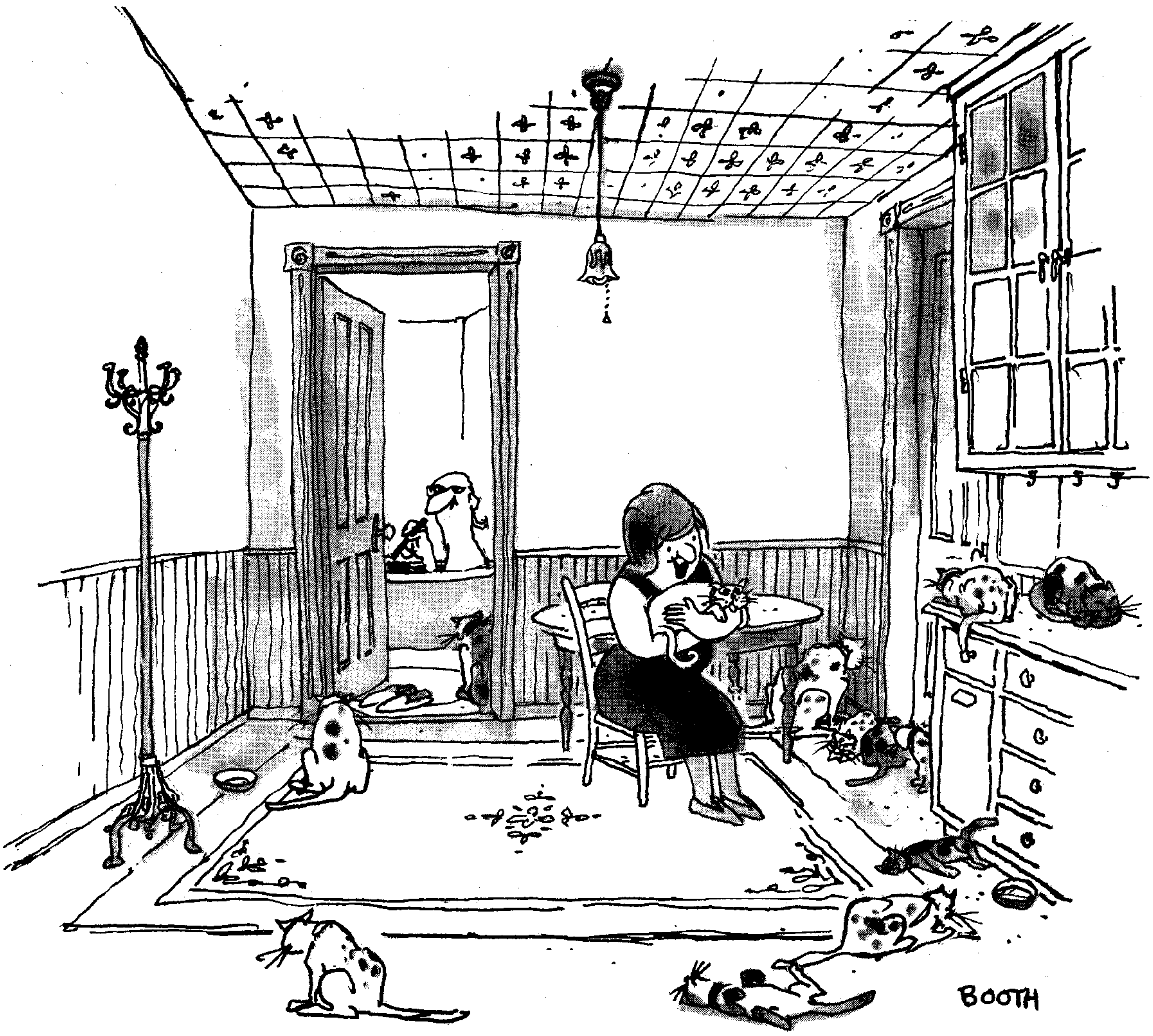
The waiter went away.

"My imagination is slightly on strike at the moment," said Ernst. "This has nothing to do with the fact that everything is really a dream. It is impossible to tell the difference between the dream and the reality. I suddenly remember Ellis Island, when I first came to this country, in 1941. The hamburgers were especially good there. *Ja, ja,* and you had to be quick and skillful to get to the shower and then to the bed you had chosen to sleep in for the night. I had to be *fast*. I dream in three languages—French, English, and German—and when I wake up in the morning I have first to figure out what language I was dreaming in, then to sort out the dreams."

The Little Necks were placed before him, without embellishment, and he systematically and swiftly went to work on them.

"My daddy copied pictures from the Vatican," he said. "All sorts of religious paintings. My daddy was an academic painter. I could never do that. I could never copy from my dreams for my paintings. My painting comes straight from my imagination, and that is distinct from the dreams." He sampled the wine. "*Ja, ja,*" he said.

The oysters Rockefeller were placed before him. He proceeded with caution into their dark-green mysteries. "It has been years since I have had them," he said. "Someone asked me the other day what I really liked, and I said, instantly, '*Good food.*' " He smiled his strange smile. "This city is so exciting," he said. "Exhilarating. I absorb what I can, I drink its spirit. But there has been the show, and parties, and friends, and receptions, and conversations, and I have had little time to explore, to move about." He was silent for a moment, and the private area was almost palpable. "I don't see this city becoming a city of silent, stark ruins, as in some of my paintings—high cities on deserted hilltops, with overgrowth of vegetation beneath. New



"Putty took a wife. Her name was Pussums, and she bore him Little Gentleman, Biddy Boo, Savor Tooth, Fluffy, Harry Cat, and Caesar. Then Little Gentleman begat Little Gentleman II and Friday and Twinkle Toes and Possum Tail and . . ."

• •

York is too lively for that. The planet has been through so much, has suffered so much, that one must have a certain optimism in order to paint, to function. To my mind, Beckett is our truly great contemporary. *Ja*, *ja*, but his pessimism didn't stop him from producing his works."

One of the oysters Rockefeller appeared to distress Ernst. He circled it with his fork, then toyed with it, then abandoned it. "My mind has been running along from Ellis Island, where I was first taken, to my marriage, of short duration, to Peggy Guggenheim. Beekman Place." His eyes narrowed, and it was obvious that he had for an instant placed himself on Beekman Place. "You must watch a sense of humor with officials. I became a citizen in 1948, but in the McCarthy period I was in some sort of immigration trouble—something about not leaving the country for more than three months—and I went before a board and told them that I wanted my non-citizenship papers. They were very distressed. 'What are you laughing at?' they said. 'This is no laughing matter.' I think of this often back in France—I am a French citizen now—at our place at Seillans, near Cannes, where Dorothea fixes everything up, and I am allowed to garden. Different from officialdom. And I see now my troubles with the officials in 1942, when I went to visit my friend Matta, the painter, in his house on the high dunes overlooking the ocean, in Wellfleet. On Cape Cod. Quite isolated. Pearl Harbor had happened, and I was an enemy alien, or considered such. Never mind that I had fled before the Nazis from France. I was still German. Such strange events began to take place. One fine day, I went into some nearby woods and burned some trash. Next day, the gendarmes came around. You have been sending up smoke signals to the enemy, they said. Did you know that just a few days ago an American ship had been sunk nearby by a Nazi submarine? Ah, I thought to myself, *this* is trouble. Plainclothesmen from the Immigration Service showed up, turned on Matta's radio, and demanded to be shown through his house. Off they went. When the noise of the radio became hideous and insupportable, I quite carelessly switched it off. *I had fallen into the trap! Enemy aliens are not permitted to operate radios!* In searching the house, the authorities had come upon a telling and highly suspicious piece of evidence—a red-white-and-blue matchbox with 'Freedom House' stamped on it! My own ship was sinking rapidly. Then came the interrogation—a dreadful and comic confusion. As for Matta, they wanted to know, there were how many ladders? I understood them to mean *letters*. Five, of course, I said. M-a-t-t-a. If you keep up this mockery of us, they said, we will keep you in prison until your beautiful white hair is even more white than it is now. More talk about sending smoke signals to the enemy. How many *ladders*, they insisted—*ladders*—did Matta have, to climb on his roof and send signals to the enemy? I said he was not the type to send signals. How did I know him, they asked. He was a fellow-painter, I said. What was his nationality? Chilean, I said. Ah, they said, did I not know that all Chileans were subversives? And so on, until finally we went to Boston for further questioning. Peggy Guggenheim accompanied me. The authorities were severe: I had been manipulating a radio. Peggy Guggenheim suddenly said that she was a copper heiress, someone made a phone call, and it was all over. No, no dessert, thank you."

CROSS CURRENTS

(An Early Edition of Next Month's Con Ed Customer Newsletter)

As someone once said, "Let there be light!"

We think electricity is still a pretty good bargain. Of course, it could be even more of a bargain if the so-called environmentalists didn't care more for grebes than for a decent, comfortable way of life for you and your family. Here at Con Ed we're working our figurative heinies off to provide our friends with the kind of service they're accustomed to. With the help of some new personnel-screening techniques, for example, we've been able to weed out of our meter-reading corps those meter readers whose skills were limited to Roman numerals. (We got rid of a few Sierra Club types as well.) We've also installed a new, battery-operated data-processing system to keep track of whose turn it is to go out for coffee. And, last but not least, we've painted new insignia on our trucks. Now, whenever you see the crossed golden wires, you'll know we're on the job!

And that job isn't an easy one!

The international oil pinch has made it necessary to seek out alternate fuel sources, and at this writing the conversion of our Jamaica plant from oil to peat is nearly finished. (Peat is available in great abundance, and harvesting it provides employment for thousands of ne'er-do-wells.) Regrettably, the efficiency of such converted plants is normally diminished by some 73 per cent, but we can already guarantee our customers in the Jamaica area at least three hours of service on a bimonthly basis.

As residents of Westchester County may have guessed, Tiny Hubert, our 1,500-megawatt generator, has been out of service for the last eleven months, because he misses his mother. We have painted his room light blue, however, and expect to restore power to Westchester in the near future.

You will notice in the bill that accompanies this newsletter that our rates have, lamentably, been adjusted again. While it is true that there have been three such adjustments in the last four months, the actual increase in the amount paid by a typical consumer is less than it costs to operate your Labrador retriever for one year. Yes, electricity is indeed a bargain!

New Penalties for Nonpayment

From time to time, one of our customers fails to pay his bill when it is due. In accordance with several recent Supreme Court decisions regarding cruel and unusual punishment, we have changed the steps we take under these regrettable circumstances. The new procedures are as follows:

(1) We extend a "grace" period of 30 days, during which time we maintain full electric services but destroy your credit rating.

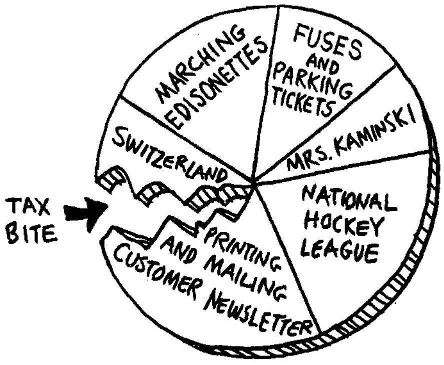
(2) After 30 days, and for a period not exceeding two weeks, we deploy the Marching Edisonettes. They have their ways.

(3) After 45 days, a Customer Service Representative will call on you and rip the door off your refrigerator.

(4) After 60 days: Blackout and deportation.

Where Each Dollar Goes

Some of our friends have asked what we do with the money we collect. This "pie" shows where each



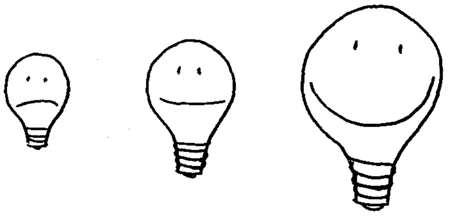
dollar goes. It also shows why our rates are so low compared to those in Union City.

Lineman of the Month

The Lineman of the Month for April is Hector Indignidad, of our Spuyten Duyvil Station. One night last December, while standing at his post at the northern end of Manhattan, Hector was quick to notice that all the lights had gone out in the Bronx. Looking down into a nearby manhole, he saw that our newly installed Jumbo Cable had been severed and was spitting sparks. In a trice, Hector tackled both of the thrashing ends and rode them into submission. Then, still working in the dark, he attempted to replace the cable in the proper conduit, thus briefly illuminating every water faucet and bathtub on Fordham Road. The Lineman of the Month Award, along with a Special Citation for Good Conductivity, was accepted by Mrs. Indignidad and her four proud children. The Marching Edisonettes sang "You Are My Sunshine."

Profits

Over the past fifteen years our profits have increased by a modest 75 million dollars. The diagram below



depicts, from left to right, three light bulbs of steadily increasing size.

Some Energy-Saving Reminders

- Don't use your electric blanket to maintain an even temperature in your bathwater. In addition to boosting your electric bill considerably, this practice may result in a serious rash.
- Your microwave oven will serve nicely as an incubator and birth-control device for gerbils.
- You can save energy by not using your electric-train set for passing food at the table.

Thirtieth Anniversary

On February 24th, at a ceremony honoring the thirtieth consecutive year that our excavation at the corner of 60th Street and 2nd Avenue has been open, Mayor Beame presented George L. Humus, chief of our Trench and Pothole Division, with a pair of electric socks. The Marching Edisonettes then sang "After the Lights Go Down Low." The occasion was only slightly marred by the brief disappearance of Rabbi Lance Ytsok, who had been scheduled to close the proceedings with a prayer. He resurfaced unhurt from a manhole at Broadway and 112th Street.

Did You Know That . . .

- You can avoid picking up static electricity in bed by dusting your sheets with cat dander.
- In nineteenth-century Holland, electricity was thought to be an aphrodisiac and was sold clandestinely in small delft jars.
- Our Hunts Point smokestack is so big that to ream it out would require a pipe cleaner weighing 724 pounds.

—Charles McGrath
and Daniel Menaker

TRAVEL

MY husband learned to love flying in the Army. He was sent to Vietnam, and flew over the deltas with a buddy. After his hitch, he returned unharmed, but not to me. He was married to someone else at the time, and found on his return that his wife didn't want him anymore. Of this he says, "I created widows during the war, and the war made a widow out of me."

That overstates the case, but he is a man not unencumbered by theatricality when it suits his purpose. The fact is, they should never have married. They were both at Juilliard, and contemplated a life of sheet music and duets. When he went to Vietnam, he thought about the war, and she thought about him. If he had thought about her—if there had been no war he was forced to contemplate—his return might not have been so filled with bafflement.

My husband likes the intense moments of flying—ice, fog, flying on instruments, heavy weather. On jets, he likes takeoff, landing, and air turbulence. When we travel, we jet to someplace central and then trek through the airport to a spur line. We have been to Laconia, New Hampshire, on Winnipesaukee; Bear, Montana, on Wild Cat; Mya Springs, Louisiana, on Cajun; Fulton, Kentucky, on Rebel; Mansard, Oklahoma, on Apache; and Bogotá, Colombia, on El Condor.

We met flying—or, rather, we found ourselves at the same table at the same inn, having flown to the same place. The inn was on Tangier Island, a tiny fishing island in the middle of the Chesapeake Bay with a private airstrip. Our table was full of aviators. I was flown there—as a favor to my sister, who felt I should get out more—by a jovial lawyer friend of my brother-in-law's. He sat next to me while I leaned against the table and stared at my husband.

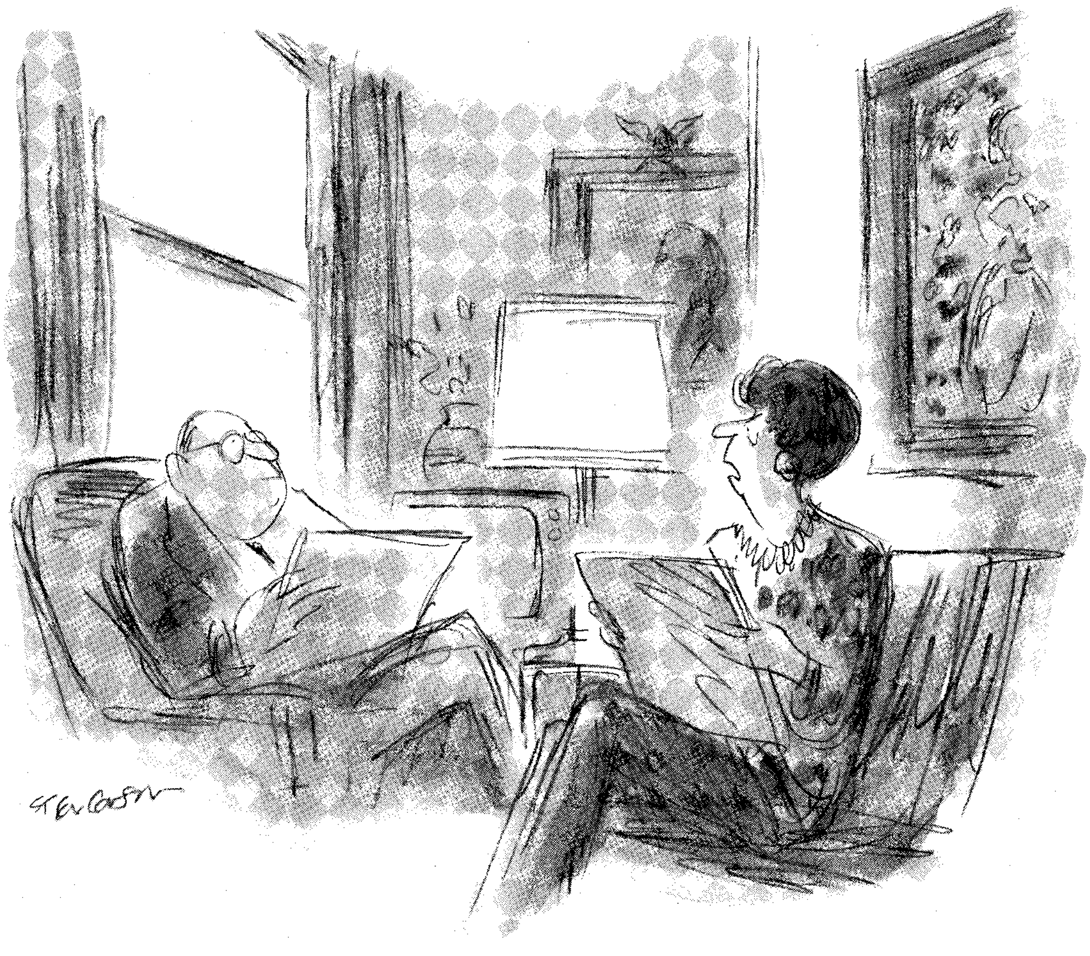
My husband is a concert pianist who hates performing. Instead, he makes records and tries to live like a recluse. He hates performing because he hates to travel for a purpose. He likes travel only for itself. He hates hotels, hotel food, and schedules. When he was younger, he did several concert tours, and they baffled him the way his divorce did. He felt there was no center to anything—just a series of cities and stages, and nothing to go back to. Once in a while, his agent pressures him into a recital at Carnegie or Alice Tully Hall, for which he trots out the most difficult or inaccessible music he can find—his admirers only seem to love him more for it.

His love of flying has made his agent old before his time, or so his agent says. "Why does he want to chance death so often?" his agent asks. "It's not the commercial flights—it's those weird little planes he likes to fly around in."

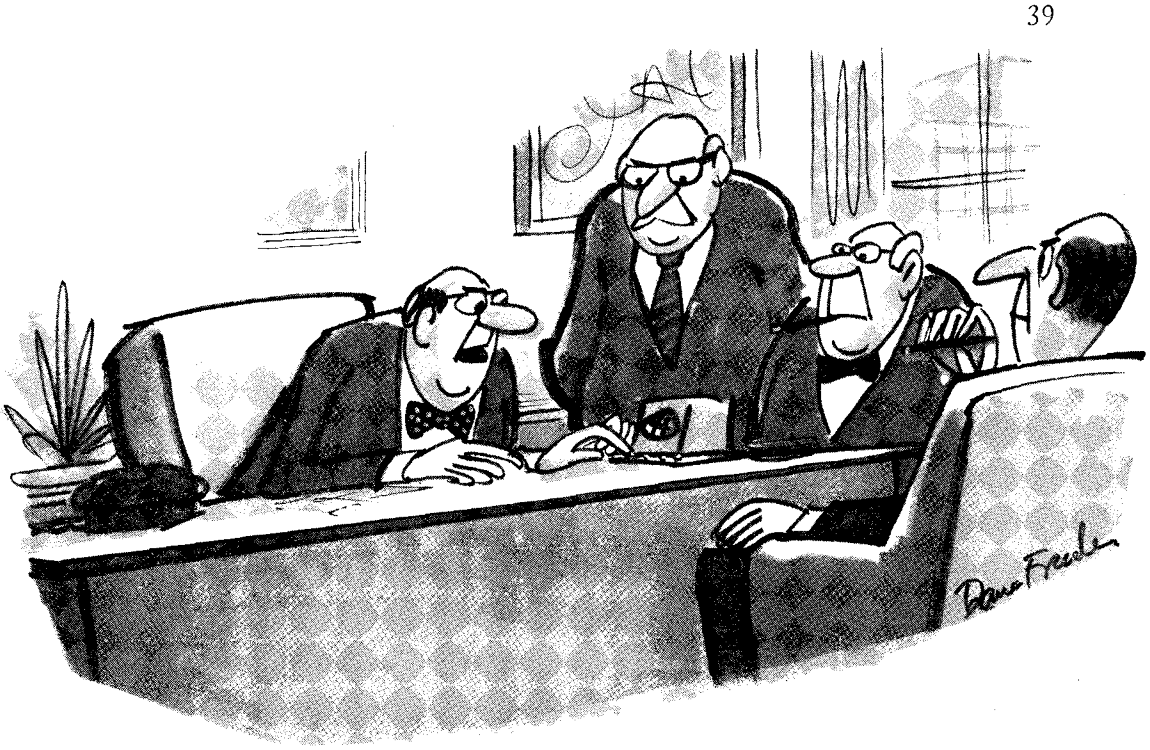
My husband wants to be weightless, and flying is as close as he can get to it. If he had not been a pianist, he might have been an astronaut, he thinks, but he is too tall. If he had been two inches taller, he would never have been drafted, and therefore would never have flown at all. After being married to him for three years, I began to fear that he would crash—him, not me, although we always fly together. My dreams, which were usually very ordinary dreams, became crowded with flaming wreckage, torn limbs, and the feeling you sometimes have before falling asleep of falling out of gravity, of falling straight down.

NO one thought I would get married. My sister and mother brooded about me, but I did not fall in love with any ease or frequency, and the few times I did, nothing ever came of it. Instead, my life was tidy. I had an apartment overlooking a garden, and I commuted daily in a secondhand Saab to a marine-biology station in Riiks Point, Long Island, where I performed experiments with oil-eating algae.

My sister is ten years older than I; my brother is fifteen years older. I was an afterthought, and since that fact is undeniable I had from very early on a sense of adult sexual life. When I learned at five the way babies are created, I looked at my handsome, stoic parents and realized what they had done to get me. Later, I felt there was something special, something particularly loving and intense about my conception. But the sense of being an afterthought marked me—although I was not an unhappy surprise to my parents—as sickly children or refugee children are marked, and I grew up thinking that I would



"I'm sick and tired of reading how perfect Liv Ullmann is."



"Miss Dugan, will you send someone in here who can distinguish right from wrong?"

• •

always be thought of last, the thing that you didn't plan for but that turned up anyway.

For example, when I met my husband on Tangier Island, it never occurred to me that I would ever see him again. When I got to know him, he did not expect ever to remarry, although at the time he was allied with a flutist with long red hair. He thought his first wife had broken his heart irreparably.

I am tall, wide-boned, but thin. In the summer, I tan easily. I spent a year at a marine-biology station at Baja, and a summer at Woods Hole, and each time turned the color of burnt cork. But in the winter I am slightly yellow. My hair is my best feature: very thick, very straight—a darkish-yellow color. For this reason, although my given name is Marguerite, my baby name was Butter.

The day I met my husband, he said two things that shocked me. After lunch, we walked around the island, by the shore. The aviators ambled together, talking shop. I walked with my husband. At the water's edge, he said, "You have a very contemplative relationship with the ocean," and I explained that I was a marine biologist. Then he said, "You look very buttery. I noticed at lunch."

If it is true that you can feel a wave of love, I did. I felt my heart being torn open, and I accepted it. It was something that happened without consequence, so I let it happen. On that particular day, my vision of these matters was particularly bleak, and I did not believe that any virtue came of chance meetings or accidents of destiny. But suddenly I felt intelligible to another person, who knew by looking that I had been called Butter and that I had a connection with the sea. It was only a moment, but I was grateful. It is not everyone who gets a moment of unexpected understanding on a remote island you have to fly in a private plane to get to.

By the end of the afternoon, we had trotted the circumference of Tangier twice and went back to the airstrip to fit ourselves into separate planes. My husband knew my name and where I lived, and I knew his name and where he lived. We shook hands as our two pilots started their engines and the propellers churned up the air.

I never thought that I would see him again, but I did. He came to see me one rainy evening without calling first, without giving any reason for his visit. He might have said, "People shouldn't meet on an island and never see each other again," but he didn't. He gave my apartment the once-over, and sat in the best chair.

At the time, I lived in all ways like a Shaker. My apartment might have had fresh straw on the floor. It was an old Village apartment, scrupulously scrubbed. The rafter beams had been exposed, and they were scrubbed, too. All the walls were white. I didn't have much in the way of ornament or furniture, so it was not entirely my fault that my apartment looked like a restored room at the Hancock Shaker Village. What I had was old. I had a glass bird from my grandfather, an eighty-year-old decoy given to me by my boss at Woods Hole, and my father's brass fishing rod, hung across two hooks. I had a watercolor of flowers my grandmother had painted, and a picture of a donkey, done by my great-grandmother. I hadn't had anyone to love in three years.

My husband sat in an armchair and asked if I would like to have dinner with him—if I was hungry, that is. His visit was so informal that I didn't feel the need to state anything except the case. I said that I didn't want to go out but that I would feed him.

The food I lived on was eccentric. I strained yogurt through cheesecloth to concentrate it, and I ate it with pickled cabbage and salted Japanese plums. I cooked carrots with honey and garlic and ate them cold—the odd tastes of a solitary person. When I had people in to dinner, I spent days wondering what ordinary people ate. I gave my husband what I ate: a cup of thick yogurt; a plate of pickled cabbage, salted plums, and cold carrots; and some chicken cooked the way I liked it—with soy sauce, paprika, and clove. He never batted an eye. He ate what was set before him and never said he found the meal strange, which warmed me to him. It never occurred to me that he might have the same odd taste, or his own odd taste. Outside, the rain spun on intensely. My husband said, "I came over here to claim you, if that's possible."

When I looked at him, I realized that I had never wanted anyone so much in my life, so I claimed him, too.

THUS, at the age of thirty, in top physical condition, with excellent training and an excellent job, the author of two highly praised monographs—one on oil-eating algae and one on the regenerative mechanism in starfish—I found myself involved with a tall, standoffish, moody, and temperamental pianist, who, at the time we claimed each other, was living on the

THE END OF MARCH, DUXBURY

(For John Malcolm Brinnin and Bill Read)

It was cold and windy, scarcely the day
to take a walk on that long beach.
Everything was withdrawn as far as possible,
indrawn: the tide far out, the ocean shrunken,
seabirds in ones or twos.
The rackety, icy, offshore wind
numbed our faces on one side;
disrupted the formation
of a lone flight of Canada geese;
and blew back the low, inaudible rollers
in upright, steely mist.

The sky was darker than the water
—*it* was the color of mutton-fat jade.
Along the wet sand, in rubber boots, we followed
a track of big dog-prints (so big
they were more like lion-prints). Then we came on
lengths and lengths, endless, of wet white string,
looping up to the tide-line, down to the water,
over and over. Finally, they did end:
a thick white snarl, man-size, awash,
rising on every wave, a sodden ghost,
falling back, sodden, giving up the ghost. . . .
A kite string?—But no kite.

I wanted to get as far as my proto-dream-house,
my crypto-dream-house, that crooked box
set up on pilings, shingled green,
a sort of artichoke of a house, but greener
(boiled with bicarbonate of soda?),
protected from spring tides by a palisade
of—are they railroad ties?
(Many things about this place are dubious.)
I'd like to retire there and do *nothing*,
or nothing much, forever, in two bare rooms:
look through binoculars, read boring books,
old, long, long books, and write down useless notes,
talk to myself, and, foggy days,
watch the droplets slipping, heavy with light.
At night, a *grog à l'américaine*.
I'd blaze it with a kitchen match
and lovely diaphanous blue flame
would waver, doubled in the window.
There must be a stove; there *is* a chimney
askew, but braced with wires,
and electricity, possibly
—at least, at the back another wire
limply leashes the whole affair
to something off behind the dunes.
A light to read by—perfect! But—impossible.
And that day the wind was much too cold
even to get that far,
and of course the house was boarded up.

On the way back our faces froze on the other side.
The sun came out for just a minute.
For just a minute, set in their bezels of sand,
the dim, occasional stones
were all of different colors,
with all those high enough throwing out long shadows
and, after a minute, pulling them in again.
They could have been teasing the lion sun,
except that now he was behind them
—a sun who'd walked the beach the last low tide,
making those big, majestic paw-prints,
who perhaps had batted a kite out of the sky to play with.

—Elizabeth Bishop

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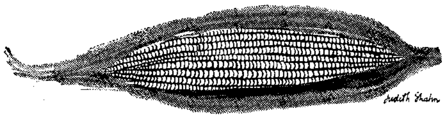
upper West Side with a girl flutist. It was not until weeks later, by which time my husband and I claimed each other every chance we got, that I knew of his alliance with her. I never knew her name. After I was made aware of her existence, there were times when my husband did not call when he said he would, or called to say that he would not appear as he had planned, and I expect he thought that my knowledge of his situation would get him off the hook.

On the other hand, my husband knew the condition that lay beneath that tidy apartment. He knew I strove to keep my life level, and that if he was not around I would work at my research, commute to work, strain my yogurt, and live as I had always done. He knew I didn't want to expect much—I was frightened to. He knew if he wasn't around I would step back and run my life as if he had never walked into it.

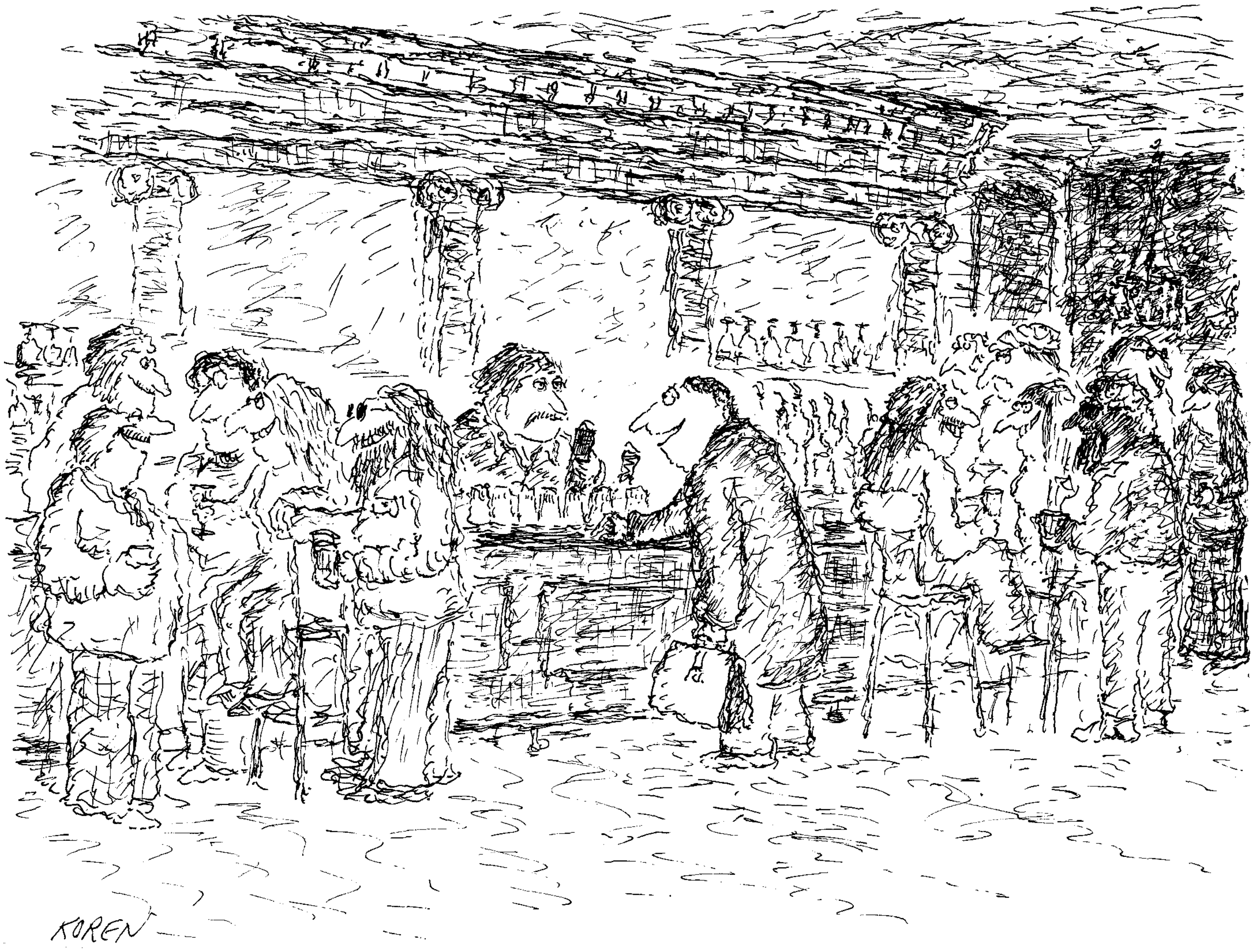
But he was wrong. He didn't know what he had done, so I told him, as simply as you explain addition to a child. I told him that I had a heart to break and that he was breaking it. I said I didn't want to be misunderstood, and as I said these things I could imagine how he would look leaving my apartment, and how I would feel watching him walk down the street. But he didn't leave. He asked me to marry him. Then he went home and settled matters with the flutist. Five months later, we were married at my parents' house, and the chief emotional feature of that wedding was relief.

But retrospect makes everything look easy. It wasn't as easy as that. There was a large gulf between finding out about the flutist and saying anything about it—I was that glad to have someone love me. I wanted my Shaker life disturbed utterly but quietly. I didn't want slammed doors or shouting. One night, my husband and I sat down quietly and wrenched our hearts out—at least, I wrenched mine. He went home, and for a week I didn't see him. Those nights, I felt I was sleeping on top of a live wire in a rainstorm, I was so fearful. I made lists of his bad qualities: covert, silent, moody, sometimes won't talk, doctrinaire about music, frequently snobbish, has girl on whom he cheats—with me. I thought I would never come to know him. On the other hand, when he looked at my life what did he see? Did he see some multilayered, complicated homemade jam with a thick seal of paraffin on top? How did he know what he was getting into?

Well, he left the flutist without a trace—on himself I mean. I never saw one of her possessions, or any letter she may have written. One day he showed me a diary he kept sporadically—two years in one notebook, mostly musical ruminations. He lived with her a year, and she was never mentioned once.



MY husband had been drafted over the protest of his agent, the head of Juilliard, and several renowned



"Excuse me, but what's the nature of this bar? Political, literary, or singles?"

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pianists. The president of Octagon Records had threatened to take out a protest ad in the *Times*, but my husband put his foot down. None of this sat well with him—he didn't see why he should be exempt from service because he was talented, while those who were not talented were unspared. It was not exactly a noble sentiment; it was, rather, that he wanted to be left alone. He didn't have any feelings about the war, but he had been a prodigy in a mild sort of way, and he was tired of special treatment.

Actually, as it turned out, he liked the Army. No one had ever heard of him, and he sat around the PX playing "Chopsticks" on the piano, which ironic gesture amused him. The war itself upset him, but he was glad, since it was an upset outside himself. Besides, he isn't very protective about his hands, as some musicians are. All his life, he fought his parents and teachers for the right to play baseball and otherwise endanger his priceless limbs. In the winter, he never wears gloves, and he likes to go fishing. The fish he likes best are fighters—bass and blues. He says he was more comfortable in the Army than he ever had been before.

WE are not a young couple, so our sense of personal history is wide and separate. My husband remembers his first piano—a child's piano. I have never seen one. My family took lessons on a huge Chickering we felt like gnats in front of, and forgot all we had learned by the time we were in high school. I didn't play Mozart sonatas when I was twelve. Instead, I stole a lipstick from a drugstore in Kennebunkport, Maine. My husband was thirty-five when we got married, and I was thirty-one. We didn't have a pool of mutual friends. The friends he had at Juilliard he had either outgrown or known so well so long that they seemed exclusively his. His pals from the Army live in places like Ketchum, Idaho, or Blue Mountain Lake, New York, and he never sees them. No, we came with separate friends. We have separate love affairs to think about. He had his marriage. I saw whales at Baja, and he saw combat in Vietnam. That accounts for a lot of richness but quite a lot of sadness, too. I would be happy not to travel on out-of-the-way spur lines—although I love to fly over islands—but I often think the more we travel to inaccessible places the more we will be like a couple who fell in love in high school and married out of college. Our personal histories will merge, and our reference point will be each other. The parts of my life that were solitary will blur. He will think, maybe after thirty years, that it was to me he wrote from Vietnam, and I will think that I commuted home in my old Saab from Riiks Point to him, and my prim apartment will be the memory of waiting at a bus stop before my husband came along to pick me up.

IN September, we flew to Miami on a yellow jet, and in a glum corner of the airport we found our spur line, Everglades Airways. We were going to fly to French Falls. The gloomy lobby was manned by an overweight giant with hair crew-cut into a putting green, and a dour, monosyllabic Indian with a gold tooth. Waiting for

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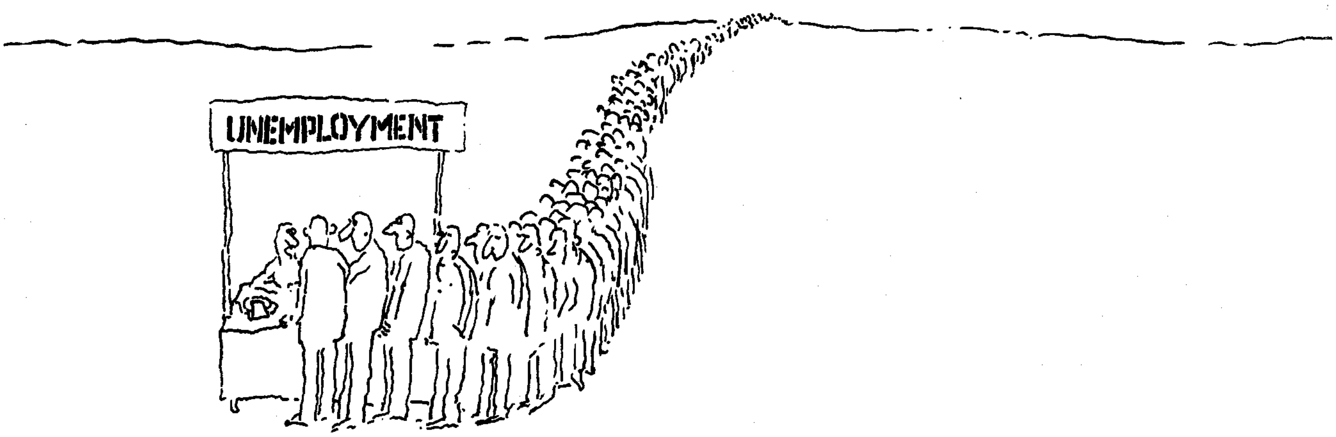

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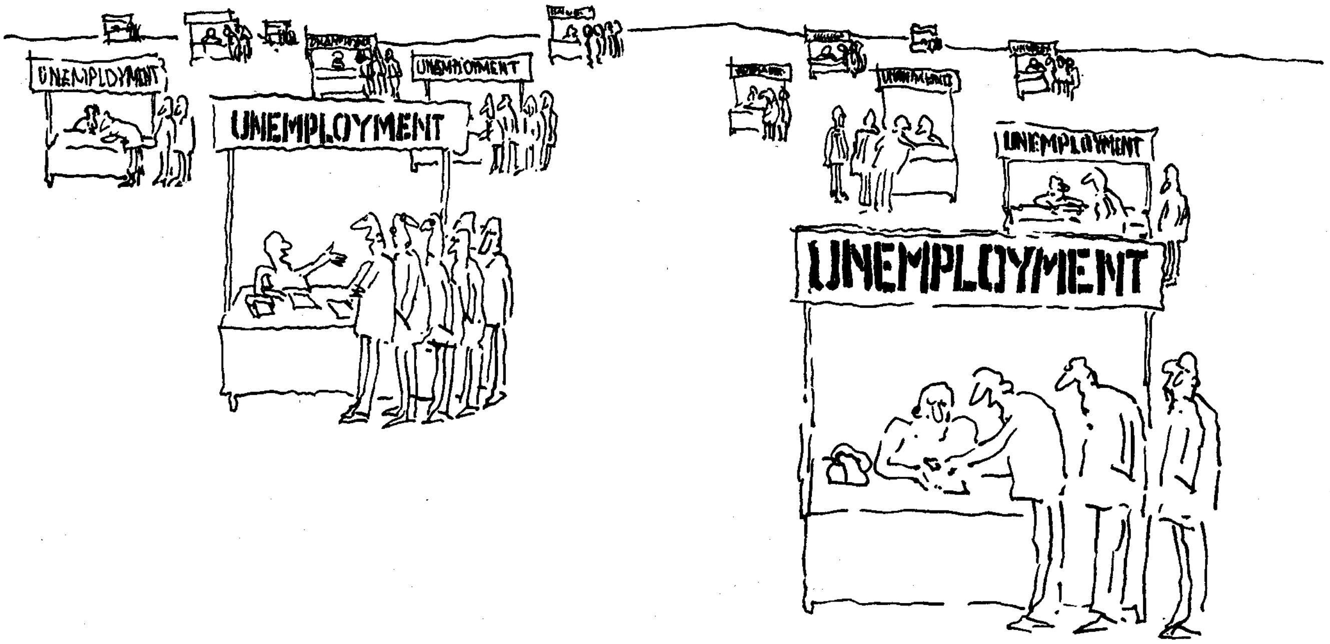


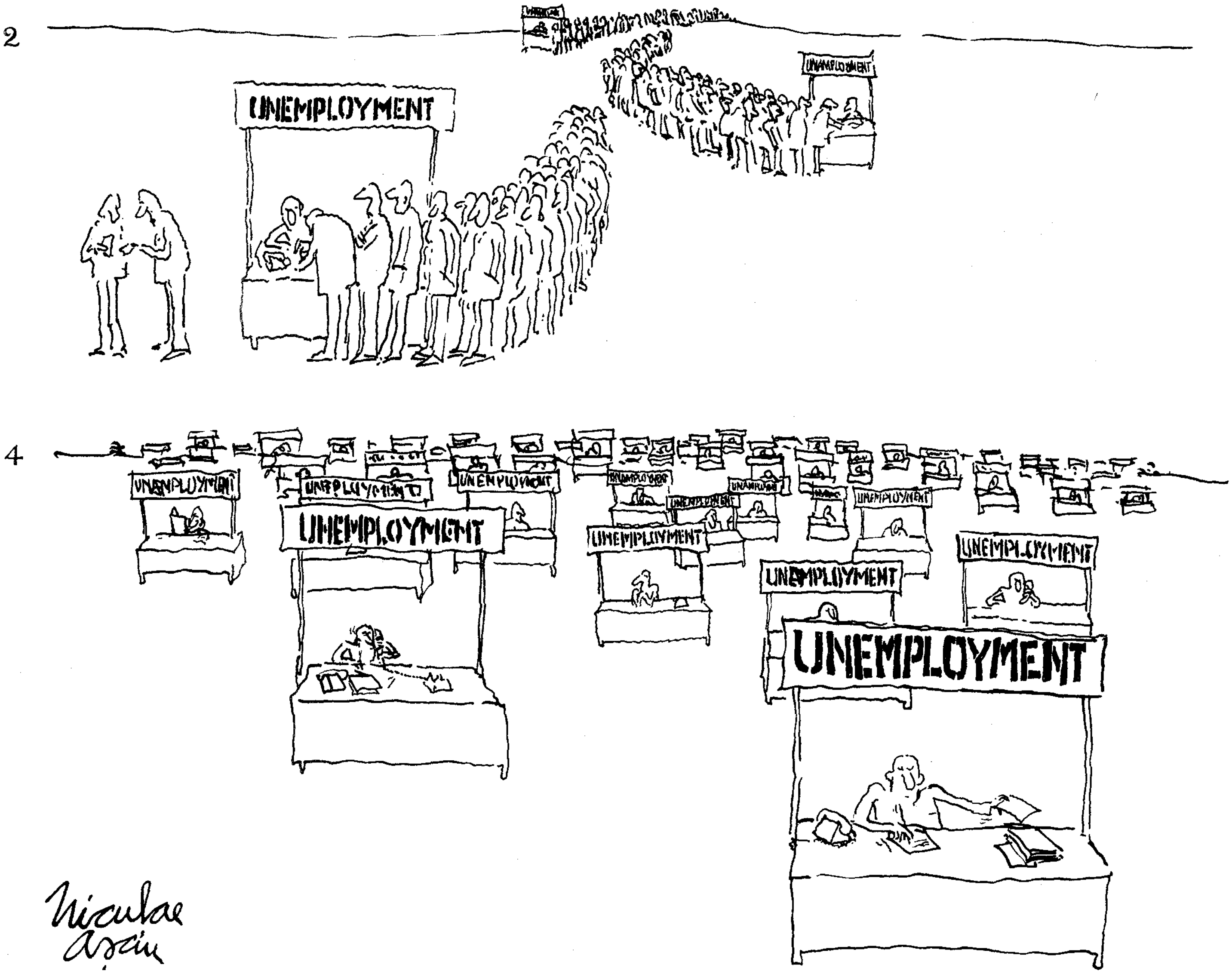
the tiny Cessnas were our fellow-travellers: a Cuban woman and her child, three sleeping Indians with straw hats and dead cigars, a dissipated boy in rumpled white ducks, and us. No one was flying. We sat down and waited out the tail end of a tropical storm.

We ended up waiting for three hours. The chairs filled up with Cubans, farmers, and fishermen. Finally, the flights were called. Eight people lined up to go to Oopalachia. Six flew off to Little Trinidad. The fishermen went to Connaught Key. They all had to wait for the morose Indian to load the luggage and for the pilots to finish their coffee. The pilots on spur lines are like motorcycle racers. Given the chance, they'd fly in any weather, but commercial responsibility imposes itself on them. The older ones were mail pilots, the middle-aged ones were commercial pilots who got bored, and the younger ones learned to fly in Vietnam and didn't want to stop once they got home.

Finally, we lined up for French Falls. The plane held eight, but there were only six of us: the Cuban woman and her child, my husband and I, and a couple who appeared at the last moment—a hawk-faced man with a blond pompadour, carrying a fiddle case, and his wife, whose cheekbones obliterated her eyes. They looked like birds of prey in a moment of pause.

Our pilot's name was Ike Fooley, a stocky vet with a mustache. He knew everyone on the flight except us, but my husband sat co-pilot with him and learned that they had been in Vietnam at the same time. When we got to French Falls, we went to the bar of the local lodging house and had dinner with him. Ike Fooley had been considered the dolt of his family, he told us. His father and brothers were in steel, in New Orleans. He had saved enough to have his own plane. He pulled out a picture of it—a red-and-white Piper Cherokee with "Fool's Paradise" painted on the wing in black. He also showed us a stack of photographs of Hué—the intense, heartsick photos of an amateur. He said that he had still not gotten over what had happened to him in the war, that he was slow and that it took him a long time to sort things out. His mustache curved down and gave his cheery face an edge of mournfulness. After dinner, he told us who our fellow-travellers were. The Cuban woman was the housekeeper at a mansion outside French Falls that was owned by the former ambassador to Argentina. The hawklike couple had just come back from a fiddle competition in Paris, Kentucky. They flew around quite a bit, Ike said—to Nashville and Muscle Shoals to do studio work—but didn't like it much. The man had explained country fiddling to him as follows: "Something pretty you put on the edge of something plain."

As we had our dinner, the weather kicked up, and finally another storm broke. Ike Fooley called Miami to say that he was laying over. He and my husband settled down to drink. Ike asked why we had come to French Falls, and we told him the truth. The truth was it was just a place to fly to. My husband subscribed to *Aviator* magazine to keep informed on remote landing strips and oddball spur lines. French Falls sounded good to him,



since he was just about to record the "French" Suites. Ike found this altogether reasonable. But he said there wasn't any reason to stay in French Falls unless you lived there, so he offered to take us to Key West the next day. He had the weekend off, he said, and if we liked to fish and snorkel, he knew a good place to do both. In the morning, we would fly back to Miami with him, drive to a private airport, pick up Fool's Paradise, and fly around the Keys.

They stayed downstairs to drink out the storm, and I went to our room to take a bath and go to sleep. The room smelled of seawater and rain.

As I lay in bed, I thought of all the places we had flown to as something pretty you put on the edge of something plain. The love my husband and I bore for each other seemed very plain to me—there was still no communal reference point for it. It was only the two of us.

ONE day after we were married, my husband opened up a battered wicker case and put on the bed an ammunition pouch, a dog-eared copy of the "Italian" Concerto, a leather-bound diary, and his Army belt—his relics of the war, he said. When he pulled shift, he had studied the "Italian" Concerto and sung it in his head. During the sixties, you often saw in slick, liberal magazines photos of the possessions of dead or captured enemies, photos that were meant to show you that the enemy was a human being, too. That clutter on the bed looked like one of those photos, but those things belonged to my husband. I remember thinking, What if he hadn't come back to me? Suppose he had come back to me all shot up? Suppose he had never come back at all? I never touched a thing on the bed—I remembered that I hadn't known him when he came back, that we had met by chance in a time when people didn't think much about the war, and if you said you had fought in it they looked at you without much interest, registering a fact they had no connection to, or for.

In point of fact, my husband takes his ammunition pouch, his Army belt, the diary, and that score for the "Italian" Concerto with him whenever he flies. I saw them first one evening while I was unpacking in Shawano, Wisconsin, to which we had flown on Wolverine, and I've seen them ever since. I've never mentioned it, and neither has he, but it is a fact between us, since I always unpack for him.

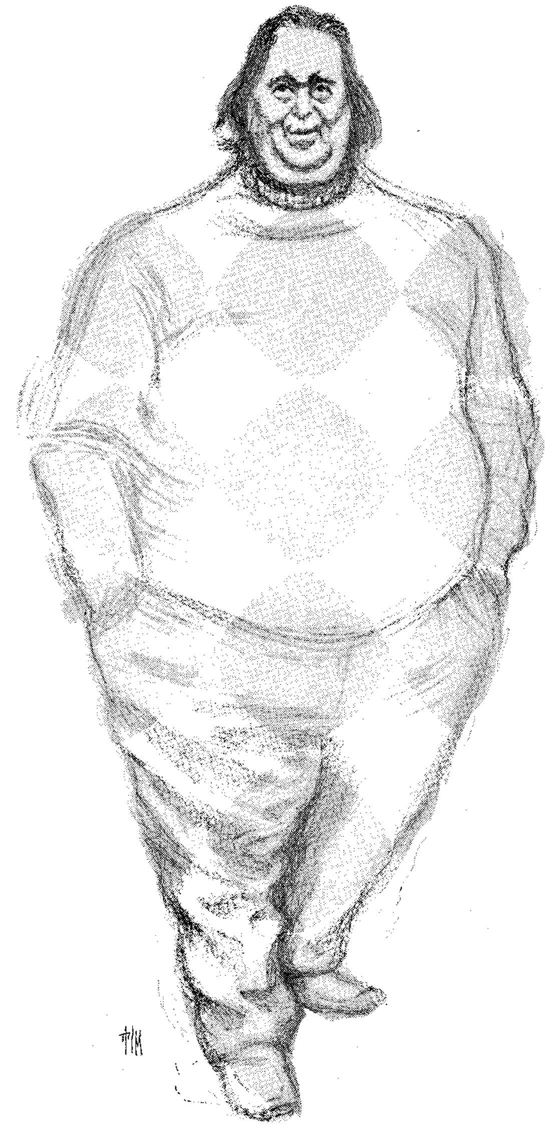
He carries around those artifacts, and I dream about wrecked jets. Secretly, I read accounts of crashes in the paper, which indicates to me that I never get used to flying, that I am always caught between thrill and fear. He knows I read the paper for those ghoulish accounts, and I know about his kit. But it all works out. When he isn't rehearsing, and I get time off from the Riiks Point marine-biology station, we fly to someplace central and then to someplace remote so that I can ask, some wide, scopeless afternoon on a bleak winter's day, "Remember when we flew around Key West with Ike Fooley?" And my husband can nod yes, with exclusive understanding.

—LAURIE COLWIN

PROFILES

THE DECOY FANATIC

"IF the history of film is fifty thousand films, then Chartres is fifty thousand stones," said Henri Langlois, onlie begetter of the great Cinémathèque Française, eating ginger marmalade with a teaspoon in Paris and afterward signing for an ordinary lunch for five other people, resting the bill on the jutting waist of his brown polo-neck sweater. The history of film at his Cinémathèque, in Paris, is much more, and also many more, than fifty thousand films. In any event, Henri Langlois, master celebrant of movie archivism, the Cerberus, saint, and spy of world cinema, is never quite sure how many prints he has. His passion for the preservation of film and his passion for particular kinds of marmalade eaten with a spoon both require a vagrant special knowledge. He would agree that the marmalade expertise has the less importance, but he takes it with equal seriousness.



Henri Langlois

It is his dedication to cinema that has built the Cinémathèque Française. The edifice is without heirs, since there is no one at all like him. Through the Cinémathèque, Langlois is the father of the middle generation of directors all over the world, and the grandfather of New Wave film-makers like Truffaut, Godard, and Chabrol. The famous historian and collector, without whom the cinema might hardly know that it has a past, is completely devoted to film. He will raid the flea markets of Paris for a can holding part of a lost Buster Keaton two-reeler, he keeps the hours of a true eccentric, and he stores everything he can find. Films that other archivists had despaired of he used to restore by cleaning them frame by frame and drying them on a clothesline. The current headquarters of the Cinémathèque, which is in part privately supported and in part subsidized by the government, is the Palais de Chaillot. The Cinémathèque consists of three cinemas—two cinemas in the Palais and one on the Left Bank—and a museum, in the Palais. The films would take years to show end to end, and the attention that Langlois gives to each one is infinite; of himself he is careless to a degree that makes one think he may be cultivating the behavior of a fanatic bohemian to draw attention away from his craze for film, which has made him a center of government controversy. In February of 1968, French bureaucrats unwisely, and unsuccessfully, tried to unseat this hero of *cinéastes* all over the world—his fierce allies included Renoir, Kurosawa, Visconti, and Chaplin—for some less troublesome leader; they brought down upon themselves riots and protest marches that many of the political-minded believe to have been an unconscious training period for the events of May, 1968.

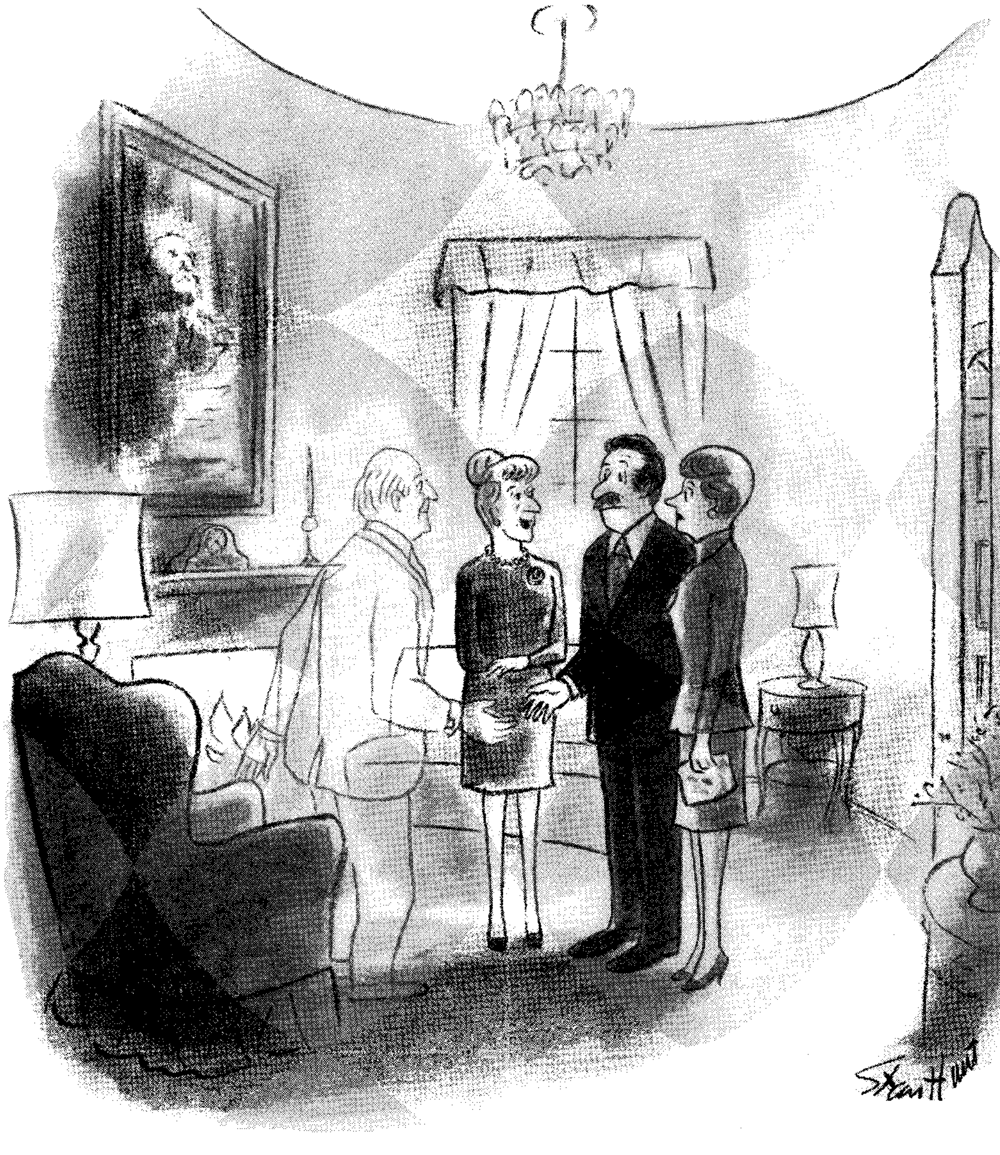
Langlois never forgets a film, but he often forgets to pay his own telephone bill. The phone is forever being cut off. When that happens, there are six or seven other possible numbers for finding him. Two of them are the numbers of restaurants. The rest are for phones in various nooks of the Palais de Chaillot. At one or the other of his cinemas there, he will often sit at a desk serving as an ad-hoc ticket booth and take admission fees himself, his gentle, film-soaked brown eyes benevolently watching out for some boy sitting round program after program for the price of one, as Truffaut did when he was a boy. "*There* is the new François, perhaps. Or *there*," Langlois will say, missing nothing, his huge bulk overflowing his little wooden chair. One thinks of him as a natural sitter; his body looks permanently bent into chair angles because of his having seen so many films. He has the daintiness of many heavy men. When he moves, he seems to have bulk without weight. It is as if he were filled with hydrogen, and he leaves companions racing far behind in his museum until he stops to pant against a table, gazing at a still of Marilyn Monroe or an early camera shot of Méliès—panting more out of some revived excitement than out of fatigue, which is probably the one human response he doesn't understand. His trousers seem innocent of ironing, and his polo-neck sweaters look as if they had been dug out of a schoolboy's trunk crammed with toffees and old magazines and football boots. His shape is roughly an oval, poised on a tip and slanting forward. He walks like a dolphin balanced on its tail, often raising its head to send out messages. His character leaps to lack of order. He is too busy for system—too busy saving film. He spends as few hours of the day as possible on himself. It seems entirely typical of him that he once confused sleeping pills and vitamins, taking a sleeping pill after every meal and a vitamin pill at bedtime. No consequence, observers report. Marmalade and films kept him awake. "I could have been a marvellous madman," he whispered to me confidingly in Paris. "I could have contained my madness."

"Contained": apt. Though the fanaticism is certainly not a hoax, and though it sustains him as much as his friends do—as much as the company of anyone who loves film does—you have the feeling that the colossal, ostensibly obstreperous mad archivist is a decoy set up to draw the fire. The real man exists elsewhere: a fine-tuned poet drawn to serious conversation and to practical jokes that give no pain, and infinitely respectful whenever he detects creation. The point of setting up the decoy would be, perhaps, to grant himself time. His total absorption shakes off ninnies and allows him repose for looking and for the company of film, his friend.

He has enormous charm, of the kind that he responds to in movies. "By charm in the cinema, I mean the mythological charm of the fates, not the charm of a pretty woman," he said to me in Paris over an exquisite Chinese dinner at four in the morning, which is his usual hour for dining. He was born in Smyrna in 1914, to a half-American, half-French mother and a French diplomat father. Also from his mother, he has Irish blood. He often spoke demotic Greek as a child. He has a brother who is a lawyer, but Henri himself never passed his *baccalauréat*, because he saw six films a day. He was always the family black sheep. "My uncle thought I was a Communist, because I didn't play bridge," he said. Pause. "I still don't." Whenever he is in a sociable situation, he seems to become the center of a peculiarly convivial graveness, which can turn in a second into a humor that includes everybody. At the Academy Awards in 1974, when he flew to Hollywood to receive a special Oscar for his services to the cinema, he gave his thanks in French, which was translated; was responded to in French, also translated; spoke cheerfully, again in French, of the craze of the New Wave—and of Renoir and Abel Gance before them—for American movies, his words being again translated; and then made a rapid exit with a sentence in English, thus pulling the rug from under everyone. He likes a certain amount of sorcery and trick-playing. All this is taken by him with perfect seriousness. There is a beautiful American woman connected with the endeavor to found an American Cinémathèque—which is to be directed artistically by Langlois and run by Tom Johnston and Gene Stavis, two longtime colleagues of his in the enterprise—on a magnificent site under the huge pillars of New York's Queensboro Bridge. Langlois told me quietly that he thinks she is the heroine of an American detective thriller, so putting his finger on something arcane about her appeal, something unsaid and wizardly.

Over a lifetime, Langlois has helped to raise the cinema from the ghetto of art, but he minimizes what he did for the people of the New Wave through his passion for then unrecognized geniuses like Bergman, Ozu, and Kurosawa. (Langlois was the first to show Kurosawa outside Japan.) In spite of his scholarly love of silent films, Langlois says of Ozu, "What talk! What nuance of feeling!" Scarcely anyone else in the Western world perceived it in the fifties. But this man, living in epic disarray and apparently wedded to films, has a curious capacity for sensing the truth of feeling and the movement of mood in other countries, politically as well as aesthetically, and in the past as well as in the present. His instincts for shifts in the popular spirit work like antennae; they never seem to derive from anything he has read. He apparently knows things from the air. His intuition can in fact be traced to his born habit of paying heed to everything that passes by. No man can ever have given greater attention to events while looking abstracted. It is another aspect of his decoy apparatus.

We spoke at some late supper in Paris of the fallen idol of the car industry in America, and of the economic situation across the Channel. "You see, people in England have always had their faces bang up against the wall, and soon it will have happened all over Europe," he said. "As usual, it happened in England first." We were in a satin-lined restaurant with a perky waitress. She made him resentful for the first time since I had known him. "The restaurant is like a cheap drawing room. No, like a bordello," he said. "This waitress with a red satin blouse, she is not for women's liberation. I don't like her *pensées*." It was



"And this is my husband, the late Arthur Fogelson."

midnight—early for him—but we left for the fresh air and a tiny car with his old friend Mary Meerson, widow of Lazare Meerson, who was a Russian-French movie designer famous between the wars, particularly for his work with René Clair. She speaks French, English, Russian, Yiddish, Turkish, Finnish, and Lord knows how many other languages. Courted all over Europe as a girl, she now has gaps in her teeth and the same bulk as Langlois, but she retains great funds of charm, loyalty, humor, and expansiveness. It is easy still to see her as a beauty, even though she walks with difficulty and takes no care of herself: or, indeed, of anything but film, Langlois, and all other friends to the imaginative.

A church clock struck twelve as we came out. "We must work," said Langlois, striding toward Mme. Meerson's little car. "Can you drive?" he asked me. "Unlike us, you would put a distance between yourself and the steering wheel, which juts into Mary or me. Though I should prefer that the gentleman do the driving. When you go to England, will you also be going to Ireland? They make there a special kind of marmalade with whiskey."

"Henri likes it very much," said Mary Meerson.

They have plenty of time for such talk. On the other hand, one can see that neither can ever have had much for hypochondria or snobbery. When Langlois was a young man, he was told that he had to go to the mountains for the sake of his chest. He went instead to the top of the Eiffel Tower every day and breathed the air there. He hoards time like a miser and then spends it on film, as if he were a boy throwing gold coins out of a train window in the dark to see them catch the light of the electric sparks. He spoke to me once of three days of officialdom that he thought of as wasted: "In those three days, I could have saved perhaps three films."

OUT in a park, two young movie-makers named Eila Hershon and Roberto Guerra were with him when he saw some black swans. "Like a black-and-white film," he said. The swans had red beaks. "Like the heart of film," he said. He doesn't like gray marks on old movies and will do anything to be rid of them. Gray belongs on his clothes, he told me. An accident to anything but a film is something to be put up with unheatedly. And even when an uncatalogued film that is due to be shown in a program eludes him temporarily, he makes something better of the loss. He believes in the creative force of the accidental, as Renoir does. "Vandalism lies in forgetting, in making do with little when much needs to be saved, in sleeping when you know films are being destroyed," he said. The apartment where he and Mary Meerson live has been gradually stripped of fine paintings to allow him to buy films. "If you don't save, you have not got. The important thing is to save. When you don't buy a Picasso, another museum buys it. But when you don't buy a film it is lost." A cheap table in the drawing room has a drawer that Langlois used for a long time to hold the takings from the cinemas and the museum in the Palais de Chaillot. He spends nearly all his own money on laying his hands on films, and on entertaining friends late at night: certainly not on clothes, though he is delighted by an African man's robe that a young friend bought for Mary Meerson. Mme. Meerson once made an effort to get him to Pierre Cardin for a suit. He wouldn't go. "Cardin must measure me sitting down, and come here," Langlois said. "I don't wear a suit standing up, after all. I wear it sitting down. Anyway, I like unidentified suits." Mme. Meerson buys him one-hundred-per-cent-cash-mere socks, but he habitually loses them after a single wearing. She doesn't mind, even though neither of them has a sou. Like Langlois, Mme. Meerson has a peculiar style buried somewhere, for all the surface muddle. They seem wonderfully happy together.

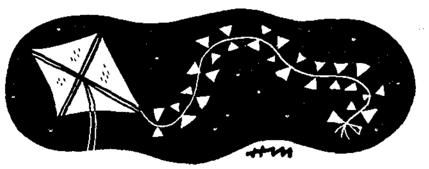
ADAMANTINE

"Animal, veg, or mineral" was always the game—
Tyrannosaurus rex kept score.
They fidget too much, the strivers, even the redwoods;
Faust was a bore.
Unlearning the two-foot and four-foot
And petal-foot lore,
I grew backward from quicksilver wisdoms—this morning
I entered ore.

Pashas of quartz, hear my idolatries:
Gaunt jet at the fore,
And the squatness of onyx that Tamburlaine carved
For the Samarkand sepulcher,
And malachite's hawk-green scorning blink,
And coal's red roar,
And obsidian, milking from milk-white throats
Rubies of gore,
And turquoise so blue that the stone *is* the hue
And "blue" the metaphor,
And a certain stark flint so flinty the king
Of diamonds was slashed to the core,
And a tongue of stalactite a demon queen
Writhed for on eiderdown floor,
And that eye of the idol I can't pronounce
Whom the tribes I forget adore.

—PETER VIERECK

• •



Around them the couple have collected many devoted friends. Actors, directors, old allies, young members of the New Wave:

Simone Signoret remembers him in the Occupation. Langlois would bravely indulge his passion for secrecy by passing furtive word to her around some café, where she would be sitting under the Nazis' noses, that he was going to show an outlawed classic that night in his mother's drawing room: "Half past eight tonight, 'Potemkin.'" The dangerous screenings were made possible by his having scattered reels of forbidden film among trusted friends. The spectators could all have gone to jail. "Simone could have been badly punished for coming," says Langlois about this stoic figurehead of resistance to authoritarianism. "Not only for political reasons to do with the Russians but because she knew and loved film."

A director young at the time of the war says, "Mary is so paranoid that the Germans were nothing. She and Henri were quite used to having no telephone and no electricity anyway, because they always forgot to pay their bills. Even now, Henri will sometimes

"The plumber's here, sweetie."

• •

say, 'The telephone's going badly,' as if being cut off by the telephone company for not paying one's bill had something to do with the service."

Renoir says, "He made a church for the cinema. He refuses to choose; if he doesn't like a film, he says, someone in the future may. It is very solemn, very gay."

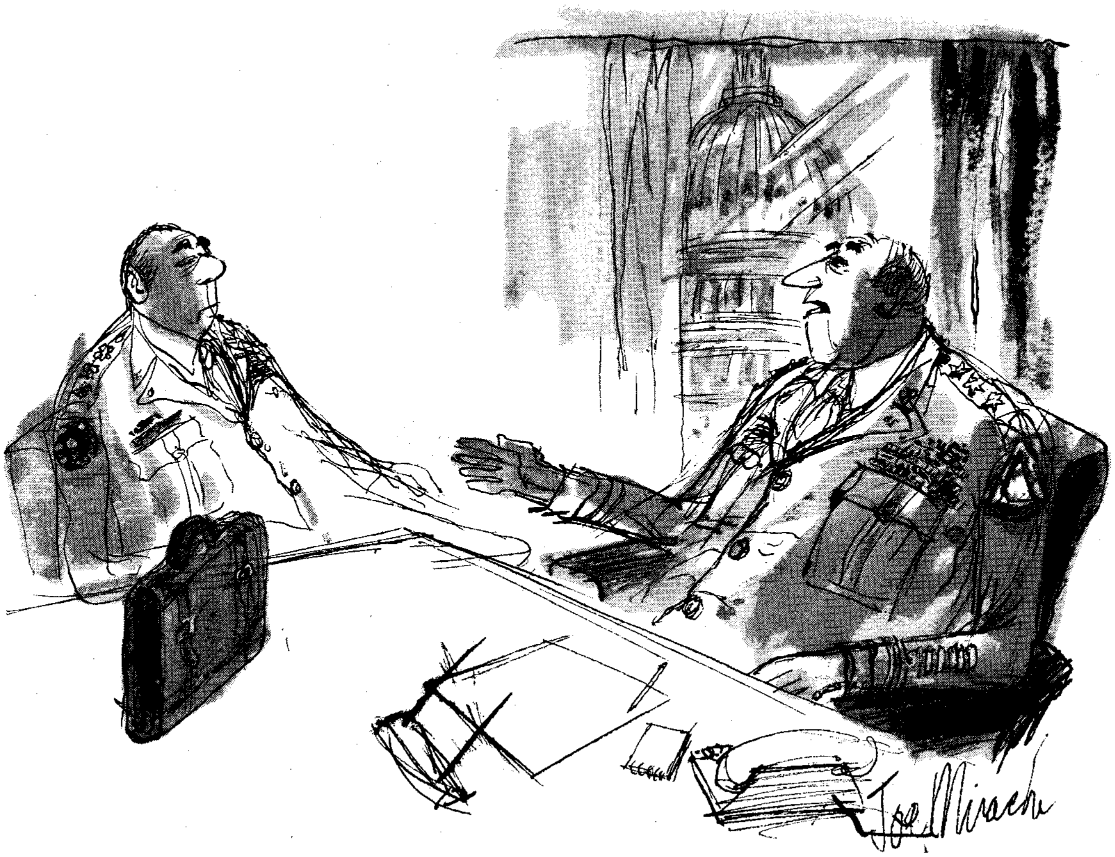
Truffaut says, "Langlois is the man to whom we owe everything. He showed us all we know. He says that he just laid the table and we ate, but no one else laid the table."

Catherine Deneuve says, "He has made a bank for safekeeping, but he doesn't like vaults, because vaults give you a false sense of security. He says that in other countries films are kept in vaults and are never seen, and yet all the time the films are being destroyed. The Cinémathèque is the most reassuring thing in Paris."

Lillian Gish says, "Henri works for the nation, not for the state. Modern film is too strong for me, but he also keeps all the films I like. You see, a writer can go back to the words he has written, but films and actresses have only a very short life. To the cinema, Langlois is like a god. Nothing happens in the world of cinema that he doesn't know about. Have you thought about how much he has in common with Truffaut? They both remember only what they want to remember. Langlois says Truffaut has to travel with two tickets, because he is always losing one. I went to Paris first in the Great War, and then in the twenties and thirties. I saw Paris first when there wasn't a light anywhere. Only a full moon. Mr. D. W. Griffith and my sister and I could hear the bursts of gunfire. Paris was out of bounds unless you were there, like us, on special business. I had been learning French secretly. Youngsters have no fear." Miss Gish herself still looks very young: delicate, flower-faced. "That's why soldiers have to be seventeen or eighteen. I was in Europe in 1938. In Germany, I did all my shopping in the Jewish shops. We lived in the governmental district, which meant that we had heat. Sometimes I think of the cinema and how no other invention has so moved the hearts and minds of men, except perhaps for jazz, and, of course, printing. I remember in Yugoslavia seeing a man kiss the screen when one of Mr. Griffith's films was showing. M. Langlois would understand that, though I don't mean that he is sentimental."

Jean-Pierre Léaud, famous at fifteen with "The 400 Blows," arrives for a bistro breakfast at seven-thirty, looking sleepy, and says, when I thank him, "*Ah, pour Langlois* . . ." We eat croissants. He hasn't any money. He has walked from home. "Langlois has given us a window on films. He is our *grandpère*. Without him, the New Wave would not exist, as Truffaut says."

Abel Gance says, "He is the Shylock of films, thank God." The legendary Gance is a thin man, now over eighty, living among books written in many languages, in an incongruously shoddy modern apartment of which he seems oblivious. His real life is elsewhere: mostly in two new scripts he has written. One is about Christopher Columbus, one about Christ. Gance reads Sophocles and Shakespeare and Goethe. He sits alone with me after giving the most precise and gentle directions about how to find his apart-



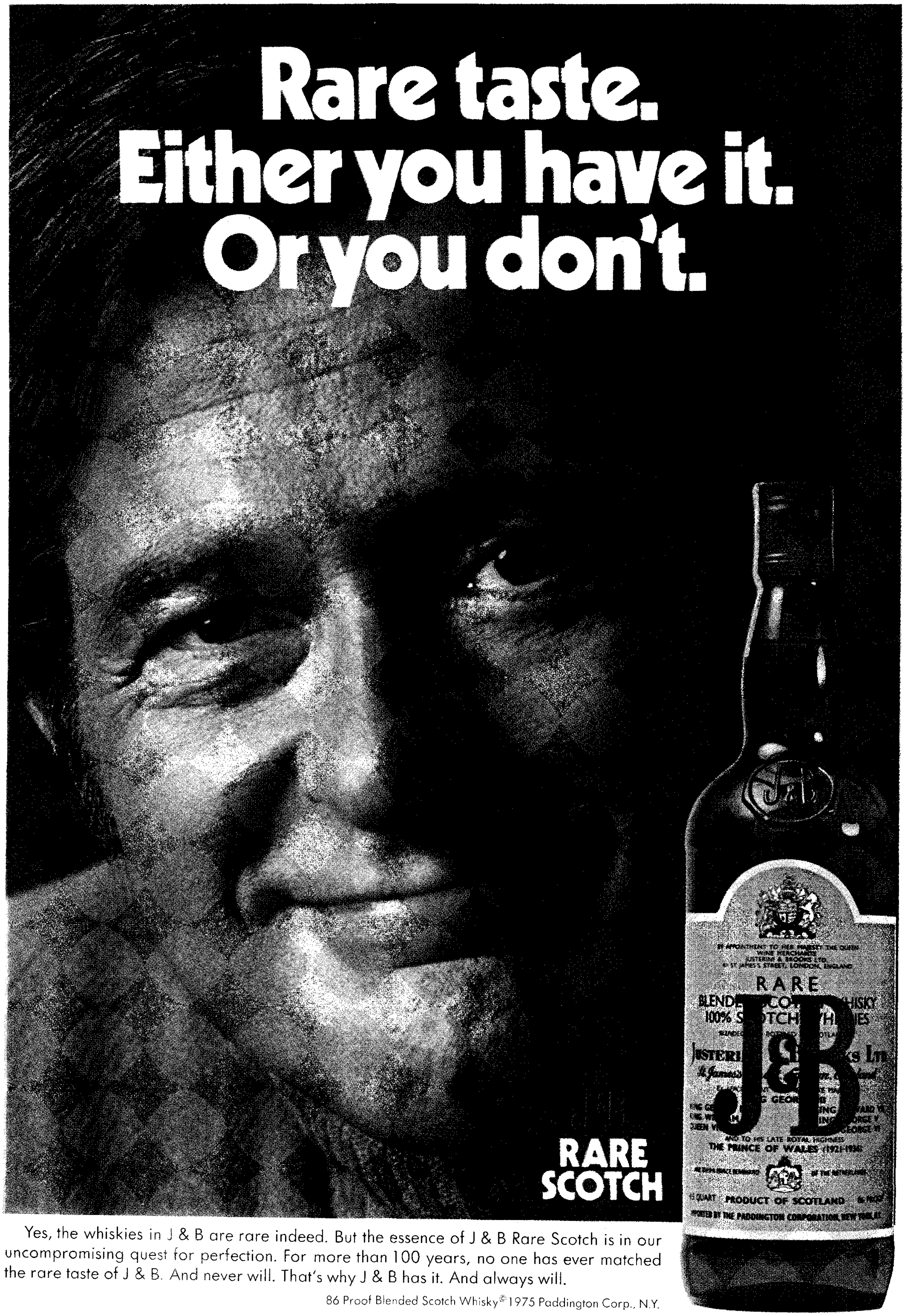
“You blow a billion here, you blow a billion there. It adds up.”

ment. He opened the door himself. Bent shoulders, handsome face, a body smaller than his clothes. We talk at his desk. He is flickering with interest in new ideas. “Columbus had a very concentrated vision.” Hands round his eyes as if he were looking again through a viewfinder, as he did when he made his famous “Napoléon.” He is wearing a suède jacket. There are neat folders everywhere. An old portable typewriter. He finds documents and lines from books to show me. “Words are on the wind. Images rest,” he says.

Gene Stavis, a man who is Langlois’s confrere in knowledge, and even in looks, says, “The great thing is that he doesn’t treat anything as a problem if it isn’t immediate, and for him the only pressing thing is to preserve films. We have to do it here in America, too. Japan also has a terrible record for preserving films. Langlois knows that filmmakers are a very rare species. There are not many men with the genius and stamina of, say, Renoir or Bergman.” Stavis is a big man with a fine laugh, and an eccentric speed of movement rivalling Langlois’s own. “The cassette revolution . . . Our immediate intention at the American Cinémathèque is to show videotape as well as movies, a history of TV as well as film. It’s a scandal that so many bad film buffs and bad filmmakers are being turned out here. The point is to be able to show people that the things they admire have a past. I realize that seeing famous works of the past on cassettes or videotape is a little bit like showing Renaissance paintings through a microscope. All the same, though it may be a fad, it may lead somewhere.”

Willard Van Dyke, ex-director of the film department of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, says, “Langlois is a genius, even if he is criticized for his method of cataloguing. If he creates chaos sometimes, he is the most creative man about chaos I have ever known. Archivists are bound to have disagreements, because archivists are bookkeepers; all artists hate bookkeepers above anyone, and I think there is a good deal of the artist in Langlois. He crosses the line all the time.” A generous view to take, if you have ever listened to the run-of-the-mill quarrels of archivists about ways of preserving films. Langlois’s belief is that some of his most physically fortunate films were the ones buried in châteaux during the war in cellars that had long been used for the storing of salt.

“HAMLET was often played in the early days by a fat man, when great stars were fat,” said Langlois stalwartly to me as I followed him round his museum, he speeding ahead and puffing. His friends of old remember a time when he was very skinny, and bleary-eyed with looking at films. They say he could have been an architect. One can see it in the way he has laid out the museum, which originally had the unpromising shape of a train. Now it seems like an Aladdin tunnel, full of entrances at odd angles. There are a D. W. Griffith contract, an 1892 Eastman camera, one of the earliest Lumière Cinématographe contraptions (1896) with a contemporary playbill, posters and photographs, a reproduction of Méliès’s studio, a tiny dress and jacket that belonged to Bessie Love (“It’s beautiful, no?”), a set structure for “The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,” Garbo’s first costume, an Eisenstein design for “Macbeth,” an audiovisual film strip of a Diaghilev production, Buster Keaton’s hat, Chevalier’s boater, a Mae West hat burdened with trimmings, an Esther Williams bathing suit, stills from “Citizen Kane,” a dress from “Gigi,” a Sophia Loren dress that Langlois stops beside in exasperation at the way passersby have messed up the folds. He arranges everything himself, with a natural feeling for the very elegance that he would despise in some social celebrity who might be asked to run the American Cinémathèque. “If they looked for someone elegant, it would be ridiculous,” says the colossus figure of world cinema, arranging film stars’ clothes with more style and fondness than any window dresser. “I did all this on very little money. People gave things. Scripts, designs, clothes, whole sets. As to raising money, I am a specialist in making gaffes. For instance, I ask a millionaire for some money for the Cinémathèque, and I find myself saying, ‘We won’t have any of that horrible plastic.’ But, you see, the gentleman made his fortune out of plastic bottles. All the same, in others I prefer *bêtise* to *politesse*. That is why I liked de Gaulle. He made many gaffes, because I think he never felt quite secure. Not like most politicians. Security makes laziness, and it requires energy to commit a gaffe. It is unforgettable that at the start of the Nazi Occupation de Gaulle com-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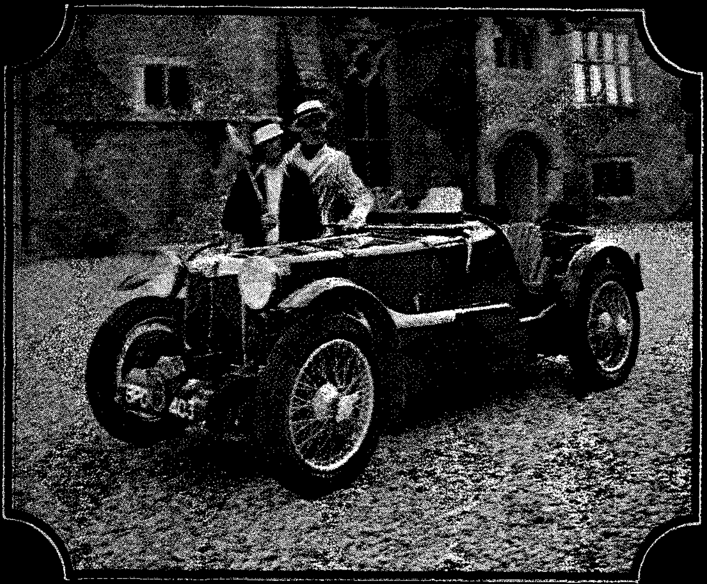

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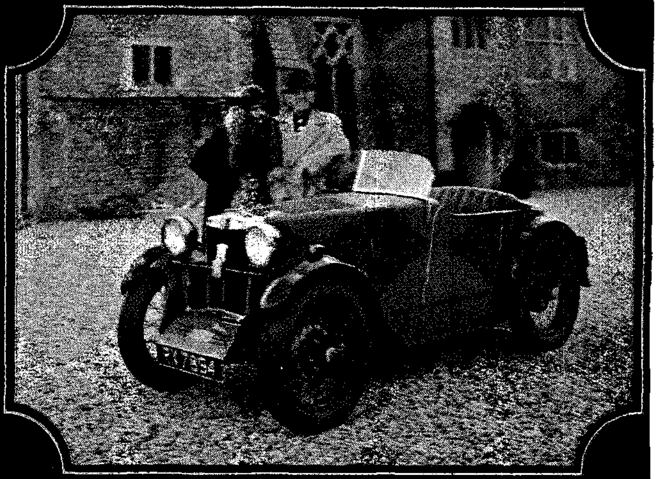

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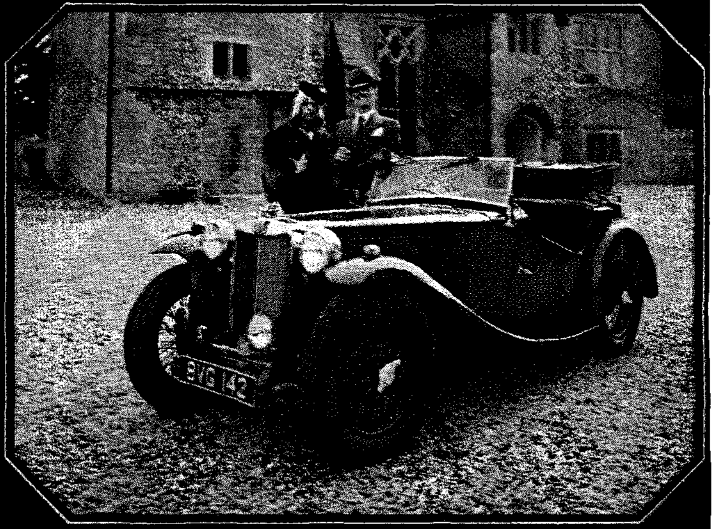

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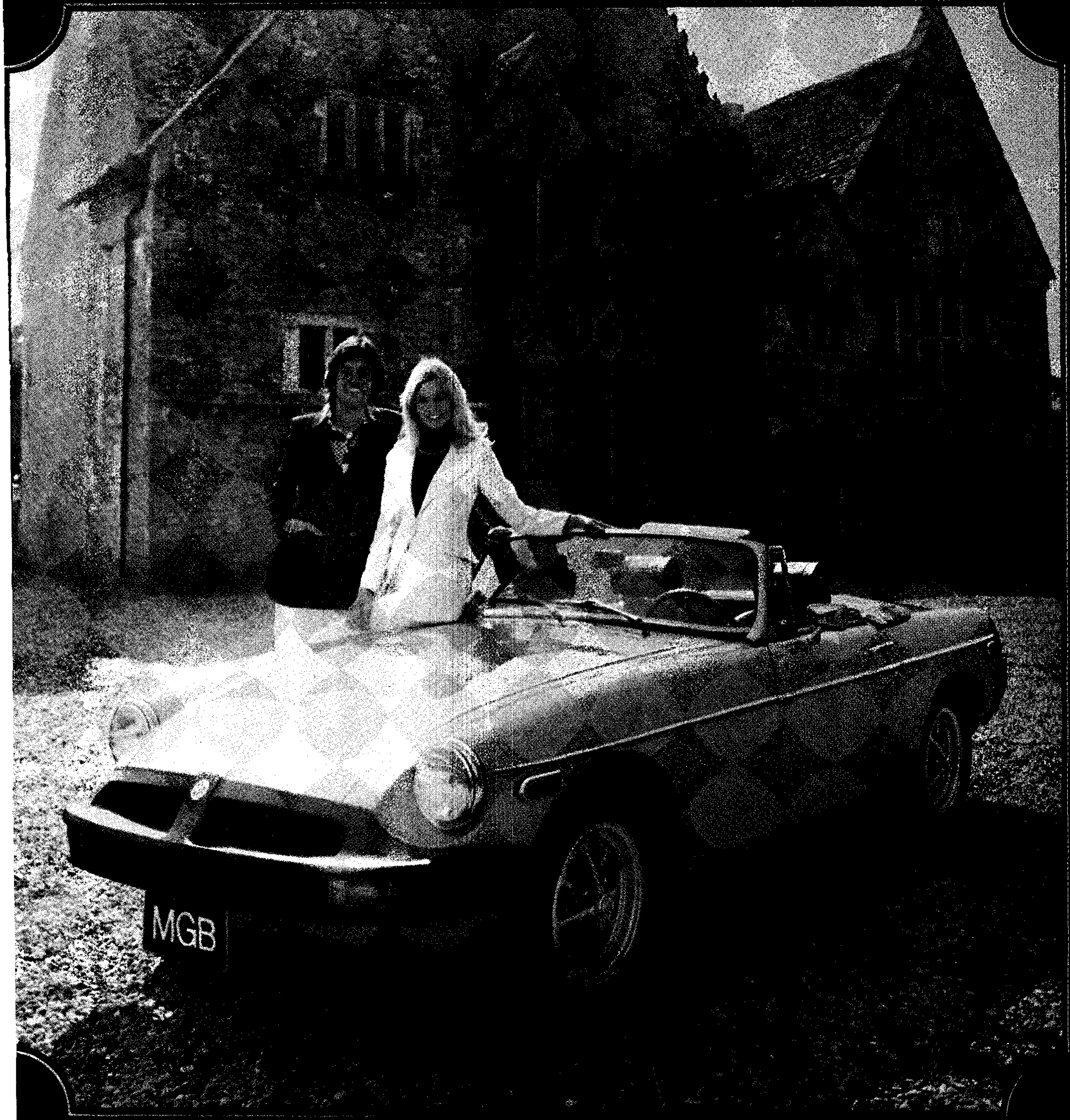

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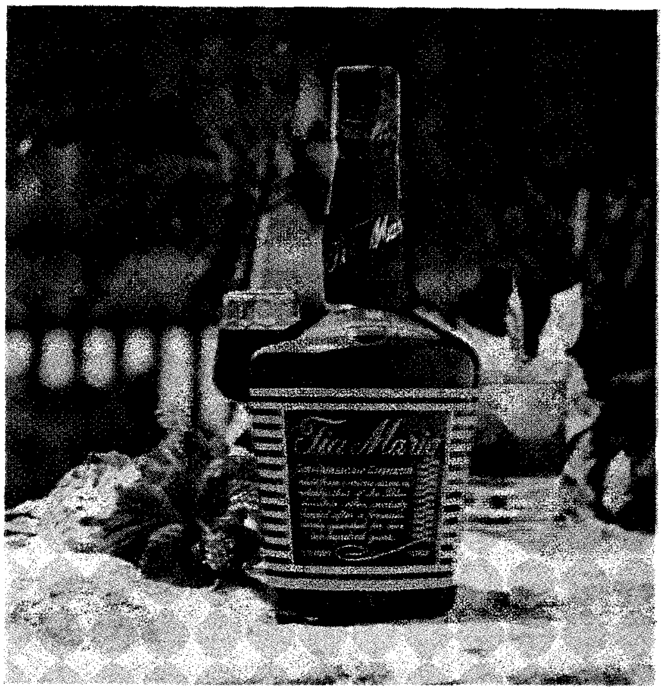

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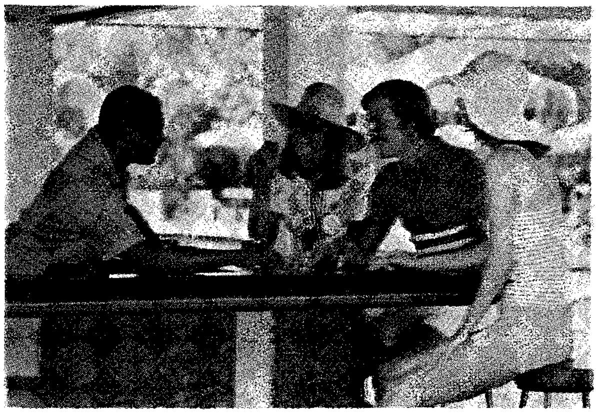

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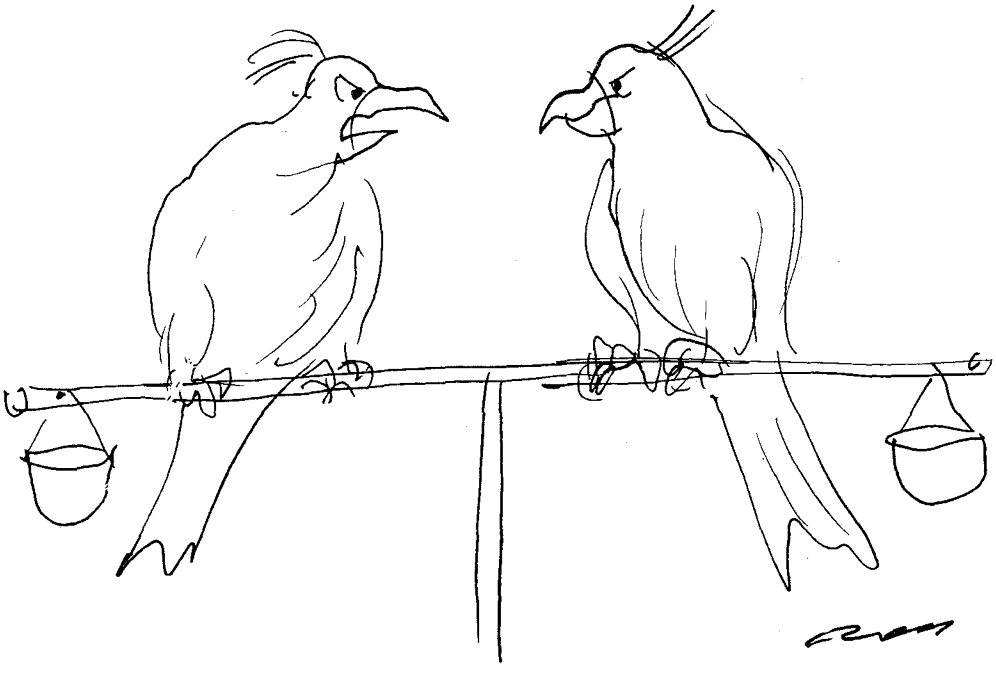


“Oh, yeah? Well, you’re no bird of paradise yourself.”

mitted the, shall we say, gaffe of offending the Germans. This must be very interesting, the national characteristics shown during the war. The French prepare the Resistance, for instance. The Americans prepare the conscience.” He paused, and thought of something. “The English fought,” he said gently, going on to speak of the Blitz.

Sitting exhausted in a back room of the museum devoted to silent-film mementos, drinking it all in like a hippopotamus at a pool, and looking at von Stroheim’s gleaming white greatcoat, he said, “When I was a boy, I saw German films, French films, Italian films, but I missed the entire American silent cinema. It was the same with Japanese cinema. Now Ozu is acknowledged as a master, but a while ago every time a great Ozu film was shown there were only ten or twenty people in the audience.” Kurosawa designed the layout of kimonos hanging on the walls of Langlois’s Petite Salle, a little cinema that, like a Japanese restaurant, has comfortable cushions for seats, with no backs: Kurosawa pinned the clothes into the positions of dancers making stylized gestures and put them behind sheets of mesh. “As I have said, Ozu has a quality of nuance that is unusual in the talkies. Often one learns a great deal by showing him without subtitles. If it is true, as I think, that the Cinémathèque Française played a role in the New Wave, it was because we didn’t have enough money to subtitle prints.” I later watched him showing Orson Welles’ “Macbeth” to a class that he was teaching. For quite a time, he turned off the sound. “You see?” he said to the audience. “It is made like a silent film.” But his admiration is not for the antique in any recondite way. It is simply for the lucid. His great love is for Jean Vigo, the master who made “L’Atalante” and, above all, “Zéro de Conduite.” Langlois said in his car as we were going somewhere from the Chaillot, “Vigo avoided the horrible disease of naturalism. Sound and sight merged for him. A silent film, it has to be said, is often flat. Sound creates an ambience. False, yes. As the great Picassos and the Eiffel Tower are false to realism. No, to naturalism. The Eiffel Tower is not remotely antique. It’s a pun. It’s false. That’s the interesting thing. That’s the paradox.”

In his adherence to the simplicity of silent film and also to the complication of any talkie that has been imagined with cinematic purity, Langlois seems to be contradicting himself. It is one of the singular things about him, his friends believe, that he can say opposing things and make you reconcile them. “Films with subtitles on them are for the ladies of the Sixteenth Arrondissement,” he will say, at the same time struggling to find exactly the right subtitle from the workings of his own mind in preparation for a class. He writes not only subtitles but poetry. Seeing him one day, I told him that I had had a dream at four that morning in which he had rung me up at four in the dreamed morning and read me a poem he had just written in Greek. He looked skeptical and convinced at the same time. “How is that possible?” he said. I repeated what I had said, and he said, “Last night, you see, at what must have been four in the morning I finished a poem in village Greek—that is, in French translated into Greek with the help of a friend, because I can hardly remember Greek now, in spite of speaking it when I was a child.”

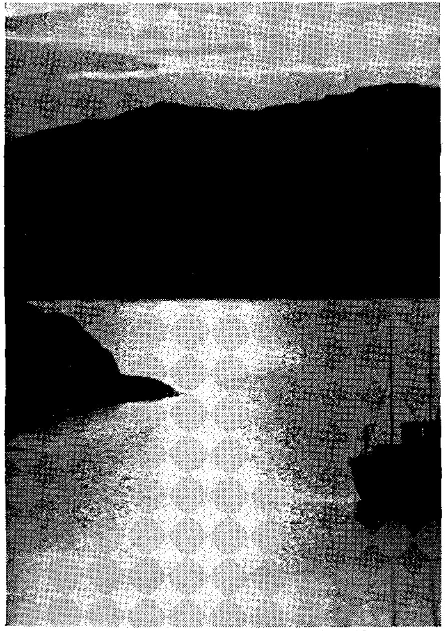
Typically, the Dionysian antiquarian has an Apollonian and modern taste in poetry and films. “He has a fantastic intellect, but it is not logical,” a famous old friend says. “Henri believes that logic is a way of saying no.” So it goes. Langlois lives by the calm of the art he most admires, but he also flourishes through erraticism. “In the ancient Greek idea, it is disorder that produces order. Disorder is energy,” he said, casually defending a lifetime that looks squall-ridden to outsiders and to squabbling rival archivists but that artists recognize as a signal of quiet water in which to drop anchor and work.

“When we first started the Cinémathèque, it was called the Cercle du Cinéma,” he told me. “It got going in 1935. Then my friend Lotte Eisner, among others, helped in the war to hide our prints from the Nazis. She did it at great danger to herself. We had prints everywhere. We hid them in the Château du Lot, most of them. We called it the Château de Lotte.” Lotte Eisner, a courtly, arthritic *cinéaste*, is a gallant and scholarly German friend of many years. Langlois and Mme. Meerson will suddenly send her a delicate cake and she will make it the centerpiece of a tea party in the packed little library of her apartment in Paris, where she works on books about masters of the silent days. (A book of hers about Fritz Lang is to be published in America later this year.) She is one of many Jews in France whom Langlois went on seeing staunchly all through the Occupation. Mme. Eisner, who has taken French citizenship, spoke to me at one of her tea parties of his coming often now to tea, this whale of a man. “I say to him, ‘Henri, you’ve gone through all the chairs. Please don’t sit on the Louis Treize.’ So he says, ‘I’ll sit on the floor.’ You know that *neither* he nor Mary has a watch? He often rings up in the middle of the night, if he has paid his telephone bill and the machine is working, and I say to myself, ‘Henri, do you know what time it is?’ ”

I said, “I expect he does know. He’s never late, by some miracle. I’ve often noticed him looking at his wrist, even though there isn’t a watch on it.”

Lotte Eisner nodded, and poured more of her fragrant tea at a splendiferously laid table, hemmed in by fiction in many languages and by shelf

In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner



Norwegian sunset, 2:00 a.m.

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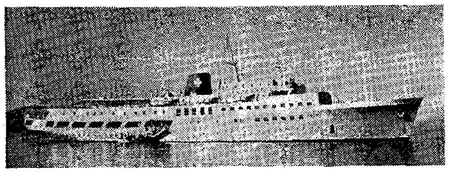

M.T.S. Argonaut, registered in Greece.

upon shelf of reference books about German and Japanese cinema. "I say to him sometimes, 'Henri, you must have had a watch in another life.' He believes in reincarnation, you see."

It may be this belief that gives Langlois the paradoxical attribute of at once seeming to have all the time in the world and making decisions in an instant. The decisions are often veiled in unnecessary secrecy, as though his life were bugged and had to be led furtively. Perhaps that is because of his instinct for the usefulness of decoys. Toward his duties as an archivist his attitude is peculiarly his own. He would love to save every foot of every film that has ever been made. He refuses to pay attention to this age's idea of what is trash and what is crucial, let alone to use his own standards of the historically durable. He prefers storing films in wood to sealing them in steel, and he prefers showing them to storing them: "A film has to breathe." About the point of keeping movies whether he likes them or not, he says, "Even bad films—bad as we see them now—deserve to be saved." I don't think I have ever heard him say of any film that it is worthless, though he is famous for his occasional tempests directed at audiences whom he regards as ignoramuses—at an audience that doesn't recognize Ozu, for instance, to whom he will retort silently by turning off the film and showing a Mickey Mouse.

Not that he disdains Mickey Mouse. He recently had a Disney season, and he has a passion for American cinema. "This is why the American Cinémathèque could be so important," he says. (The designs for the theatres and the museum that are to be housed under the Queensboro Bridge, once the money is in, have already been done by the architect I. M. Pei. They are spectacular. They react to the site.) "America has the real Picasso of cinema in D. W. Griffith. Yet he is often left to molder. . . . I found a film of Griffith's that had an illness that was spreading like cancer. The thing to do was to cut fifty feet out of it. In Griffith's own country, they wanted to destroy the whole thing." He went on to speak of the time of decline in American filmmaking, when film producers ran studios as if they were matters of real-estate administration or showing off. "As these men had automobiles, as they had mistresses, so they had studios. However, things are changing, no?"

LILLIAN GISH had said to me in New York, "It's terrible that it has been left to French and English cinema archivists and film lovers to interest Americans in their own movie history. In their own social history, even." Talking American social history in a Greek restaurant on a recent visit to New York, Langlois told me about a film record of Watergate that someone has put together to donate to the Cinémathèque Française. "Watergate!" he said, pouring Greek red wine. "In France, we are used to all that, O.K. But Americans forget that they came to America to be rid of it. Well, this has been a bad time. Before, Harding put his trust in some criminals. More lately, the criminals have had such power that the people themselves have had to put their trust in them. Now, as to the American Cinémathèque project, it would be logical for Americans, who in this case have antiques as old as anyone in the world, to have a place in which to watch. These antiques are of immense value. The destruction process must be stopped. There are many things to which time gives life. Making a judgment against something is gambling against the future. We shall have the old trouble with archivists, of course. They tell us always that the original parts of old films explode. But you see me, and I have been a projectionist for many years." He was clearly undented. "One always says that one's competitors' products explode. In the case of the English professionals, they are inclined to say that old prints are noxious." He ate stuffed vine leaves, and then some moussaka as one of several main courses, looking remarkably unpoisoned and rather serious. "These fights are ridiculous. In the old days, there was only one real difference between the other archivists and me. This difference was that the government institutions in other countries had money. I was never bureaucratic-minded, but all the same I had my work to do."

Langlois treats a lost film like a quarry to be coaxed, lured, hunted down, and nourished back to health by hand. He is a great teacher, his pupils say. One of them remarked after a lecture, "He ties things up in a knot. Very complicated. And then the knot slips, like a rope trick, and everything becomes simple." Everyone thinks he is devoted only to silent cinema, but he was one of the first authorities to recognize Kenneth Anger. He brought Persian films to the West. The success of Satyajit Ray is partly owed to him. He sees a lot being done in the future with a new public. He said, another day, when we were walking in Paris, "At

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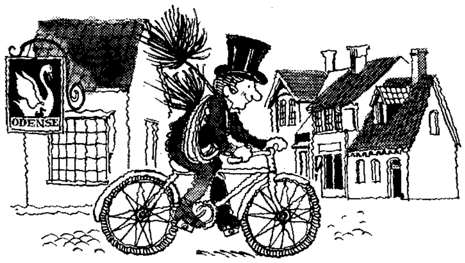

On the Danish island of Funen is a remarkable open-air museum that recreates life as it was in 1805, when Hans Christian Andersen was born in the town of Odense. SAS can fly you to magical Denmark more frequently than any other airline.

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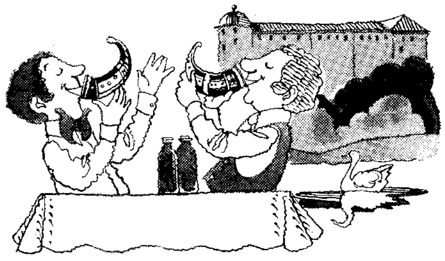

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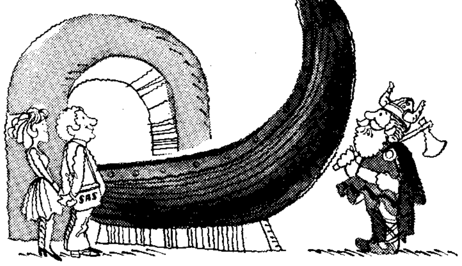

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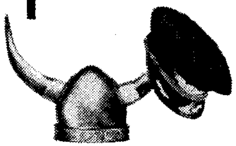

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the Cinémathèque, we have tried to learn to have no prejudice against any film, including commercial films. Before we began our efforts, people would have said, 'These films are senseless.' I don't try to make a chart of importance, and certainly I am not for the old against the new. Cinema has to be seen not from a historical viewpoint but from an aesthetic viewpoint. On the other hand, one has to remember that there are often aesthetic importances not visible to us at the moment." He will stop on the street and stand there for hours to talk about film. "We must have slapstick, for instance," he said, halting now. "We know these days that it was aesthetically important, but when Keaton was working he was not taken seriously." We went into a restaurant, and he turned away from a suggestion of escalope Viennoise to go on talking. "Keaton suffered because of the bourgeoisie, and perhaps that is why I don't like Vienna very much. It is a place of the bourgeoisie. The Viennese men of the bourgeoisie don't read. They only know how to make love. Love in a bad way. Also, you see, escalope is nothing to do with my origin. It's not natural to me." He grinned.

Like many heavy people, Langlois is finely calibrated, with ideas that have a mysterious and visionary effect on people around him. He is impatient with the frivolous, and he thinks that a lot of archivists and thinkers stint on work, but he is also tenaciously patient about waiting for change to come. In the films that most interest him, he finds half-hidden signals of things on the brink. He often seems to be talking about other possibilities that lie buried in great cinema. He sees Shakespearean things here, you think: the prophet of a new order coming in at the end of a familiar reign, like Fortinbras, and the same emotions that are expressed in Goneril's line "An interlude!" in Shakespeare's amazing moment of quick, sad scorn for the immediate which should be spoken without weight and surrounded by no great pauses. It seemed typical of Langlois when he suddenly said in a crowded street, grasping my arm and not even stopping in his hurry, "True cinema is the world of beyond." He turned toward me. No haste then; only interest. "Yes, is that true, do you think?" —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Australia finds poverty worse than thought.—*The Times News Summary and Index.*

Yeah, but thought's bad enough.

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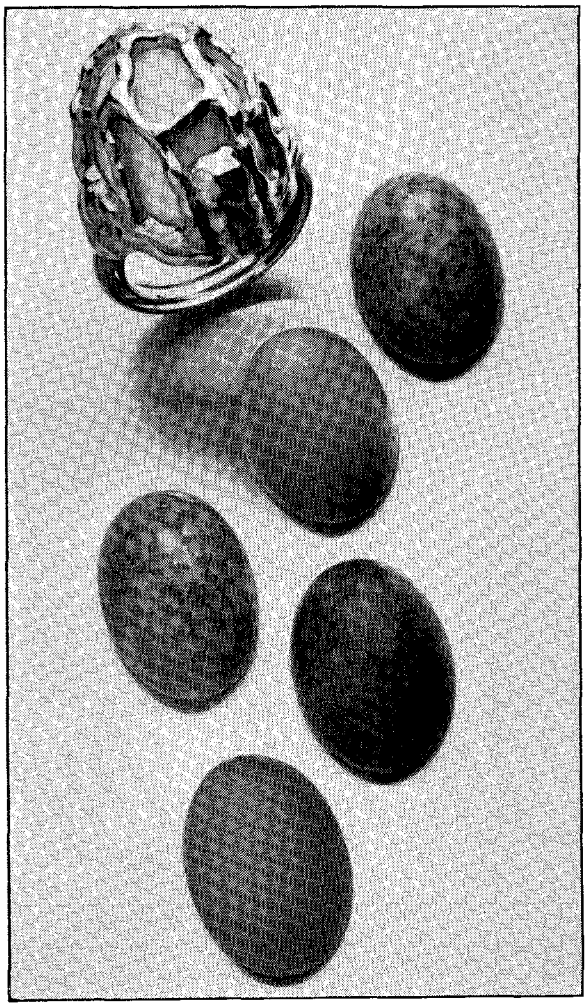

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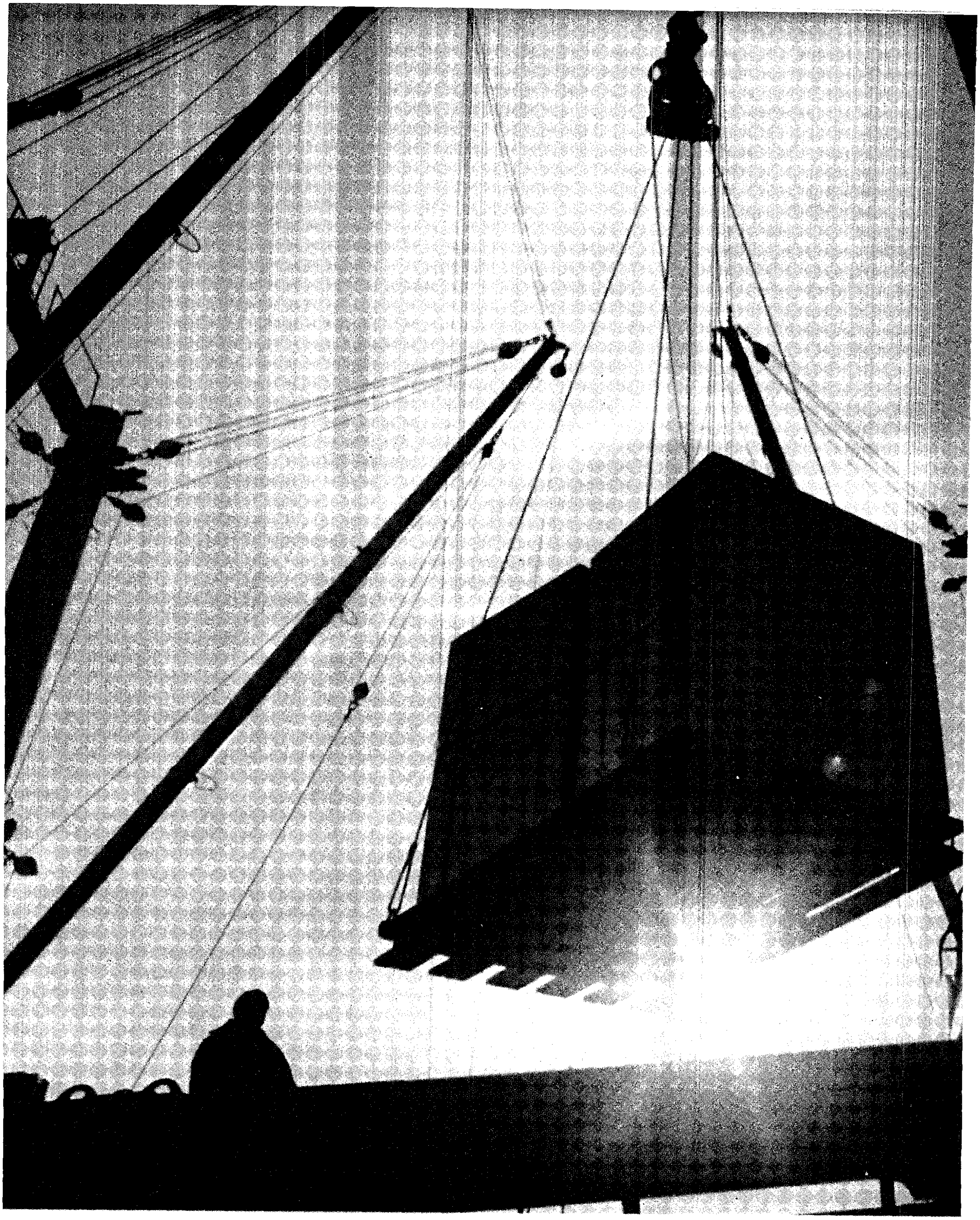
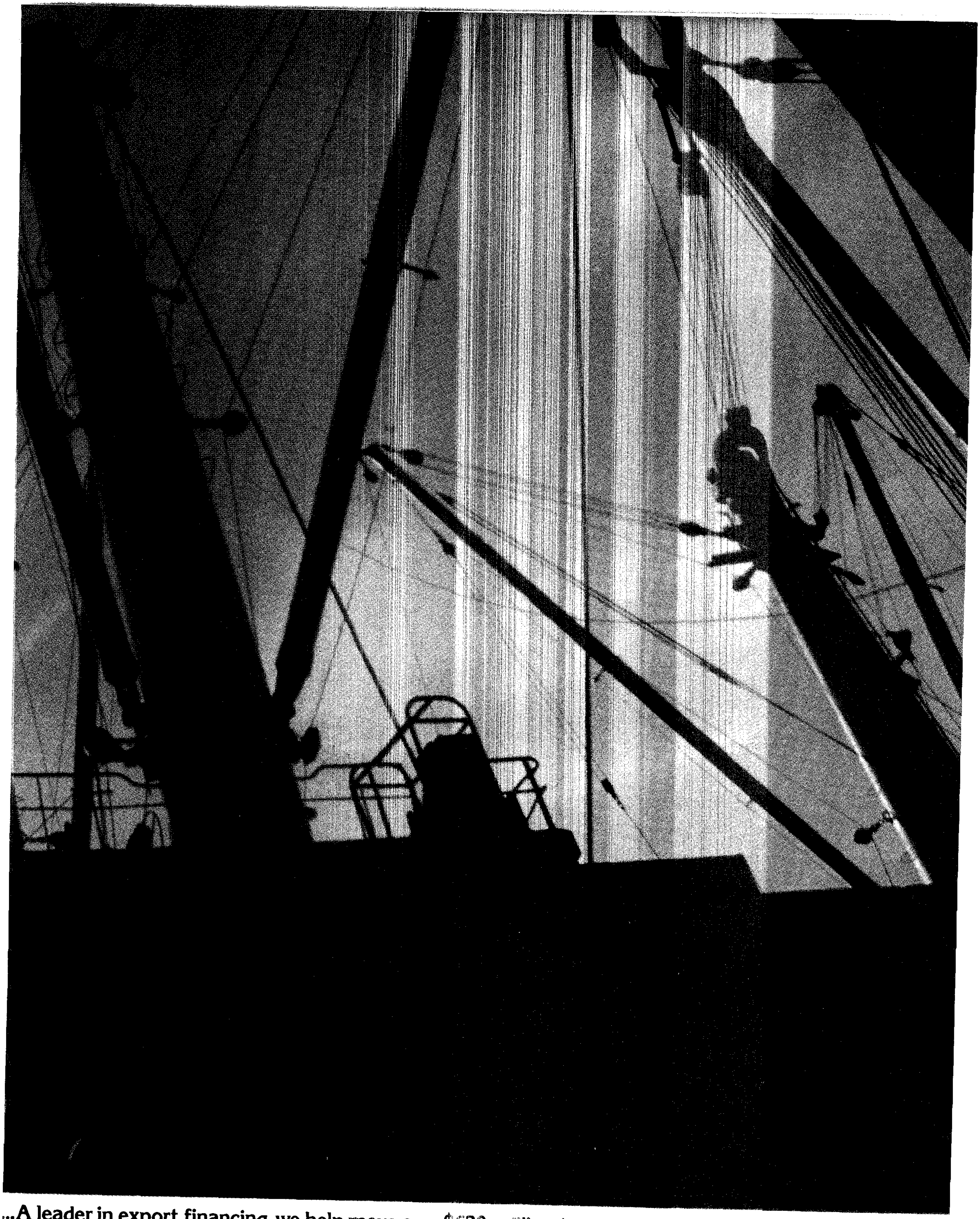


The Movers...



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You can always tell a lot about a man by how he holds his liquor.

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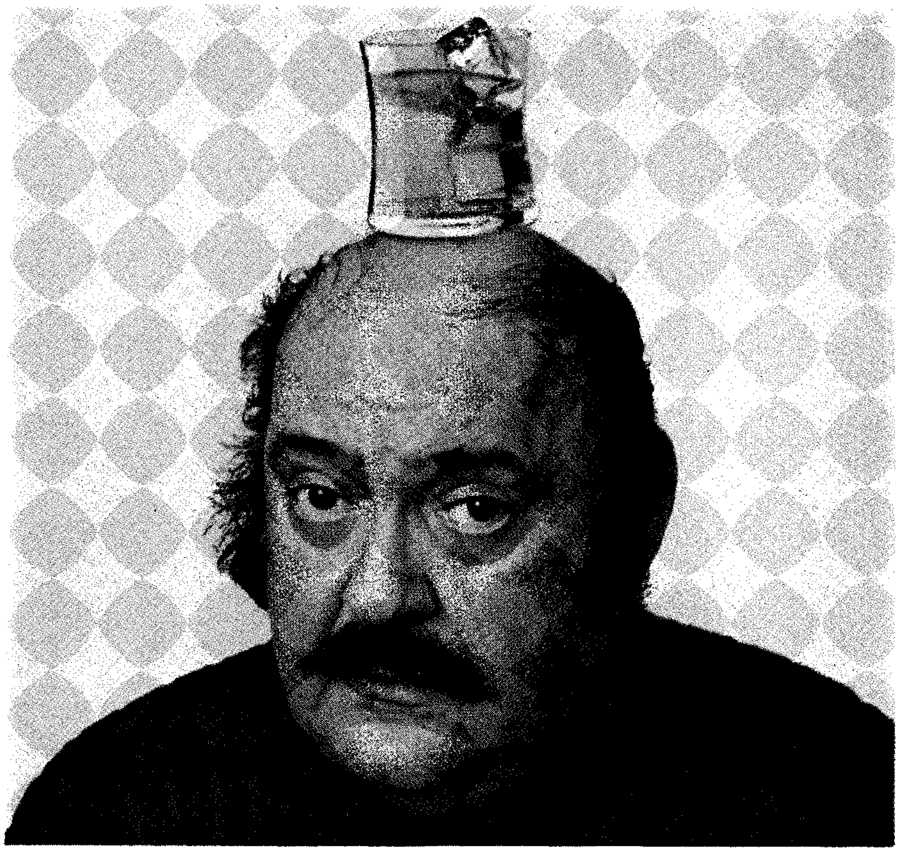


A QUICK LOOK at the way I hold my liquor can tell you that I should have my head examined. A reasonable conclusion.

For, you see, I happen to have a hole in my head. When I first discovered this, I took advantage of the situation, quickly drilling a hole in my drinking glass and placing it over the hole in my head.

The scotch sifted deliciously through my body. Which sometimes has been referred to as a beached whale. As it passed my eyes, I chased it with a little eye wash. At my knees it ran into a large body of water. Scotch and water on the knee can be very painful. In fact, it's not commonly known but the drainage on my knee was the model for the Hoover Dam.

Drinking scotch my way does have its advantages. It allows me to chew gum and drink at the same time. Besides, it's because I drink that way that I drink Teacher's. I've tried a lot of other brands, but nothing sits better on me or goes down softer.

As a matter of fact, in the hope that the Teacher's people would ask me to endorse their scotch, I set down on tape some observations about my life. The following then are the transcripts from the scotch tapes of Zero Mostel.

"My Mother (bless her) carried me a long time. I was born at the immature old age of 2. Father (inaudible.)

"In (inaudible) school, I majored in hooky. I was even going for my masters, but I couldn't find their rooms. Later I fought with the Foreign Legion.

"And lost.

"In the theater, I've worked with Burbage, Kean, Rudolph Schildkraut and the divine Sarah Schwartz, learning nothing on my way to star failure. But I've also done a lot outside the theater. Under a pseudonym I wrote War and Peace, Beowulf, Godey's Lady's Book, Timon of Athens and Bei Mir Bis Du Schoen. I was turned down for the Knighthood only because I had one bad knee. I have affixed the names of Caravaggio, Le Nain, Menzel, Rembrandt, Turner, and Rosa Bonheur to the canvasses I've painted which hang by a rope in many (expletive) museums all over the world. In addition, I served and laundered for years as Gandhi's fashion consultant.

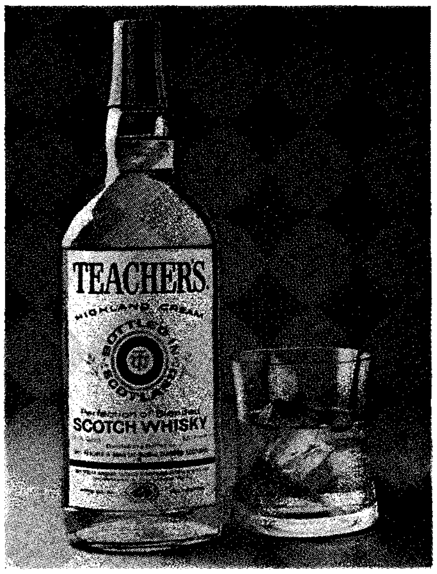
"I've often contemplated suicide, but I was out of town too much. Besides, as an actor, what do you do for an encore?

"(Gap)

"My (expletive deleted) secretary just kicked the tape recorder. (Expletive deleted, expletive deleted.)

"Altogether my life has been a happy one filled with sadness. And vice versa. When I was Lincoln Steffens, I saw the future and it didn't work. So, in the twilight of my life, I look behind me. Which can be a shattering experience when you're walking around with a glass on your head.

"As this ad draws to a close, if you didn't buy the hole in the head story, at least by now you must believe that I have rocks in my head. (Expletive, inaudible, gap, hic, haec, hoc, hup, nolo contendere, etcetera, ad infinitum, ad nauseam.)"



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THE THEATRE

THE PERILS OF CLEVERNESS

THE production by the National Theatre of Great Britain of Molière's "The Misanthrope," newly installed at the St. James, is, to put it mildly, a curiosity. It is certainly the least Molièresque Molière I've ever seen; it is played at every turn against the grain of tradition and, we are fairly safe in assuming, against the grain of the author's own intentions in regard to his earnest comedy. (Few authors are more openly at home in their works than Molière is. He is constantly frisking about and making a leg at the audience, and not alone in those plays in which he takes a leading role; from time to time an aside will seem as indisputably personal as his celebrated cough.) The period of the play has been advanced from the sixteen-sixties to the nineteen-sixties; we are in a fashionable Paris apartment, among wealthy intellectuals who lead their finicky, self-exacerbated lives not in the presence of the Sun King but in the shadow of de Gaulle and Malraux. The trouble with this gratuitous chronological prank is that it is *only* a prank—one that creates many more problems than the present production has found the means of resolving. Far from making the play more accessible to contemporary audiences, it renders it inexplicable. What in the world are those pouting literary fainéants dithering about in that mysterious, high-ceilinged old drawing room furnished with plastic and chromium? Comedy must tread hard upon the heels of reality, hoping to trip it up for society's good; the reality that Molière confronted and made fun of is not of our day and perhaps not even of our nature. It is just possible that we may have an Alceste or two left among us, neurotically bent upon telling the truth at any cost, but it is surely impossible that we should have a Célimène, or, for that matter, a Philinte.

Not the least curious aspect of this "Misanthrope" is the decision by that superlative actor Alec McCowen to play Alceste as if he were an ill-controlled hysteric out of Strindberg. And he plays him in parody of the old-fashioned Shakespearean tragic style of acting, clutching his brow and tearing a passion to tatters. Because McCowen is wonderful to behold even when he appears to have totally misjudged his attack, I was enchanted by his performance; this is not to say that I am praising it. Diana Rigg makes little effort to enact Célimène; instead, she is rightly content to display herself as a delightful personality, stunningly gowned and chevelled. We are grateful simply to look at her and listen to her, and for all I cared she might have been reciting "Mother Goose." Robert Eddison plays Philinte with a mild-faced, equine patience, obviously aware that he mustn't compete with Alec the Wild. No fewer than three of the remainder of the cast have been encouraged to give their roles homosexual overtones: tiresome for us and no doubt tiresome for them. The set was designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, the lighting is by Andy Phillips, and the direction is by John Dexter. The translation of the play, by Tony Harrison, is a slapdash affair, clotted with clichés and ill-chosen rhymes.

"SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR," at the Brooks Atkinson, is a slick and radically sentimental comedy by a writer making his début on Broadway. His name is Bernard Slade, and up to now he has worked mainly in television. I predict that his play will run for twenty years. It has everything, by which I come close to meaning that it has nothing—nothing that matters except the capacity to make us laugh at a constant drumfire of one-liners. "Your wife's afraid of flying?" "No, crashing." Laugh, damn you, laugh! And so we do, helplessly, all evening long. There are but two characters in the play, and they occupy a single set and make their way through a plot that is a model of neat, implausible, sticky-centered antitheses. Young George picks up young Doris in a restaurant, and they go to bed at his hotel; each is happily married, but since they like each other they agree to meet "same time, next year." They do so for twenty-five consecutive years; in six scenes we observe the development of their relationship—in 1951, 1956, 1961, 1965, 1970, and 1975. George is Jewish, Doris is Catholic. Through the years, George makes a lot of money while Doris's husband continuously fails; then George gives up the pursuit of money in pursuit of a better self, and Doris goes into business and finds money-making highly satisfactory. When George goes one direction, trust Doris to go another; up and down plies the seesaw, round and round goes the carrousel. And the preposterous message being signalled to us is that, way down deep, people are just great and that with the practice of the right kind of adultery life can turn out to be pretty darned wonderful. Twenty years? Fifty.

Ellen Burstyn is charming as Doris, and Charles Grodin is funny, though without charm, as George. The set—a hotel bedroom that shows remarkably little wear over a quarter of a century—is by William Ritman, the witty costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the lighting is by Tharon Musser. Gene Saks has directed the play with his usual skill; there are moments when the precision of his timing makes one hold one's breath.

"THE LIEUTENANT," at the Lyceum, bills itself as a "rock opera," whatever that may mean. It is a very good little musical show, based on the unlikely subject of My Lai and the Army indoctrination that led Lieutenant Calley and his fellow-soldiers to behave as they did in that disgraceful chapter of American history. Every word in the show is sung, not spoken, and the dancing is sensationally inventive and well executed. Eddie Mekka sings the title role, assisted by a large cast. The authors of the show are Gene Curty, Nitra Scharfman, and Chuck Strand, the choreographer is Dennis Dennehy, and the director is William Martin. I hope it flourishes.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Fugue for Three Roommates

"THE TAKING OF MISS JANIE," a good new play by Ed Bullins, at the Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre (on Grand Street), can be most briefly described as a fugue, whose themes are the feelings and ex-

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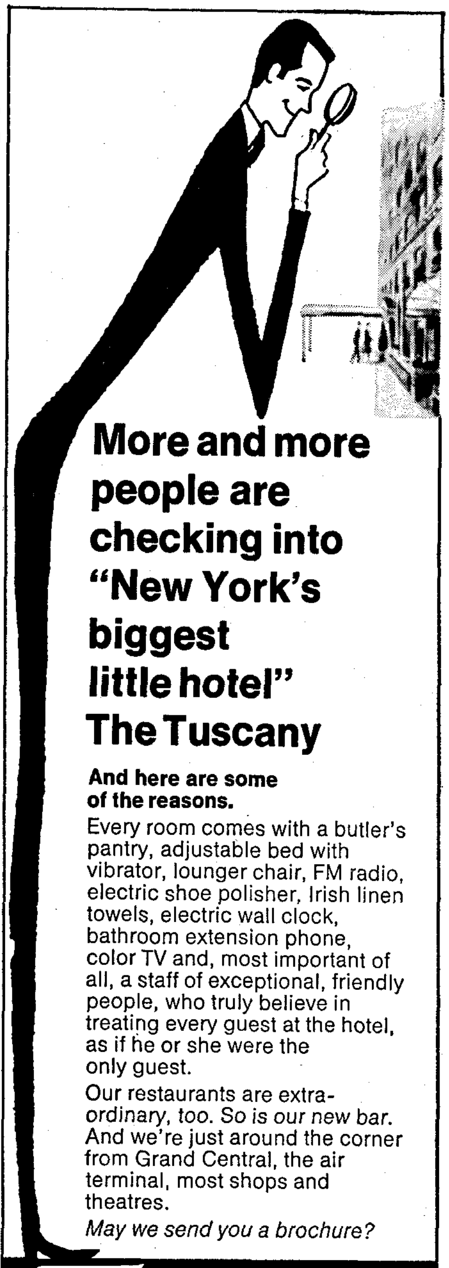
periences of a number of young people during the nineteen-sixties. The action, which takes place in California, starts out at, and keeps returning to, a party that three black roommates, all of them college students, give for a number of their white and black friends. The principal story concerns black Monty, one of the roommates, who has met white Janie in a "creative-writing class" and invites her to the party, thereby beginning a sexless friendship that continues for thirteen sterile years and then abruptly changes in the bed that is the setting for the prologue and the epilogue of the play. As was true of Mr. Bullins' "The Fabulous Miss Marie," each of the leading characters, with a spotlight on him, talks at one time or another directly to the audience about what is on his mind and in his heart and, occasionally, what lies in store for him. There is Monty's roommate Rick, a militant black nationalist to whom whites are devils and "paper tigers." There is Peggy, who briefly marries Monty, quits college to support him while he writes, is abandoned by him, even more briefly marries a white "boy," and ends up a lesbian. There is Lonnie, a Jewish guitarist and Janie's lover, who leaves her after three abortions (during the time she has been refusing to sleep with Monty so that their friendship can grow into "the purest love") and ends up a religious nut and a sideman in a number of bands with "the spades." There is Sharon, another Jew and a hippie, who ends up married to Len, the third roommate, and stays married to him. There is Mort Silberstein, self-described as a leftover beat poet from the fifties and now a pusher, who is eventually beaten up and thrown out of the party. Finally, there is Flossie, a merry sexy black girl. By the time the party and play are over, we know not only what has taken place but much of what will become of all of them. At one funny moment, Peggy reminds Rick of some shootout at U.C.L.A., and he tells her angrily that that "ain't even happened yet." There are, by the way, a lot of funny moments. Mr. Bullins has rarely been wittier or, for that matter, more understanding and vigorous. "The Taking of Miss Janie" is, according to a program note, a sequel to "The Pig Pen," his most puzzling play. This one may be his most complex, but it is clear.

The highly stylized production, under Gilbert Moses' able direction, composed as it is of dialogue, monologues, choral speech, music (the recorded music is very important), and choral movements, is completely satisfying,



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and so is the acting of everyone concerned. Hilary Jean Beane is pure-white Janie, whose every remark sets one's teeth on edge, exactly as it is meant to do; Adeyemi Lythcott is powerful, ironic, selfish Monty; the invaluable Kirk Kirksey is militant Rick; Robbie McCauley is brave, loving, defiant Peggy; and the others, just as good, are Lin Shaye, Darryl Croxton, Dianne Oyama Dixon, Sam McMurray, and Bob Silver. Admirable setting by Kurt Lundel.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

THE BIBLICAL MIND AT WORK

[*From a letter to the editor of the Bangor (Maine) Daily News*]

NEWCASTLE

DEAR EDITOR:

Having been recently misquoted in several Maine newspapers, as to my stand on gun control, I received a number of letters. If you will print this, I believe it will clear the record.

First, about 3,500 years ago, the Lord God of all creation granted the right to bear arms to all citizens on the side of law and order in Exodus 32. In verse 26 the Levites gathered before Moses. In verse 27, Moses said unto them, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp." The sword was the weapon of defense in those days, the camp was the home or place of residence of the Israelites. The weapons of defense were to be used to destroy or kill the enemies of God's people who were within their midst.

Today we need the weapons of defense (firearms in these times) in the homes to protect home, family, self and possessions from the arsonists, rapists, murderers and thieves in our midst. . . .

Shortly before our Lord was taken in the garden of Gethsemane, He was sending out disciples in pairs (for their own protection) in St. Luke 22. In verse 36 He made sure they were armed. He said, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." The two disciples replied in verse 38, "Lord, behold here are two swords" and Jesus answered, "It is enough." You see each was armed by order of our Lord, even if it meant giving some clothing, in order to be able to protect life, family and personal property.

Following this teaching, the U. S. Constitution and the Constitution of the State of Maine both guarantee the right to keep and bear arms for the same reasons of protection. As there are currently bills before our Legislature to either restrict, limit or otherwise curtail the purchase, use or right to keep firearms and whereas there are bills before the U. S. Congress to restrict, register and even to confiscate firearms from our citizens, it behooves our people to contact legislators and congressmen of their desires, if they desire to maintain their God-given and Constitutional rights.

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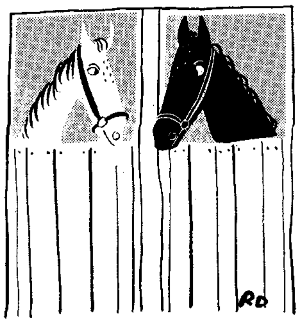
THE RACE TRACK

Luck Never Stays Long

LUCK ran out for the Phipps horses at Aqueduct last Saturday. Miss Cynthia Phipps's Singh, the favorite for the first division of the Bay Shore Stakes, a seven-furlong sprint for three-year-olds, was scratched, and her father Ogden's Our Hero, the stable's hope in the second division, finished fourth. But horseplayers who like runners with names that begin with the letter "L" did all right. Joseph Roebling's Laramie Trail led all the way in the first section to win by a couple of lengths from T. V. Charger, with Ascetic third. In the second, the Meadow Stable's Lefty, a 12–1 shot, came from behind to beat Tass by a nose, with Gallant Bob third. Our Hero is no hero to his stable. During a workout four days before the race, he ran off, and his trainer, John Russell, broke a leg trying to catch him. Training horses with one's leg in a cast is no fun, Russell reports.



You can tick off on the fingers of one hand the jockeys who have won six races in an afternoon on the New York tracks. Angel Cordero, Jr., joined this group last Wednesday by booking in the first five, skipping the sixth, finishing last in the seventh, and then winning the Busanda Stakes on Alpine Lass, who was wearing a special bit and blinkers to keep her running straight. On Saturday, Cordero didn't have a single winner in four tries.

BOWIE wound up another session the other day, with attendance and betting up by about six per cent over last year. In the Native Dancer Handicap, Christopher R. led from start to finish, but the hero of the afternoon was Chris McCarron, who rode four winners. His total for the meeting was ninety-four. Maryland's racing activities have now moved over to Pimlico, where the hundredth running of the Preakness will occur on May 17th.

IN my book, Stardust Mel is the best mudder in California. Early last month, Mrs. Marjorie Lindheimer Everett's rangy gray gelding splattered through the rain and murk to win the Charles H. Strub Stakes, one of the jackpots of the Santa Anita meeting. A couple of Sundays ago, after a downpour had left the track a mess, he sloughed through the heavy going once more to win the Santa Anita Handicap. Only eight mounts competed for the Big 'Cap's $170,000 purse, and Stardust Mel drew the outside post position. Shoemaker, who had been out on the track that morning to look for firm footing, eased the gelding over to where the going was best, and Mel took the lead in the stretch and kept it, winning by a nose from Out of the East, to whom he had given eleven pounds. Okavango, nine lengths behind, was third. The time for the mile and a quarter, believe it or not, was 2:06⅗. Stardust Mel is the eighth Santa Anita Handicap winner for Shoemaker, and the fifth for Charlie Whittingham, his trainer. His next start will probably be in the San Juan Capistrano Handicap on April 6th. Tallahto, my favorite observer reports, had no luck. She was crowded back in a jam shortly after the start and came out of it with a cut on her leg.

JACK DREYFUS, JR., has been proposed for the chairmanship of the New York Racing Association by the nominating committee of its board of trustees, and will be elected at the annual meeting, on May 14th. He will take over from Alfred Vanderbilt, who told the directors recently that he would not seek reëlection.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Australian-born singer Helen Reddy, whose hit "I am Woman" became the anthem for the women's movement, was sworn in as an American citizen yesterday in Los Angeles.

Ms. Reddy, who broke into tears as she took the oath, said, "This is where I'm going to live for the rest of my life. I'm married to an American, my children are American, I feel like an American, and I have no family life in Australia."

Asked how she felt afterward, Ms. Reddy said, "Like I'd like to have a cup of tea and a good cry."

Instead, she gave a free concert for women prisoners.

The terror strikes

—*Bergen County (N.J.) Record.*

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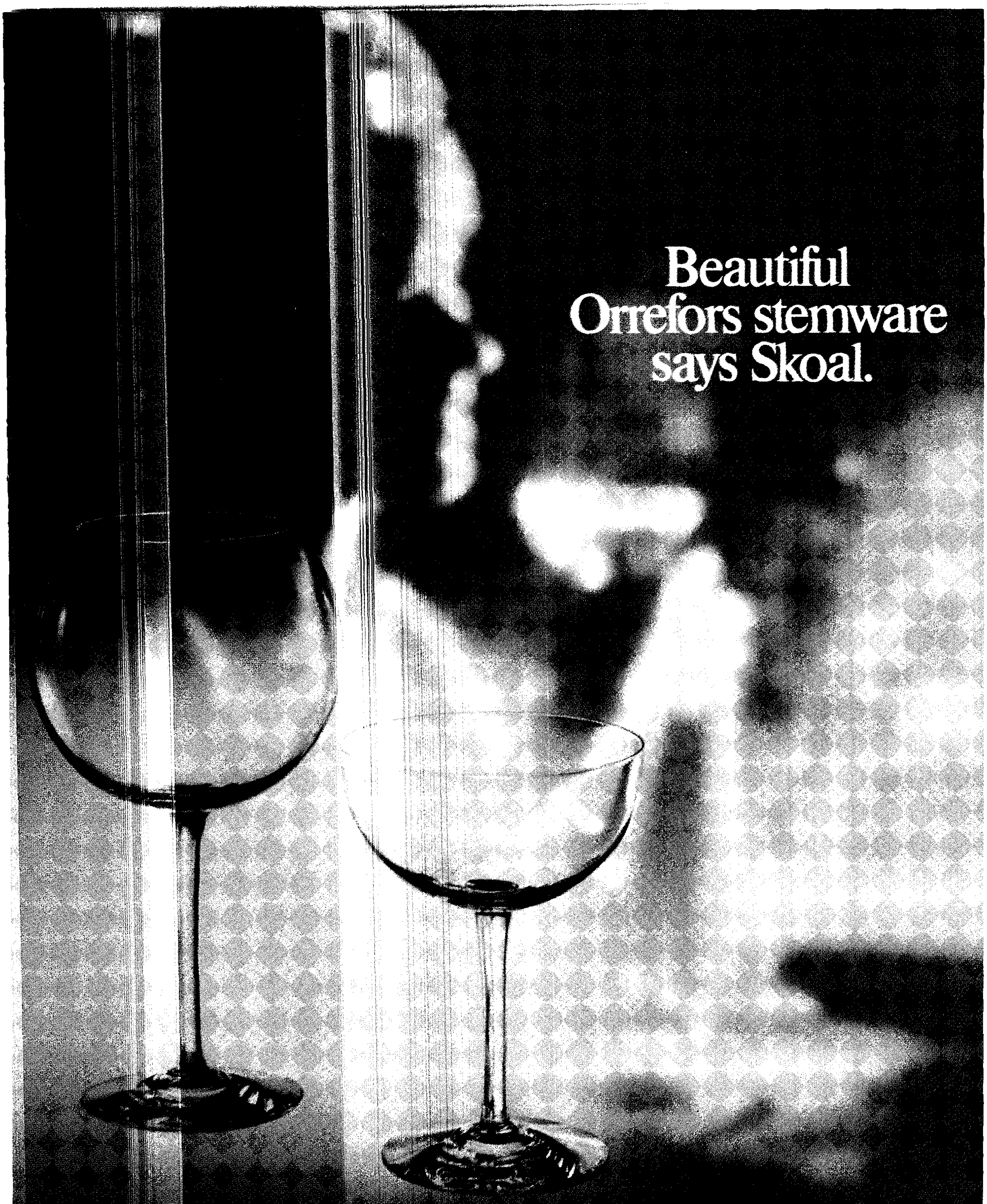
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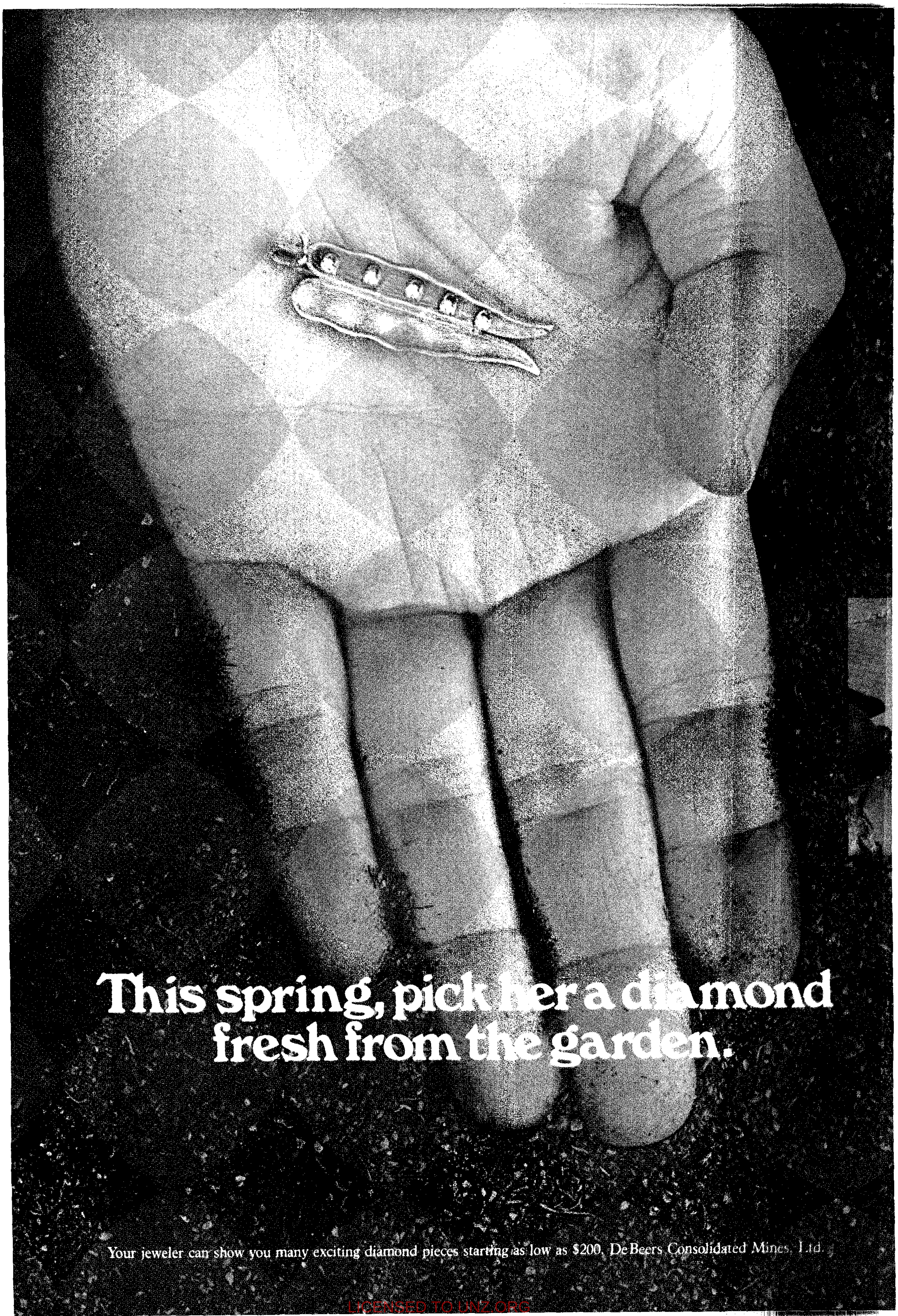
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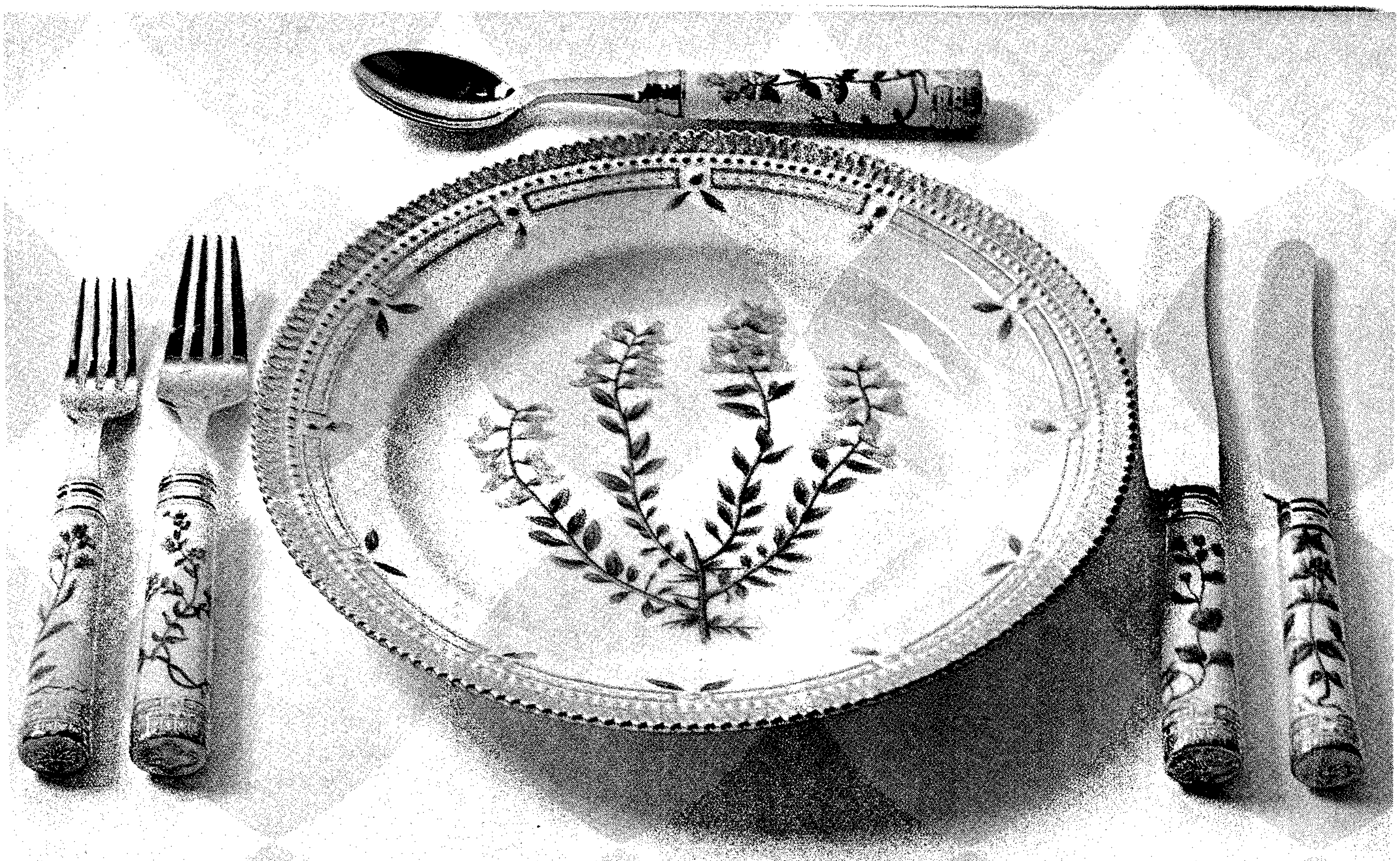

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THE ART WORLD

Death and the Artist

WITNESS (*after requesting a respite*): It's cumulative fatigue, Your Honor.
SURROGATE: Don't you sleep well at night? Don't you rest at night?
WITNESS: I have dreams.
—*Testimony of Morton Harold Levine.*

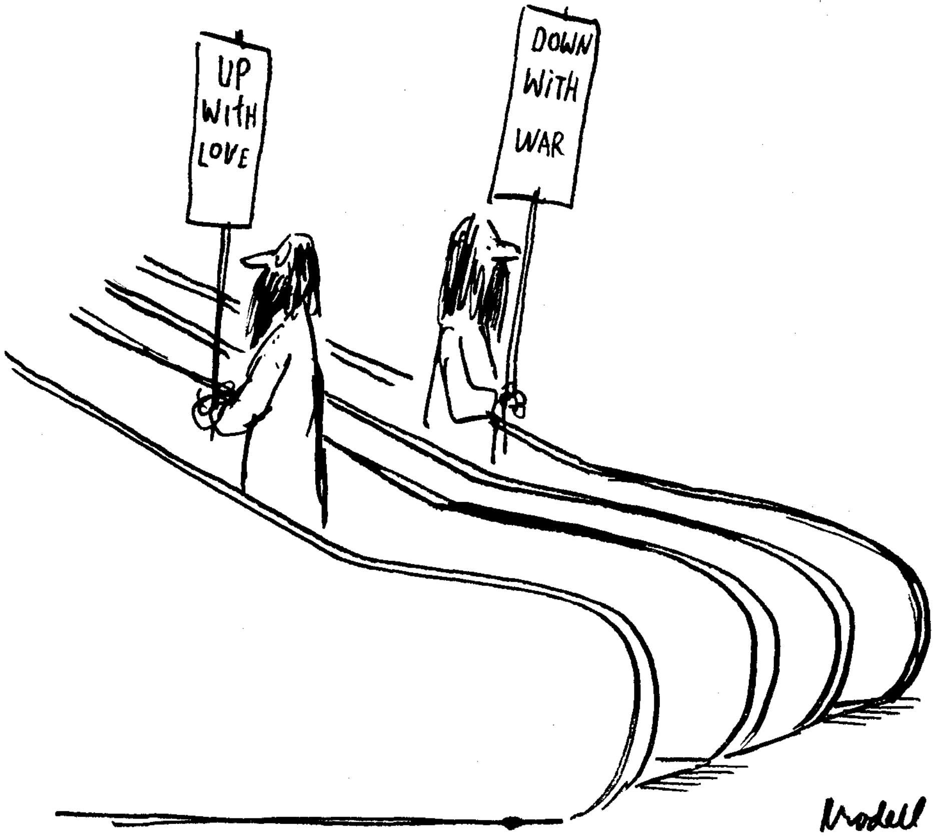
THE ancient Egyptians believed that the life of a dead person could be perpetuated by burying a portrait of him with his body. The portrait did not resemble the subject; it was an "abstraction" made up of his kind of eyes, ears, nose, mouth, chosen from a chart by his relatives. But a hieroglyphic inscription on the portrait identified the deceased. An equally immortalizing effect could be achieved by placing in the tomb written references to the dead man.

The "Matter of Mark Rothko," on which testimony in Manhattan's Surrogate's Court, which began a year ago, has ended, has to do with the power of paintings and written references to confer immortality. The case is a contest for money and property, but the issue of the artist's survival after death is woven through every aspect of it. The prolongation of a dead person's existence depends on the action of others. In regard to Rothko, the court proceedings presented two conflicting points of view: that the survival of Rothko depended on promotion by a vigorous dealer; that his stature was such at the time of his death that his fame would endure if his canvases were kept available for the public to see. Rothko was a suicide, on February 25, 1970. His will, a laconic document, left most of his estate, including nearly all his paintings, to the nonprofit Mark Rothko Foundation, established in July of 1969 for "general charitable purposes," without specifying what disposition should be made of his work; five paintings, originally intended for the Seagram Building (but which Rothko refused to deliver when he learned that they would be placed not in the lobby but in an adjoining restaurant), went to the Tate Gallery, in London. To his wife he left his town house and "all of the contents thereof," among them about forty of his paintings. The will named as executors of his estate the three most intimate companions of Rothko's last years—Bernard Reis, his accountant and financial adviser; Theodoros Stamos, an artist, in whose family plot Rothko was buried; and Morton Harold Levine, an anthropologist, whom Rothko chose to act (along with Mrs. Levine) as guardian of his two children, should the need arise. These three men were also (along with some others) directors of the Foundation.

Three months after Rothko's death, the executors of the estate, needing money to pay taxes and other charges upon the estate, provide for his widow and children, and supply funds to the Foundation, entered into two contracts with the Marlborough Gallery. One provided for the outright sale to the Gallery of a hundred paintings selected by it from those left by the artist to the Foundation. The price for these was $1,800,000, of which $200,000 was paid to the estate, the rest to be paid, without interest, over the next twelve years. The other contract consigned to the Gallery for twelve years the remainder of the paintings left to the Foundation—six hundred and ninety-eight, to be sold at a commission of fifty per cent. Whenever Marlborough sold consigned paintings to other dealers at the customary trade discount of a third off the going market price, the Gallery's commission was to be reduced to forty per cent. After the signing of the contracts with Marlborough, none of Rothko's paintings remained in the possession of the Foundation or under the control of the executors.

The deal with the executors proved to be extremely lucrative for Marlborough. In 1970, the Gallery sold one of the paintings it owned for $180,000, and in 1971 it sold one of the paintings consigned to it for $250,000. It was charged during the trial that many of the transactions with "other dealers" were unreal sales and that the paintings involved were actually being held for Marlborough at a price far below (because of the double discount) the going market figure; this would have diminished the amounts of money accruing to the estate and the Foundation. Assistant Attorney General Gustave Harrow stated in the course of the proceedings that he considered only one sale of the consigned paintings to be legitimate.

In 1972, long before the trial began, a court order was issued forbidding the sale by Marlborough of any more paintings. By that time, however, Marlborough had sold seventy-one paintings of the hundred it owned and sixty-nine of the six hundred and ninety-eight consigned. To date, the sales, it is estimated, amount to approximately $5,000,000. Of this sum, about $1,500,000 has gone to the estate. Reis had been Marlborough's accountant, and a month before Rothko's death Reis had become—at the urging of Rothko, it was testified—an officer of the Gallery. Reis had seen to the execution of Rothko's will, in 1968, and had arranged for the incorporation of the Rothko Foundation. His artist co-executor, Stamos, had been negotiating with Marlborough, and in January of



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1971 he signed a contract by which the Gallery would handle the sale of his pictures and guarantee an annual advance against sales.

THE case before Surrogate Millard Midonick centers on the terms of the contracts. By the time the suit was filed, Mrs. Rothko had died, and the petitioners are Rothko's daughter, Kate; his son, Christopher; and the Attorney General of the State of New York, representing the "public interest" in the charitable legacy. (The children of deceased parents have the right to contest a will if more than half of an estate has been left to charity.) The respondents are the Marlborough Gallery and the three executors of the Rothko estate. It was contended that the paintings had been turned over to Marlborough for far less than their actual worth, and that the fifty-per-cent commission on the consigned paintings was far too high for an artist of Rothko's reputation. Since Stamos and Reis had business relations with Marlborough, the petitioners sought the removal of all the executors of the estate on the grounds of "self-dealing" (a legal concept that bans deals by fiduciaries potentially profitable to themselves), fraud, and conspiracy, and they further sought the rescinding of the contracts. The respondents emphasized that there was a contract between Rothko and Marlborough, made in 1969, by which the Gallery acquired the exclusive right to sell Rothko's paintings for a period of eight years; thus, it was claimed, the executors of his estate could not have negotiated with any other dealers. After a suit by the Rothko children was filed against the executors, Levine retained his own counsel and asserted that he would not have signed the agreements with Marlborough had not vital information been withheld from him.

The question of whether the arrangement with Marlborough was a fair one hinges on what—as of May of 1970, when the contracts were signed—it could be expected Rothko's future reputation would be. Hours of conflicting testimony were heard on whether the popularity of deceased artists, as measured by the prices brought by their work, tends to rise or fall in the years immediately following their deaths. The death of an artist, testified Arnold Glimcher, of Pace Gallery, "creates a finite commodity, where there once existed an open-ended one;" thus, prices are pushed upward. Edward J. Ross, attorney for Rothko's daughter, summed up the position of his opponents: "Considerable of the justification for these contracts was to this effect: surely Rothko is well known and people regard him *highly*. But who knows how long that would last? The prudent thing to do is to dispose of all the paintings in his estate because he might have been only a fad. . . . There were many indications of parallels with artists like Baziotes who were once good and then declined." An attempt was made by the respondents to introduce testimony that Rothko himself had thought his prices might go down and had, so he told Reis, got the better of Marlborough when he sold it a group of paintings in 1969. Stamos laid stress on the failure of the prices of some of Rothko's contemporaries to keep pace with Rothko's; Reis, urging his fellow-executors to dispose of Rothko's work rapidly, had argued that the market for his paintings might collapse. To rebut the contention that Marlborough deserved a bargain—if, indeed, it was a bargain—because of the risk it was taking in acquiring so large a quantity of works, the petitioners claimed that Rothko had achieved art-world immortality and that his survival was assured. Assistant Attorney General Harrow said, "Rothko was recognized as a giant. We are dealing with a unique figure. . . . This does not deal with market value as such. This deals with the absolute unique quality of Rothko as an artist. . . . That fact colors everything that happened afterward."

From the beginning of the fifties, when he was becoming well known, Rothko had shown unusual concern about how his paintings would stand for him in the future. What was most heard about him in the art world was his fretting over where his pictures were to be shown and who was to acquire them. He was disposed to hoard them rather than risk having them fall into irreverent hands, and for a time it was rumored that he and some other artists had entered into a pact to boycott art dealers. That eight hundred of his works were unsold at the time of his death was a manifestation of this caution; no mere craftsman interested in selling his products would have piled up so large an inventory. One instance of how far he would go to prevent his paintings from being displayed under conditions he considered unfavorable was his refusal to deliver the paintings he had done for the Seagram Building. Whether or not it was his aim to take his paintings to the grave with him, he did appear, by this and other actions, to affirm the wish to reserve them for aesthetically sanctified sites. Metaphysics was their essence; his favorite word for them was "tragic." He wanted his paintings to be set apart from what he might have considered "mere art." The canvases he gave to the Tate "were to be placed," reports a memorandum from Reis to his fellow-executors, "in a special room, such as was provided for Picasso and Matisse, and the paintings were not to be shown with any other paintings other than one large painting which Mr. Rothko had previously given the Tate." For Rothko, his paintings had an ultimate function that might be called Egyptian, by analogy with the grave objects that would insure survival. "I do not express myself," he once said to a friend. "I paint my not self." His canvases were talismans representing this longer-lasting Other.

THE mystery in the Rothko case is the failure of Rothko himself to provide for the future of his paintings. Testimony at the trial continually brought to the fore the question of why this artist, so deeply identified with his creations, could have in the end failed to prevent their being turned over to the processes of the market. To concentrate on this question is to place oneself at a remove from the trial in Surrogate's Court. The "Matter of Mark Rothko" deals with money—the financial proceeds of the paintings. Yet beyond the matter of the executors and Marlborough, and of whether Marlborough shall retain its profits, and how much the Foundation shall receive, and whether the children of Rothko shall become multimillionaires, is the question of the state of mind of Rothko in relation to his paintings and the pathos of his situation as an artist of these times.

In contrast to his earlier clenched hold on his paintings, Rothko seems to have manifested, in 1969, the year before his death, a sudden letting go: to Marlborough he made the first big sales of his career, amounting to about $1,700,000. These sales, and the fact that his will did not specify what should be done with his works by the Foundation, suggest that after a heart attack, early in 1968, he had become indifferent to the fate of his paintings and more interested in what he could do with the money they might bring. There was a side of Rothko which, half mockingly, considered the artist a kind of storekeeper. In the old days, his invariable greeting to his friends was "How's business?" Later, he would

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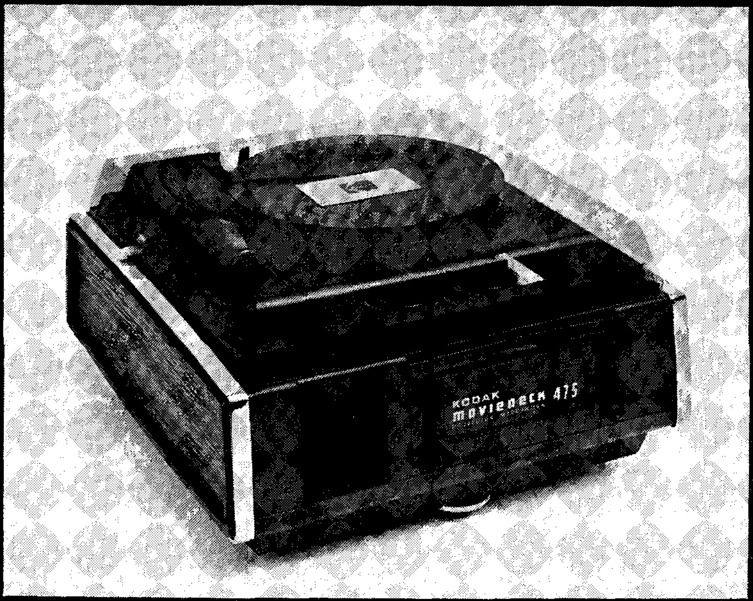

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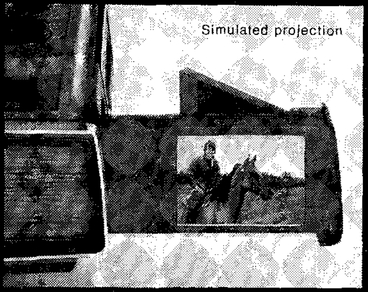

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say that artists who had made it could sign their names as though they were signing banknotes. According to Stamos, Rothko boasted to him in 1969, "I am very rich." Perhaps money became dominant to him when, like Rimbaud, he lost faith in the saving magic of his art and thus became disillusioned with art itself. His paintings might last; he would not.

The clue to Rothko's attitude toward his work at the time of his death lies in his conception of the Foundation. Throughout the trial, this Foundation was described in the press as a means of aiding older artists who had failed to gain recognition or whom the art world had forgotten; it was claimed by the respondents that it was to obtain funds for these beneficiaries, and other obligations of the estate, that the executors sold and consigned the paintings to Marlborough. The Foundation had been incorporated for general charitable purposes, but after Rothko's death, and after the paintings had been disposed of, the certificate of incorporation was amended by the directors of the Foundation (among them Rothko's three executors) to specify that its assets were to be devoted to older artists and to needy writers, musicians, and so on. (In the absence of a countervailing direction by Rothko, this amendment was completely in order.)

But a brief filed by Attorney General Harrow challenged the contention that the purpose of the Foundation was exclusively charitable. It described meetings concerning the Foundation arranged by Rothko, and cited persons prominent in the art world who were close to him, to demonstrate that the Foundation was conceived primarily to conserve his paintings and display them under the most favorable conditions. Summarizing information received from Dr. William S. Rubin, then Chief Curator of the Painting and Sculpture Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, the Attorney General claimed that "Rothko expressly indicated that he did not want the bulk of his paintings to be placed on the open market where their disposition would be uncontrolled." Since, according to Rubin, Rothko had been advised by Reis that the Foundation could not qualify for tax exemption if it were devoted solely to caring for his paintings, Rothko had considered adding the provision for helping older artists. Other witnesses cited by the Attorney General were the late Dr. Robert Goldwater, a Rothko expert and a director of the Foundation, and Ben Heller, an art collector and dealer, according to whom Rothko planned the Foundation "so that viewers could understand who he was, what he sought to do, and what he did achieve." An earlier will, dated June 7, 1967, seems to support statements by Rubin and the others concerning Rothko's intentions; it bequeaths some of his paintings (not the proceeds of their sale) to an "educational foundation" (obviously for the purpose of displaying them), not to a "charitable" one (which would be for the benefit of needy people).

IN October of 1970, four months after the selling of the paintings to Marlborough, Rubin wrote to Reis expressing "profound surprise" upon being informed by Reis "that the Foundation is now exclusively concerned with the conversion of Rothko's paintings into cash to be distributed as grants to artists." Rubin found it hard to believe that "Mark should have reversed himself;" he recalled to Reis Rothko's repeated deprecation of the "marketplace," his firm wish to keep groups of his paintings together (evidenced by his refusing, in the autumn of 1969, to sell an important painting to a collector who intended to bequeath it to the Museum of Modern Art) and to insure their placement "in hospitable contexts," and he reminded Reis that the provision for the grants was designed, as Rothko himself had said, to meet a "legal necessity." Rubin expressed astonishment that Goldwater, the Rothko expert, who would have had most to do with allocating, on behalf of the Foundation, Rothko's paintings for exhibition, had found out about the change in the Foundation's purpose only after there were no longer any paintings left to allocate. "I have," said Rubin, "since telephoned Robert [Goldwater], and gather that Mark never said a word about it to him; to the contrary, gave the impression that his concern about the future of his paintings remained unchanged." Rubin is unable to prove, of course, that his dead friend had not changed his mind, so in the letter to Reis he acknowledges that Rothko, in the state of mind resulting from his illness, might have renounced his "abiding concern" for his paintings. Apparently still unaware of the Marlborough contracts and their all-embracing nature, Rubin ended by pleading with Reis to retain some of the outstanding canvases. "There are, after all, so many paintings in the estate that . . .

you would still have a great deal left to sell."

It is a principle of law that one who has voluntarily executed a document such as a will is bound by its provisions, and that no testimony as to other intentions can be introduced in court. By the terms of Rothko's will, there was nothing to prevent the disposal of his work. In the absence of proof of self-dealing, the contracts would stand. After acknowledging that certain facts—the eight hundred paintings left unsold at the time of Rothko's death, the withholding of paintings from the Seagram Building and the giving of them to the Tate Gallery, the execution of murals for a chapel in Houston—could lead to the conclusion that Rothko intended his creations "for public viewing and not for private sale," Surrogate Midonick sternly challenged Attorney General Harrow: "But are you seriously asking me to go outside the will and outside the filed documents and the Foundation's certificate of incorporation and bylaws?"

But to Harrow the documents were incidents in the larger issue of whether there had been a violation of confidence by a trusted friend and executor. "The will," he argued, "was drafted by Bernard Reis. Undoubtedly, Bernard Reis was involved in the preparation of the certificate of incorporation of the Foundation. . . . In both cases there is no specification as to Rothko's intention. . . . The charge here is loyalty or disloyalty of the executors. . . . Now, the problem is that if Mark Rothko, who collected the majority of his paintings all through his life, had a lifelong intention and communicated it to Bernard Reis, for instance, and Bernard Reis disregarded it entirely, the moment he died, then that is a function of Reis's disloyalty, just as much as the monetary arrangement was." Harrow's attempt to have the inquiry consider the intentions of Rothko as a way of getting at the motives and behavior of Reis in signing the contracts made little impression on the Surrogate. "I have excluded," he emphasized, "all remarks of Mark Rothko, the decedent, with respect of how he wanted his estate handled for the simple reason that it [*sic*] interferes with the reading of his will as an integrated instrument as well as his contracts when he was alive, etc., and it has no place, it seems to me, in any court of law." Rothko signed the papers submitted to him by Reis, and so, as a matter of law, it must be accepted that he believed they would put into ef-

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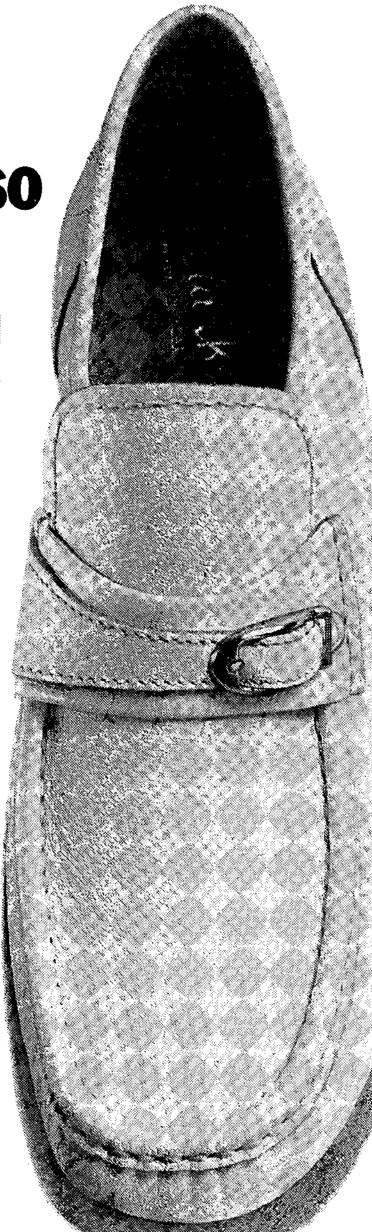

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LEGAL technicalities and documentation to one side, an observer of the trial is left with the touching question: Did Rothko change his mind and despairingly abandon his paintings to the art market? Did he, in his illness and depression, come to identify himself with artists who had failed, in the bitter realization that the only difference between success and failure is the cash obtainable? Rothko, one is led to speculate, might have decided to renounce the struggle against anonymity he had waged with so much fervor and allow his "stock," as he called the works he had accumulated, to be scattered among those who would buy them. He would thus rejoin the gray horde of the unrecognized to whom his legacy was presumably to be devoted. His fame, it might have occurred to him, had been a matter of chance, and his survival in the future might as well be left to the same unknown forces.

So the possibility exists that Rothko did change his mind. But whatever he decided, the document disposing of his estate left the matter in the hands of Reis and his co-executors. During the time that Rothko was believed to be planning that the Foundation should preserve a selection of his paintings, his will and the certificate of incorporation were in existence, and these documents, drawn up by Reis or under his direction, say nothing of Rothko's wish to keep a body of his paintings intact. "His will," the Surrogate said, "is in terms of money. His will isn't in terms of where he wants his paintings to end up. His will is in terms of money."

Reis's relation to Rothko could not have been more intimate, or his knowledge of what Rothko was thinking more thorough. "Reis hovered over him," said Levine. "They were closer than most married people," testified Stamos, defending Reis's motives, while unwittingly revealing the influence of Reis upon his client. "He was his financial adviser. He took an interest in [his] marital affairs. . . . He introduced Mr. Rothko to Mr. Lloyd [the head man at Marlborough]. . . . [Mr. and Mrs. Reis] entertained him [Rothko] quite often. On both trips to Europe that Mr. Rothko took, Mr. Reis would outline itineraries for him, of things to see and do in Europe, including eating at the finest restaurants." Reis introduced Rothko to "a lot of other people that became very close to Mr. Rothko and also bought his pictures." (One of these friends was Clinton Wilder, who, after being made president of the Rothko Foundation, retained the lawyer who has fought on the side of the executors and in support of the contracts by which the Foundation has allegedly been damaged.) When Rothko had a heart attack, Stamos recalled, Reis visited him "almost every night, if not every night," and read to him. "He visited him in his studio. He advised him on things. He got Mr. Karelsen to get his mortgage on his house on East Ninety-fifth Street [and] to get up the certificate of incorporation for the Mark Rothko Foundation." (Frank Karelsen was the lawyer presented by Reis to the executors at the funeral, and retained as their counsel; later, Karelsen advised them that in his opinion the agreement signed by Rothko in 1969 compelled them to deal only with Marlborough.) Stamos's description of Reis's relation to Rothko tallies with Reis's reputation in the art world for making himself part of the private lives of artists whom he served as accountant.

Whatever the motives behind the framing of Rothko's will and the language in which the Foundation was incorporated, their effect appears to have been to establish for Reis the possibility of an enormous twofold benefit: he could, by gaining the concurrence of the other executors, turn over Rothko's lifework to Marlborough, with which Reis was associated, and as chief operative of the Rothko Foundation he could disburse the increment of the Marlborough sales as gifts enhancing his own power and prestige. A month before the trial began, Reis assured Thomas Messer, director of the Guggenheim Museum, that "no harm has been done to Rothko's interest," and that he had "always been concerned with Rothko's interests." One may be permitted to wonder what "interest" still remains to Rothko, unless it be that (as Reis viewed the situation) boosting an artist's prices is the best thing that can be done for him, regardless of who gets the money.

Arthur Richenthal, the scrappy attorney for Reis and Stamos, put a question to the art dealer Ben Heller on the witness stand that he may have regretted asking. "Is it a fact," he inquired, "that you have a personal antagonism against Mr. Reis because his advice to Mr. Rothko [to sell paintings and take payment spread over a long period] prevailed over yours?" Heller's reply expressed the despond-

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ency aroused by revelations of the trial as to what has happened to Rothko. "I would have to say," replied Heller, "that having seen the results of Mr. Reis's advice and execution, I feel totally miserable. . . . I would say that I didn't have an antagonism. I had ironic unhappiness during Mark's life, that having seen the rape that I have been seeing of Mark's work and his wishes, the Foundation that he and I worked on so long blown to smithereens and some of his closest friends disassociated from him through Mr. Reis, I would say yes, I feel a certain amount of—well, let's say more wry human condition [*sic*] than personal antagonism. Mr. Reis is too old by now. . . . Yes, rather than antagonism to Mr. Reis, right now I feel despondent about the human condition."

For my own part, the most oppressive detail in this saddening saga was the statement of Frank Lloyd, of Marlborough, that he made several bulk sales of Rothko's paintings in order to provide funds to pay his own legal fees. Rothko's cherished creations had become property to be disposed of as by an old-clothes dealer.

TESTIMONY in the "Matter of Mark Rothko" has been concluded, and the Surrogate has allotted time to all sides for submission of briefs on the legal issues involved. Should the court rescind the contracts and order the removal of the executors, and should a change in the composition of the Foundation materialize, enough important Rothkos might still be salvaged to constitute a memorial collection permanently available to the public. In Europe, foundations that manage the work of a single artist are common, as are one-man museums. The Rothko case demonstrates that it should be a matter of public policy in the United States that works by prominent artists be safeguarded—perhaps through acquisition by the Smithsonian—against arbitrary (even if technically proper) acts of those put in charge of legacies. In this context can be cited the recent stripping of some of the late David Smith's painted-metal sculptures at the order of an executor who considers his own taste to be superior to that of the artist.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

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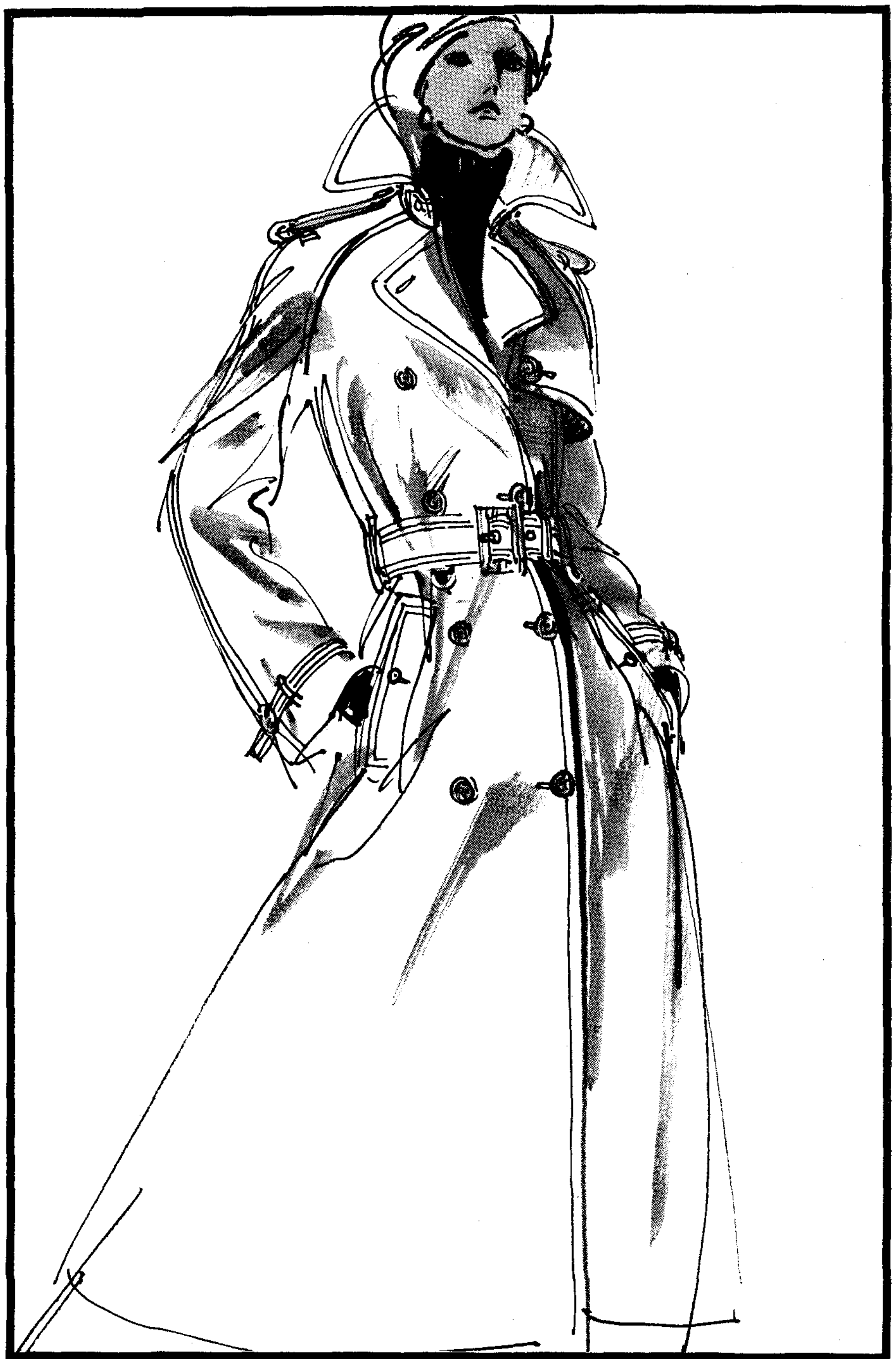

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THE AIR

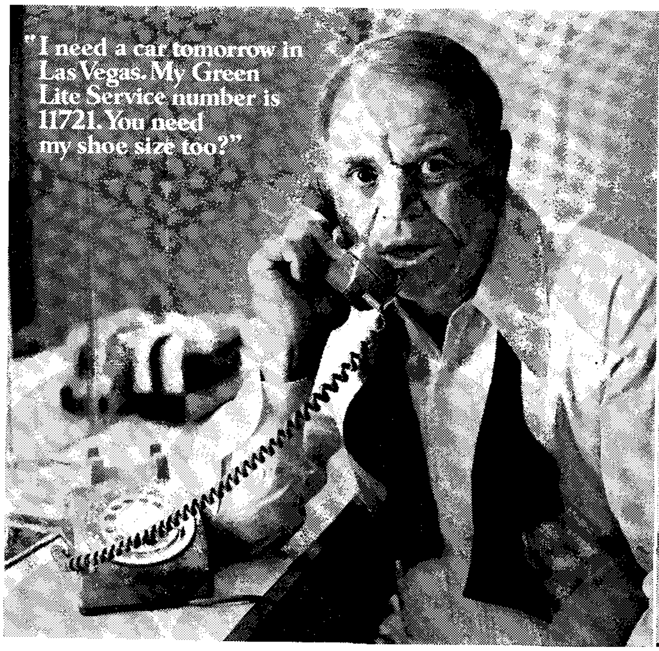
Waltz-Time and the Public Interest

THE indomitable Lit & Culture Brigade of British television, having galloped over John Galsworthy ("The Forsyte Saga"), skirmished with Thomas Hardy ("Jude the Obscure"), ambushed Feodor Dostoevski ("The Possessed"), held its own against Émile Zola ("Nana"), and fought Count Tolstoy to a standstill ("War and Peace"), has lately—in the manner of the Turks in 1529—reached the gates of Vienna. "Vienna 1900" is the title of the BBC's latest literary dramatic series to be presented on American public television under the heading of "Masterpiece Theatre." There are six installments in the series, based on stories by the Austrian author Arthur Schnitzler, whose minor but interesting career was about at midpoint in 1900. (He is perhaps best known outside Austria for "Reigen," his play of sexual games, which later became the film "La Ronde.") The British producers—perhaps lest anyone should think the tales mere trivialities—have subtitled the series "Games with Love and Death." The American distributors have provided Alistair Cooke as host.

The first episode was introduced by Mr. Cooke in the somewhat distracted but genial manner of the debonair captain of an ocean liner chatting up the skits at the ship's variety show. Mr. Cooke described Arthur Schnitzler rather cheerily as a "literary radical" and "anti-naturalistic," and then—with sudden donnish joviality—declared that "in doing my homework for this series . . . I have read more pedantic rubbish . . . about a writer whose principal preoccupation can be said to have been 'Boy meets girl.' " With the Works of Schnitzler thereby connected to the soul of the American public-television audience, the opening episode—titled "Mother and Son"—unfolded.

The scene showed an elegant café in what was presumably Vienna in 1900, as was indicated subtly by a portrait of Emperor Franz Josef on a wall, and not so subtly by the elegiac playing of a Strauss waltz (as it happens, the "Waldmeister" Overture) by an offscreen orchestra (as it happens, the Vienna Philharmonic). A gentleman enters—already introduced to us as Dr. Graesler, the "observer," and bearing an uncanny resemblance to the Encyclopædia Britannica photograph of Arthur Schnitzler. He takes a table in the back. Across the café he glimpses a handsome woman in her late thirties. A young man—he is perhaps seventeen or thereabouts—rushes in, greets her with much show of filial affection, and rushes out. Dr. Graesler takes out a notebook and, in a stylish hand, inscribes "Mother and Son." Shortly afterward, the woman returns to her apartment. On her way up, she runs into some friends. There is a reference to her being a widow; also to her son, whose name is Hugo, and his friendship with a woman described as "the Baroness." The widow, whose name is Beate, goes off to see the Baroness—an affected and decadent society lady, who reclines on a chaise longue. Beate begs the Baroness not to ensnare Hugo with amorous advances. Tea is served. The Baroness is very brisk and upper-class. "The idea had up to this moment not even occurred to me," she says. "*Lemon?*" Beate is adamant and solemn. Finally, the Baroness promises that she will leave Hugo alone, though her promise is of a chicness that doesn't seem to warrant much confidence, and Beate strides off. She attends an outdoor lunch; among those present are a dignified old bank director and his wife and two dashing young men. The young men periodically direct roguish glances at Beate. Later, Beate takes a walk with the director, who is clearly fond of her also, though in a dignified and respectful way. Back home again, she finds Hugo—who is again rushing off. Beate is worried and distressed. Later, the younger of the two young men turns up, and he and Beate make love. A few days pass. Beate and Hugo and everyone else in the cast attend a ball given by the decadent Baroness. Beate dances with the dignified bank director. Many elegiac waltzes are played by the Vienna Philharmonic. The young men, including Hugo, gather around the Baroness, and all engage in chic, upper-class gossip—out of which, with many society giggles, emerges the fact that Beate and one of the young men have been lovers. Hugo is undone. Over breakfast, he and Beate have a confrontation. "I'm going to move. . . . We'd both be happier alone," he says sullenly. Beate asks why. "Don't ask. It's too awful," says Hugo. Beate is now in tears. Hugo is in tears. "They laughed and made jokes . . . about you!" says Hugo. And "Since I can't bear to look at you, it would be more convenient for you to live by yourself." Beate wails, "No, no, no, no!" Hugo walks out, slamming the door. The final scene takes place in the original café. Dr. Graesler is seated at his table in the back. Beate comes in, sits in the front, and orders coffee and cakes. Then the old bank director comes in. Apparently, Beate has now become a fallen woman. He takes one look at her and walks to the opposite side of the room, where he sits down and begins reading a newspaper. The "Waldmeister" Overture wafts elegiacally through the café. The End.

I have taken up this much space with the details of "Mother and Son" because, as it happens, I had acquired a volume of Arthur Schnitzler tales and thought it might be interesting to compare the BBC's Lit & Culture version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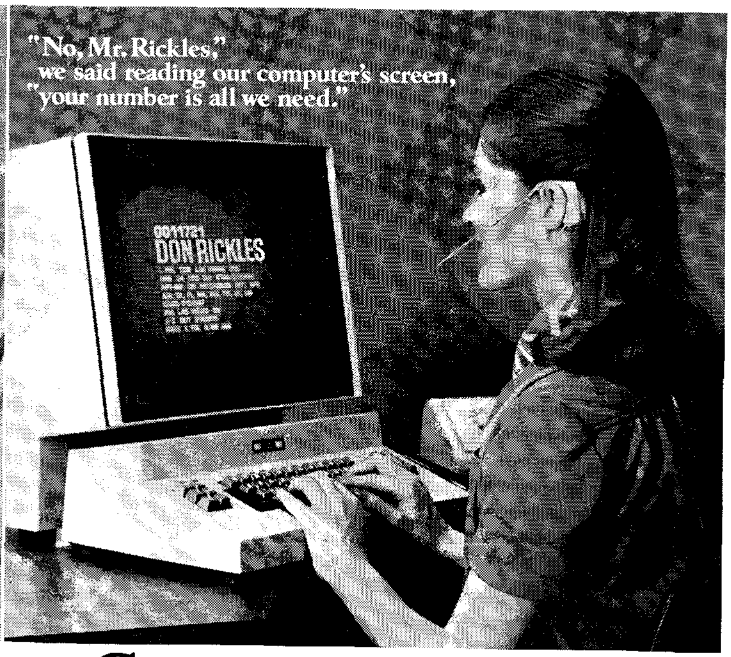
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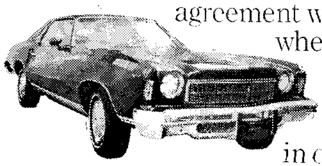

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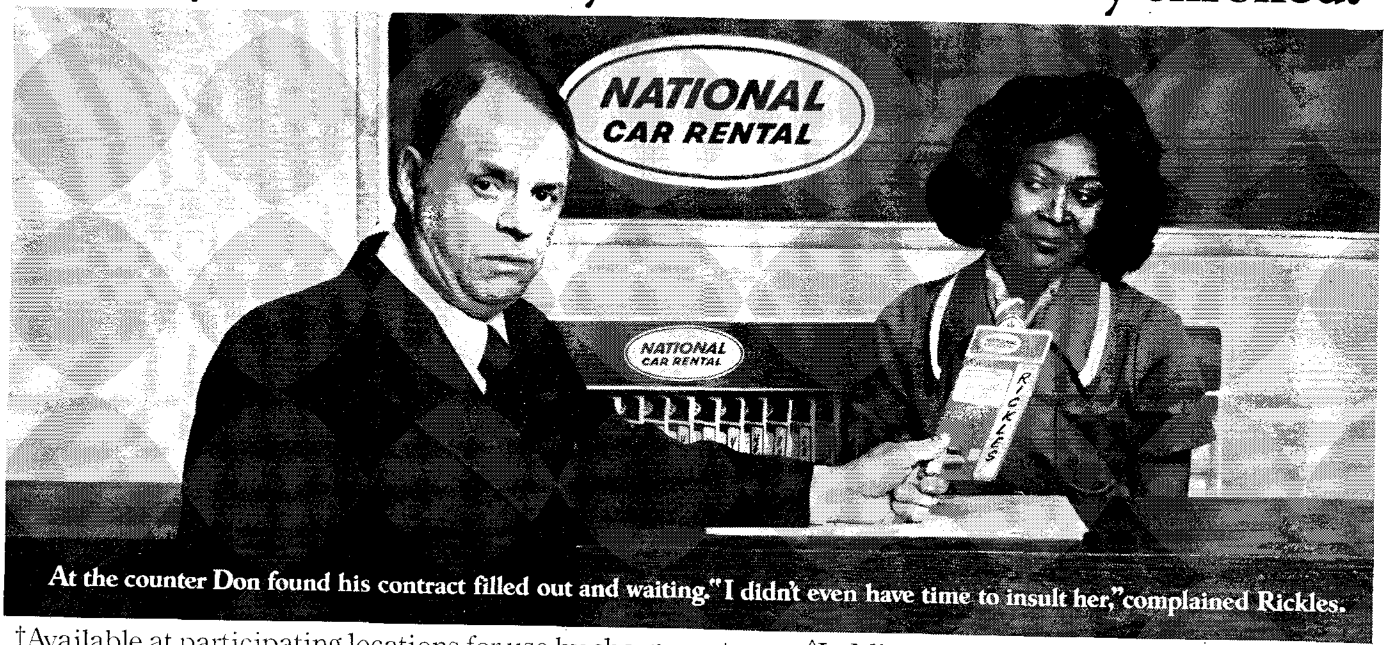
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RICKLES

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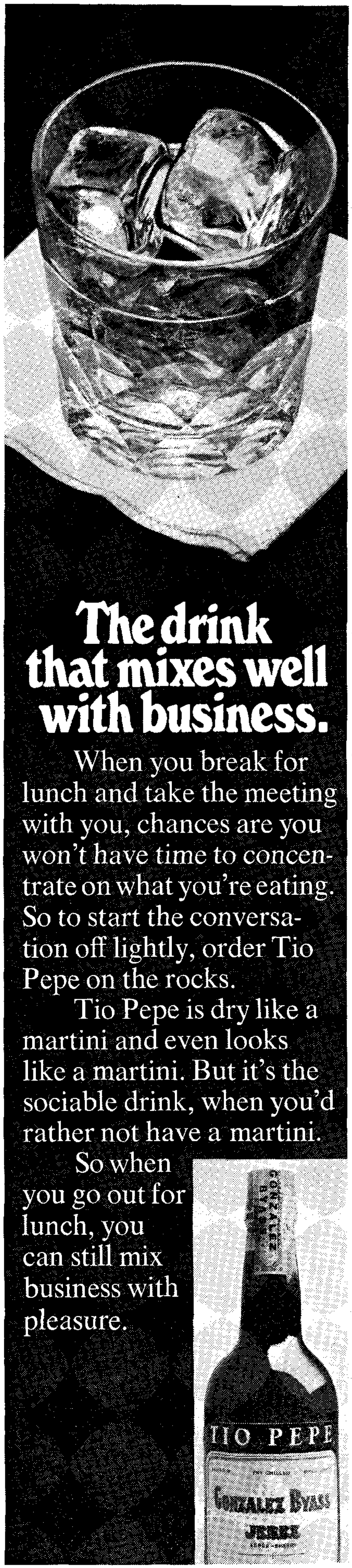
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with the original. In the first place, the original story (at least, in its first English translation) was called "Beatrice," and not "Mother and Son"—with those stirring intimations of Viennese psychiatry. There was no Dr. Graesler or other "observer." The setting was not Vienna in 1900 but a mountain resort in the Tyrol just before the First World War. It is true that many of the minor incidents in the television production corresponded fairly closely to Schnitzler's story—for instance, Hugo's comings and goings, Beate's visit to the Baroness, her friendship with the bank director, and her love affair with the young man. But the essence of Schnitzler's story lay in its *tone*, and this depended largely on lengthy interior monologues by Beatrice (Beate), which revealed, in an interesting, sinuous fashion, the ambiguities of a woman's sexual involvement with her son as well as the powerful, secret currents of eroticism within herself. Indeed, the texture of the story was that of a *personal, unacknowledged sexual* reverie. Here, for example, is how Schnitzler presents Beatrice in her room, on the evening when she will be surprised by the desirous young man:

> She leaned on the sill of her open window, and looked into the garden and far away to the dark mountain peaks on the other side of the lake.... How did it happen that [Hugo] was not there at the hotel? *If he had guessed that she might* return, he would surely have been there. Was it not strange that they should still desire her, who was the mother of a boy who already spent his nights with a mistress? Why strange? She was as young, perhaps younger than [the Baroness]. And all at once, she felt the outlines of her body under her light garment, with agonizing distinctness, and even a sort of painful pleasure.... And suddenly she remembered such a sultry summer night a long time ago, when her husband had forced her against her will to go with him from the soft privacy of their chamber into the garden, and there, in the dark black shadows of the trees, to exchange wild and tender caresses.

The television production contained no sense of the resonances of this moment—which, after all, was the "story" that Schnitzler was writing. Instead, one had a glimpse of Beate stirring restlessly in bed, getting up, hearing a noise—and finding the young man, who soon embraced her. Boy meets girl in Old Vienna. Some other differences: Schnitzler's Baroness wasn't an English upper-class cliché, complete with English stage-business affectations ("*Lemon?*"). She was a human, not unsympathetic figure: a former actress, quite brave and lonely, married to an elderly rich man. There was no ball, and thus no Strauss waltzes or finely uniformed dancers; no society smart talk or youthful sniggers. It's true that the young men got drunk and informed Hugo of the affair with his mother; but what happened then was no routine confrontation scene in television's current pop-tragedy manner—with its shrieks and tears and door slammings, and ending with that so English final chord, the bank director's snub. Instead, Schnitzler's Beatrice, tipped into a kind of madness by her "betrayal" of her son, which had resulted from her recently acknowledged eroticism, takes Hugo for a rowboat ride on a lake.

> "You must not be afraid that you can wound me, or offend my modesty [she says]. I have experienced much these past days. I am still not an—old woman. I understand everything...."
>
> And the answer came: "I know, Mother."
>
> Beatrice trembled. Yet she felt no shame, only a relieved consciousness of being nearer to him and belonging to him.

At the end, holding Hugo's hand, she turns the boat over and they drown.

I realize that this is an excessive analysis of what to many people must be a pleasing and decorative production, based on a story by a now largely unread writer. Also, someone might well ask, isn't it possible to transfer stories from a distant time to the present, and from one medium to another, without absolute literal fidelity to the original text? The answer to that is obviously yes; and right now on the New York stage there are two examples of adaptation and translation—Ibsen's "A Doll's House" and Molière's "The Misanthrope"—both of which have been staged for contemporary audiences with occasional changes in idiom but without any sacrifice or diminution of the spirit of the original work. The trouble with the BBC/public-television production of "Vienna 1900," I think, lies in the claims it makes on the audience's seriousness, and in the careless and genteel way it has gone about justifying them.

It is not a question, after all, of whether a good story may not still be a good story even if the precise setting and the precise costumes have been abandoned. In fact, in "Vienna 1900" something of the reverse has taken place, for while solemnly addressing the cultural nerve of their audience with many fine-sounding remarks about naturalism and anti-naturalism, Vienna, Freud, psychological themes, and so forth, the "Masterpiece Theatre" producers have concentrated on the charmingness of the sets, costumes, and waltzes, and have left out the Schnitzler. After all, a tragic, erotic, psychological story of ambiguous love and morality at an Austrian summer resort is not the same thing as a quality-mounted soap opera of English tea-party manners and social snubs. Schnitzler was perhaps not a great writer, but he was a good writer, and he had a voice of his own. It is discouraging to see television—especially public television, which shouldn't be so keen to get a large audience at any price—amenable to trading on the reputation and seriousness of an artist, and then, except for the gauzy tastefulness of the art direction, behaving no more responsibly toward his work than the Hollywood moguls of thirty years ago did with their biographies of Tchaikovsky, Chopin, and Franz ("Franz, finish that symphony!") Schubert.

In order to make sure that I wasn't unfairly judging "Vienna 1900" by an aberrant episode, I watched the second one, which had been published as "The Murderer" and was now retitled "The Man of Honour." It was a slimmer story than the first, so the television bowdlerization was less noticeable. A man, Alfred, has a mistress, Elise, whom he is tiring of, and a new fiancée. He takes the mistress on a farewell holiday. As it happens, she has congenital heart trouble. He gives her an overdose of drugs. She dies. The fiancée then jilts him for a rival. The "Masterpiece Theatre" troupe simply overwhelmed this very European—not particularly Austrian or Viennese—story with Anglicisms and with those musical riffs of English actors' stage business (sometimes called "character acting") whereby, with harrumphs and "My dear sir"s and wiggles of the finger and clearings of the throat, just about any *mise-en-scène* this side of Dante's Eighth Circle can be transformed into the Whist Room of the Reform Club. Then, too, in the Schnitzler story this is how the mistress died:

> Suddenly he felt a violent shudder pass through Elise's body. Her two hands clutched at his neck, her fingers seemed to be trying to pierce his skin, and then, with a long groan, she opened her eyes. Alfred freed himself from her embrace, sprang out of bed, watched her try to raise herself, fling her arms into the air, stare into the half-light with wild fluttering eyes, and then suddenly collapse.

In "Vienna 1900" the young lady died quietly and tactfully in her sleep, with her murderer gazing at her soulfully as he sat beside her—perhaps sus-

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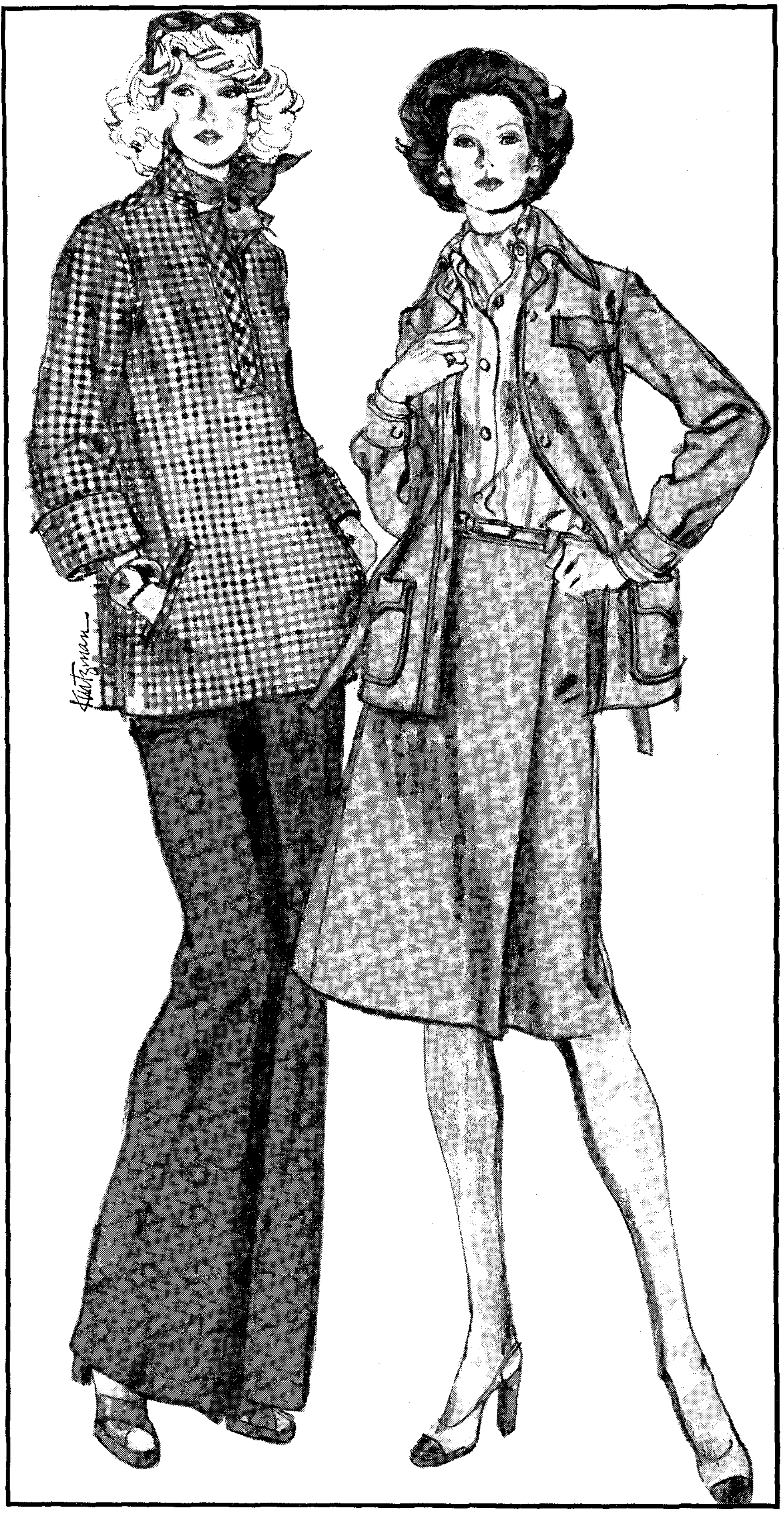

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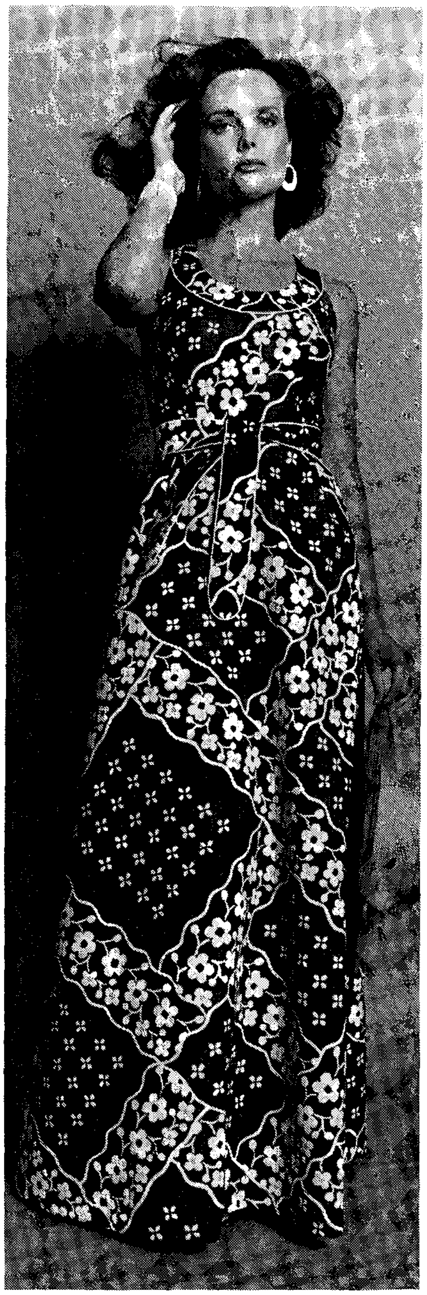

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pecting that when death occurs in Old Vienna the "Waldmeister" Overture and the Vienna Philharmonic can never be far behind.

I MENTIONED earlier that I was aware of a certain excess in my criticism of these not remarkably significant programs. After all, I realize that many people in this country have come to be fond of the "Masterpiece Theatre" productions—finding in the rhythms of the British actors and in the literary quality of the scripts a welcome relief from the strident, cops-and-robbers-oriented dramas of commercial television. No critic should be such a spoilsport as to try to cajole people away from having a good time, even at the expense of a dead and bowdlerized Austrian author. But what has bothered me, and implicitly motivated these comments, is that in the same week that I watched the first episode of "Vienna 1900" I read a seemingly unconnected report in the *Times*, by Les Brown, of a petition recently brought before the F.C.C. in Washington by a group called the Puerto Rican Media Action and Educational Council, and asking for the revocation of the broadcast license of New York's public-television station, WNET, on the ground of discrimination against New York's Hispanic population, partly in matters of employment but mainly in a failure to provide "relevant programming." The F.C.C. had rejected the petition, with only one dissenting vote, stating, significantly:

> . . . the petitioners are not alleging that WNET has failed to provide *any* programming of interest to the Hispanic community, or in response to its needs, but that it has provided insufficient programming in response to the needs and interests of the Hispanic community. As we have previously noted, programming which is responsive to the needs of the licensee's community need not be especially responsive to the particular needs of each ethnic group within that community.

I later read the Puerto Rican petition, and in most of its particulars it seemed strongly political, and contentiously quixotic in its willingness to find anti-Hispanic discrimination throughout WNET's program schedule. For example, "Bill Moyers' Journal," "An American Family," "Who's Afraid of Opera?," "Report to the Nation," "Opera Theatre," "NET Playhouse," and "State of the Union" were all listed by the Puerto Rican group as being irrelevant to the interests of the Hispanic community, and thereby discriminatory. But in reading the F.C.C.'s reply and WNET's defense I had the distinct impression that they were chiefly statements against impertinence, though it was the F.C.C. and WNET—not the Puerto Rican group—who apparently felt themselves to be at the barricades. Indeed, this theme of the communications establishment as Horatius at the bridge had been anticipated in a speech that F.C.C. commissioner James H. Quello made to the Oklahoma Broadcasters Association a few weeks earlier. Said Mr. Quello:

> I am concerned with possible abuse of the license-challenge procedure by a small group or groups imposing their will or their program tastes on stations under threat of petitions to deny. The licensee cannot delegate or abrogate responsibility for programming in the public interest. . . .
>
> My personal feeling is that all representative community groups should be consulted . . . [that] programming and management decisions should be based on that over-all ascertainment, and not on the basis of demands of one or two groups that may represent only a small fraction of total population served.

Three things seemed clear from this little dispute tucked away in the files of the F.C.C. and the back pages of the *Times:* first, that—despite the establishment's new barricades rhetoric—the Hamilton-Jefferson polarity of the American ideal has persisted as strongly as ever into the broadcast era; second, that the revolutionary tic that appeared only briefly in America in the nineteen-sixties but has since been widely exploited by politicians of both parties continues to express itself, albeit inadequately, usually without the benefit of either coherent language or coherent politics but somehow asking at least to be listened to; third, that the one article of faith seemingly held by all political establishments is the *political* significance of communications. Or, to put it another way, it appears that people on the outside of a communications establishment wish only to play politics with it, and people on the inside of the establishment are merely doing their job.

In short, what has disturbed me about the F.C.C.-WNET-Puerto Rican controversy is not so much the merits of the Puerto Rican position—for theirs was something of a dodgy case, full of oversimplification and excess demands—as the complacent reasonableness of the government's and public television's reply. The Puerto Rican group claimed a broadcast audience of roughly two million Hispanics in WNET's area, and found most of the station's key programs discriminatory against the Hispanic community, partly in WNET's English-only programming, mainly in its avoidance of programming that took into account "the richness and uniqueness of Puerto Rican culture." The F.C.C. majority opinion, taking into account a smaller broadcast area than had the Puerto Rican group, pointed out that the Hispanic population was under the one-million mark. WNET, in its reply to the petition, had said that it was unwilling to accept the implication that "the Puerto Rican community has no interest in classics, music, drama, anthropology, literature, art, cinema, or history;" and the F.C.C. found that the Hispanic group had "provided no statistical evidence in support of its assertion that most Spanish-speaking people residing within the WNET coverage area cannot understand the English language." The F.C.C. also said that "a broadcast licensee need not take into consideration the uniqueness and richness of the Puerto Rican culture to provide effective programming in response to Latinos' housing problems or their educational and economic concerns. [The Puerto Rican group] has neither alleged nor shown that WNET has ignored these problems."

The conclusion one seemed to be asked to draw from this exchange was that once again the children had misbehaved, though for the time being they had been straightened out. After all, does it make sense for the F.C.C., in its majesty, to revoke WNET's license because "Bill Moyers' Journal" is not conducted in Spanish? Because there is too much opera? Could anyone be unaware that WNET is an enlightened broadcaster? On an "attachment" appended to the F.C.C.'s opinion, the WNET management listed twenty-six instances of Hispanic-oriented programming that had been broadcast between November, 1973, and January, 1974. On the question of alleged employment discrimination, the F.C.C. found that the Puerto Rican group had "failed to make a *prima facie* showing" and that their facts "lacked the required specificity." Management figures were provided to show that four and three-tenths per cent of the station's employees are Hispanic. And, almost as if to underline the sweet reasonableness of the F.C.C. reply, a dissenting statement issued by Commissioner Benjamin L. Hooks was full of the stupefying flora of nineteen-sixties media-leftist jargon. "WNET, the radiant jewel in the public television's crown," Commissioner Hooks's statement began, "is unquestionably a media symbol of sophistication and urbanity. . . . Its current pattern of establishmentarian predomination must

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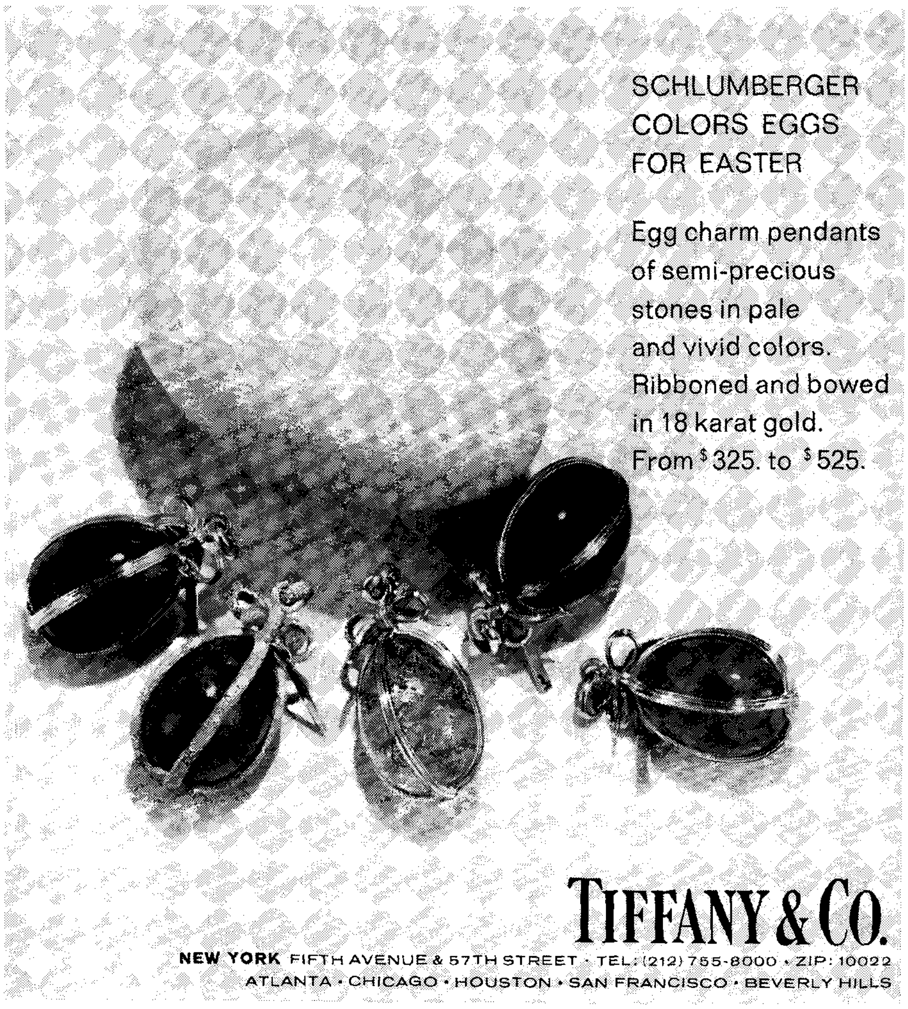

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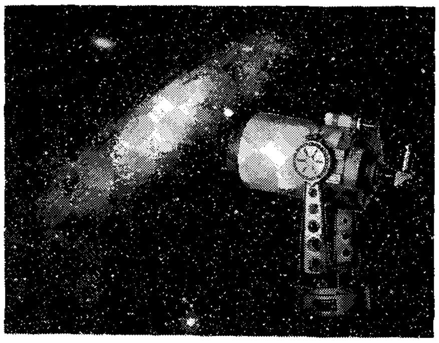
cease; the time has come for a showdown. . . . By styling itself . . . as an electronic Harvard liberal arts course, public broadcasting has . . . overlooked the intellectual needs and sensitivities of that core of the population which . . . is just emerging from the chains of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries." And so forth.

I wrote "And so forth" because the temper of established America at this time inclines many people to think that way. But in truth I believe there is something of importance hovering behind the windy politics of Mr. Hooks's dissenting statement. The fact is that public television was not intended to be a fourth entertainment network, broadcasting to some fourth, ascertainable, homogenized entertainment audience. Part of the explicit intent of Congress when it approved the statute setting up the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, in 1967, was "to assist in establishing innovative educational programs, to facilitate educational program availability." At the time of the signing of the Public Broadcasting Act, these educational limits were plausibly interpreted by President Lyndon Johnson to include "the best in broadcasting good music . . . exciting plays . . . the whole fascinating range of human activity." Even so, the implicit intent for public broadcasting in America—which is dependent largely on public funds—has surely been that it become a communications channel, unswayed by considerations of profit and market salesmanship; that it serve the mass and variety of its clientele.

Ideals, of course, are difficult and sometimes hazardous to live by. Public television in this country does not serve its clientele very badly. On the other hand, it does not seem to serve it very well. And what strikes me as the most notable aspect of this situation is not so much that men and women striving after a certain achievement have succeeded or failed as that an ideal of achievement has become gradually tidy, confining, and exclusive. "Vienna 1900" is only an incidental example of meretricious, élite programming—a superficial, falsely conceived series based on the same glossy production values that it is supposed to provide alternatives to. The point is that it represents an increasingly *market* approach to public broadcasting—in a period, moreover, when public broadcasting is receiving more public money than ever before.

As it happens, in the same period in which the *Times* published its report of the F.C.C.'s sturdy defense against the



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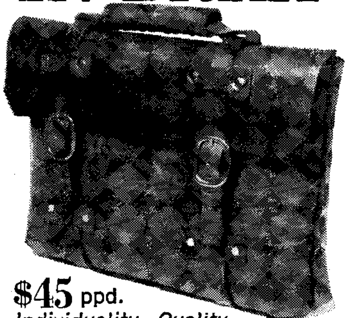

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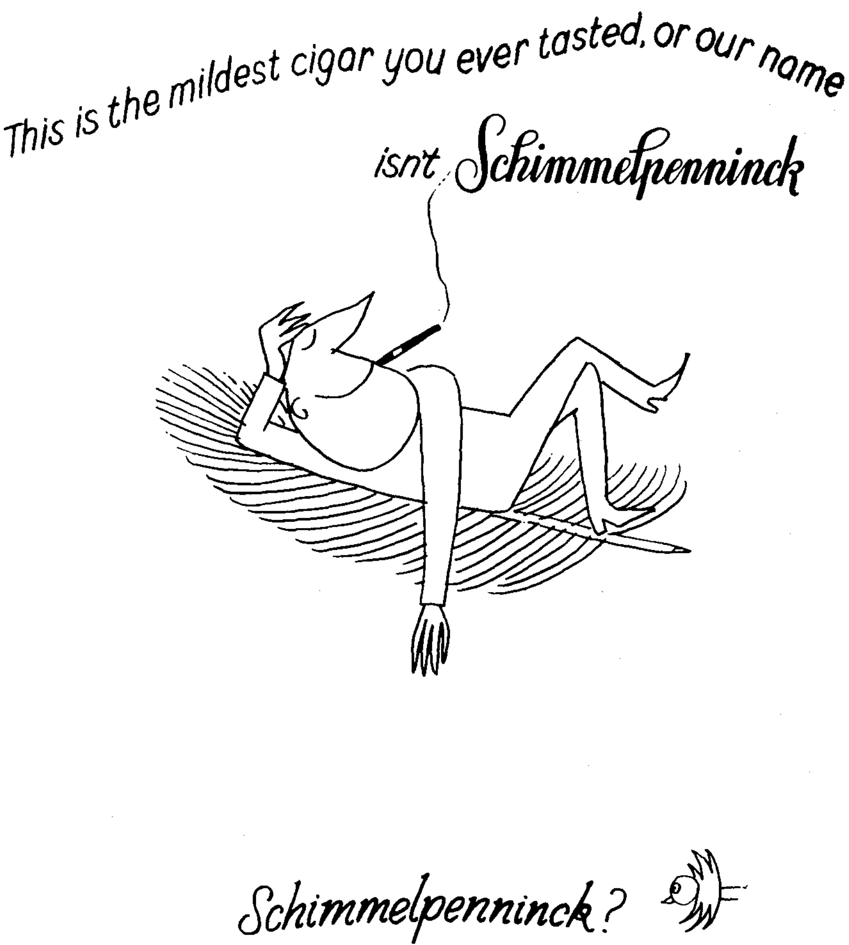
proposed Hispanic takeover of WNET, and a fine Burkean editorial on the subject as well ("The Federal Communications Commission has defended the city's public television station against improper interference bordering on censorship"), I noticed the following item in its business section:

> William T. Gladmon, director of development of television station WETA in Washington, recently returned to public television after a six-year absence. The big change he's noticed is that now when he makes a pitch to a corporation he no longer needs to explain what public television is. "They are much more responsive than in 1962," he recalls of his early days. "Then they didn't even understand it."...
>
> He and four other men put on presentations last year for 60 corporations, presentations that stressed the high quality of the station's supporters and viewers and the public-relations benefits of underwriting.
>
> The title of the flip-chart presentation that they use is "Public Television—A Viable Alternative."... An underwriter, the presentation pointed out, gets identification with quality programming, merchandisability, and uncluttered environment, and a quality audience of opinion makers.
>
> And the brief corporate identification at the end of the program ("brought to you—or made possible by—a grant from") is, in the words of Mr. Depew [director of corporate underwriting for WNET], "just the tip of the iceberg."

Perhaps it is only a matter of technics once again triumphing in our national life, which is to say that the men and women whom we have asked to establish public broadcasting have doubtless become so involved in the maintenance and expansion of this establishment that there has been little significant opportunity for reëxamining the type or orientation of the structure. At any rate, it might be a good idea to somehow contrive a public conversation in the nation soon on the subject of what the public would like to have broadcast on its stations—keeping in mind that there have been innumerable self-serving interpretations of what this "public" consists of, and there will probably be more in the future, but that none have been so abusive of the best spirit of this country as those which have tried to impose, however reasonably, a homogeneity when there was none. As matters stand, the suggestion that, after all the patience and effort that have gone into the development of a public-television system, its broadcasts should be directed primarily at a "quality audience of opinion makers" is an irony that Arthur Schnitzler might well appreciate.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN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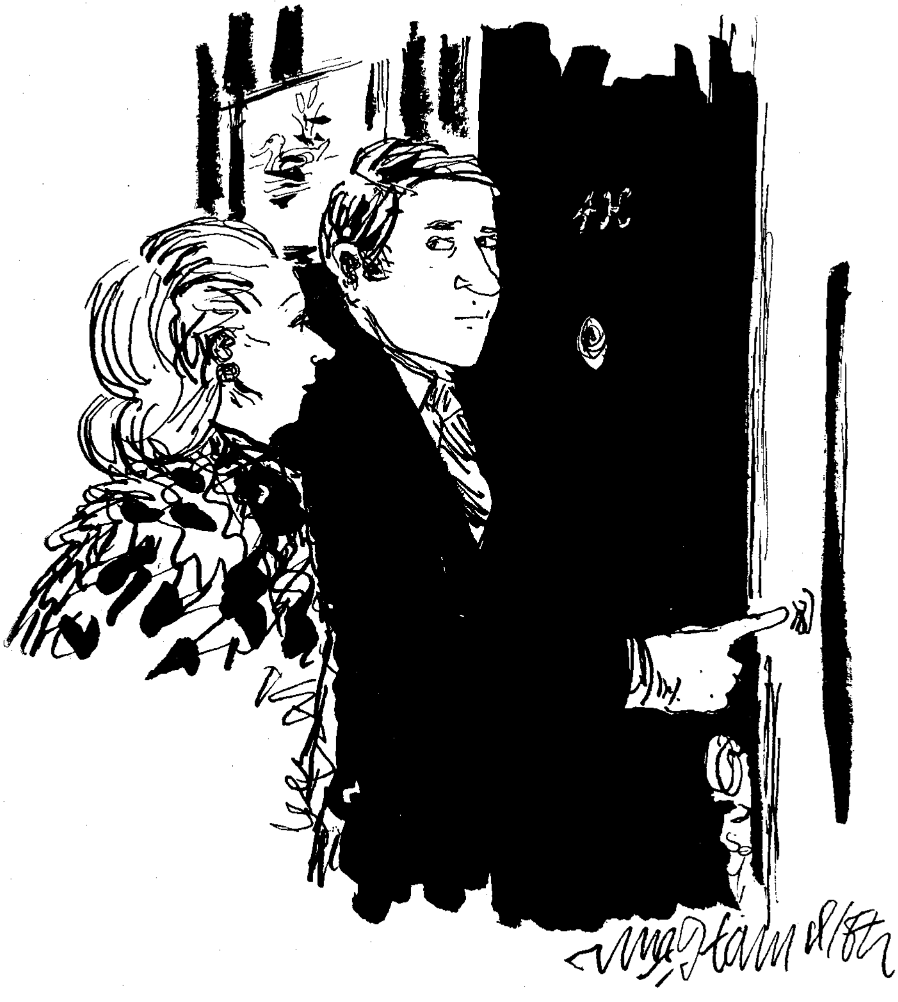
AROUND CITY HALL

COMPARISONS

POLITICALLY, 1974 was an odd year in this city. During the entire twelve months, both in Albany and downtown at City Hall, and for most of the final five months of the year in Washington, the most notable attribute of New Yorkers' top political leaders seemed to be that each chief executive was not his predecessor. Day after day, the public performance of these leaders was assessed not by any objective standard but by a calculation of how differently things would have been done by those who had held the office just before them. In Washington, such comparisons had frightening and tragic overtones, while in Albany the contrast between the dynamic, oceangoing Nelson Rockefeller and his Latin-spouting successor, Malcolm Wilson, who was clearly out of his depth, verged on the slapstick. At City Hall, the situation was often more like a farce, especially as events there were reported from time to time by the local press.

In the White House, President Ford and his staff did not, of course, make explicit public statements comparing him favorably with the man he had succeeded, and in Albany Governor Wilson, who owed his entire career to Rockefeller, liked to describe the former governor as "my noble predecessor." Down at Mayor Abraham Beame's office, the plot was different. When Beame was elected mayor, in November of 1973, his defeated opponents did not include John Lindsay, who hadn't run for a third term, but there is little doubt that many of the New Yorkers who voted for Beame did so because they accepted his supporters' view that he would preside over City Hall with shrewd efficiency and, more important, with fiscal prudence (after all, he had long served in the city's Bureau of the Budget and had twice been elected city comptroller, and his campaign slogan was "Abe Knows the Buck"), and thus offered a welcome change from the incumbent. During his first few months in office, Beame and his staff—the Beame team, as they were popularly known—often seemed to be under the impression that the phantom Beame-versus-Lindsay mayoral campaign was still in progress. It was a rare City Hall interview that didn't contrast the new mayor directly or implicitly with Lindsay, who was portrayed, for the purpose of such comparisons, as an improvident and contentious showoff. A common theme of the interviews was that, besides being wonderfully restful and far more conducive to getting the city's work done, the new, quieter mayoral style would bring a significant improvement in the city's critical financial situation. Three weeks after Beame took office, during preliminary negotiations for increased state funds for the city in the coming fiscal year, Beame's budget director, Melvin Lechner, noted that City Hall's noisy annual warfare with Albany was a thing of the past. "An air of coöperation and working together now exists between the state and the city," he said. "Instead of beating the drums to create a panic-and-crisis situation, we are meeting and communicating in a professional way." A few weeks later, the Mayor himself called in reporters to announce a contract settlement between the city and the Transport Workers Union and pointed out that, in contrast with previous years, the negotiations had been conducted in an entirely harmonious atmosphere. "Usually, acrimony only creates more problems," said Beame, "and it costs more money."

The press could hardly operate in the field of politics without ritually comparing a new administration with the one that preceded it, but it was Beame's good fortune that during most of his first year in office those who persisted with that routine virtually always conformed to the Beame-team formula and gave the new mayor by far the best of things. The view of Beame as an earnest, low-key figure with old-shoe manners and a distaste for public display, a Foxy Grandpa forever putting things over on more pretentious types while effectively running the city "in contrast with his predecessor," as the refrain went, was a particularly popular one in the news columns of the *Times*. In those pages during one two-week period last June, for example, Beame was given high marks (in contrast with his predecessor) for not disguising city hiring policies with "televised rhetoric," not playing up and using his mayoral position to further his political ambitions, not creating hostility toward the city, not investing minor events with "an aura of high drama," not having presided over "eight go-go



"Now, please don't try to fill the room with your presence."

years" at City Hall, and not being an obtrusive six feet four inches tall. As might have been expected, considering Beame's reputation for fiscal expertise, the favorable comparisons came thick and fast during last spring's crisis over the passing of the new mayor's first city expense budget, which he offered with the explanation that it was severely handicapped by the $1.5 billion deficit "I inherited from my predecessor," whom he blamed for having indulged in excessive borrowing for the budget of the year before rather than practicing Beame-style pay-as-you-go prudence. Recollections in the *Times* of Lindsay's annual "histrionics" over the city's fiscal plight and the "horribles" that he foresaw if no further state aid was forthcoming were contrasted with his successor's even tone and relative dependability in the matter of budget estimates. "Lindsay used to fake those figures," the *Times* quoted an old City Hall hand as saying.

IN the car as he rode to his inauguration on January 1, 1974, the new mayor angrily complained to a *Times* reporter that his departing predecessor was being loaded with editorial-page "encomiums" when the fact was that he had left Beame with a terrible fiscal mess on his hands. ("In public statements, he never spoke so bluntly," the reporter later noted; blunt statements to a member of the press, however, are one way of going public.) The encomium that no doubt especially exasperated Beame was a double-column editorial in the *Times* bidding Lindsay farewell and assessing his years in office in terms that seemed a bit overblown even to the most devout Lindsay supporters. (On the *Times* Op-Ed page the day after the inauguration, August Heckscher, the head of the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration under the former mayor, wrote that in his estimation "John Lindsay suffered from the defect of his chief virtue: an instinctive tendency to raise men's hopes.") The tone of the *Times* editorial was reminiscent of the kind of intense Lindsay partisanship that had once prevailed among some local newspaper publishers. A number of reporters and sub-editors still recall, with a sense of outrage, the *Herald Tribune* president Walter Thayer's walking into his paper's city room the night of Lindsay's 1965 upset victory—over Abe Beame, as it happened—and remarking, "Well, we *did* it!" It was an attitude that had undoubtedly given Mayor Lindsay a poor start toward any popularity he

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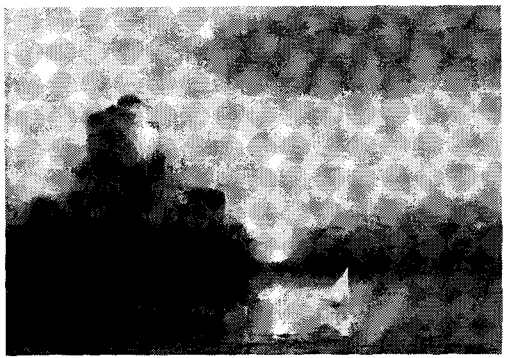

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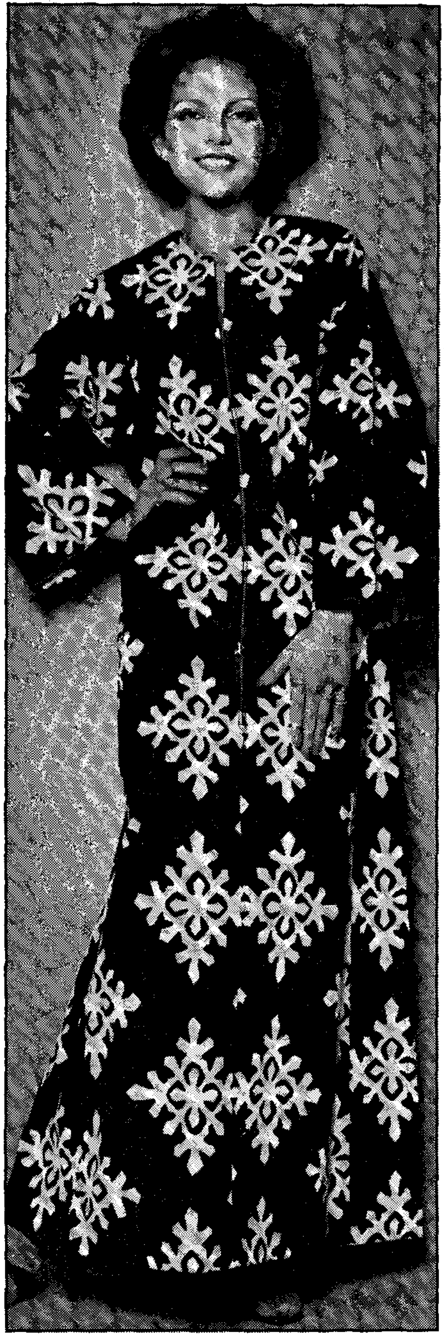
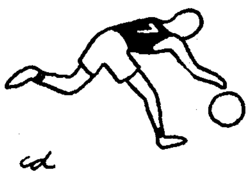


might have had with working City Hall reporters. During his final years in office, coverage of Lindsay in the *Times* news columns was especially unfriendly, while those responsible for the paper's editorials still tended to give him the benefit of any doubts.

With Beame's arrival at City Hall, it was once more a case of what page of the *Times* you read, except that the view of the mayor's office which was reflected in the two *Times* departments had been reversed with comic suddenness. While the news columns dealt with the new mayor in generally approving terms (at least, in comparison with his predecessor), the editorial writers, apparently making the opposite judgment, more often than not gave him a rough time of it. When his early appointments weren't denounced as "blatantly political," they were questioned as involving probable conflict of interest. Of one "watchdog" appointment, the *Times* suggested, "It might be better to start with a watchdog who won't need watching," and of the appointment of Irving Goldman, an old friend and financial supporter of Beame's, as cultural-affairs commissioner, it noted that the Mayor and his staff apparently believed that "since culture and campaign contributions both begin with a 'c' there is some connection between them." Last week, Goldman was indicted by a special state grand jury on fifteen counts of bribery, grand larceny, perjury, and conspiracy for actions, including those involving city agencies, before and during his City Hall tenure.



But Beame's claim that the vast deficit in his first expense budget had been inherited from a fiscally feckless John Lindsay was what aroused the strongest indignation in the *Times* editorial writers. "Former Controller Beame apparently thinks New Yorkers have short memories" was their comment as they placed the blame for the whole situation on the new mayor's "pre-election expediency." For the budget of a year earlier, they insisted, Lindsay had "accepted virtually intact a series of Beame proposals that balanced the budget through such fiscal gimmickry as long-term borrowing, deferred payments and depleted contingency reserves." That editorial added, "Mr. Beame, then facing a crucial primary, was widely hailed as the fiscal wizard who had saved the city from a big real estate tax rise." A few weeks later, the heading on an editorial about the 1974 Beame budget was "The Old Flim-Flam Game." It was a good day for the Mayor to seek comfort from other sections of the *Times*.

OVER at the *News*, during Mayor Beame's first months in office, it was another case of what page of the paper you read. The *News* had given Beame its all-out editorial endorsement in the mayoral race (the *Times* had endorsed State Assemblyman Albert Blumenthal), but among local politicians the view has been widely held, especially in recent years, that *News* reporters tend to consider all officeholders their natural enemies. (Moreover, since a number of those assigned to cover city government are on the young side, as City Hall reporters go, they may be less inclined to give Beame points just for not being Lindsay, whose loudly trumpeted arrival took place back when they were hardly out of high school.) Soon after the new mayor took office, the *News* began running a series of articles analyzing his performance as city comptroller. Among other things, the paper reported that despite his reputation for knowing the buck, the seven billion dollars' worth of pension funds of city employees, which he was charged with investing, had never brought as high a return as they would have in an ordinary savings bank—that, in fact, during part of his tenure they had earned only a little over two per cent annually.

On its editorial page, the *News* had commended Beame for restoring the merit system to City Hall after a long absence during the Lindsay years. In his first week as mayor, Beame announced that thenceforth city administrators would be required to hire the top scorer in any civil-service examination, as calculated to the last decimal point, instead of being allowed to consider the candidates' other qualifications and to choose among the top three scorers, which had been the rule under Lindsay. No more was heard from the *News* editorial writers on this subject, however, after one of the paper's reporters discovered that a candidate for a job with the Beame team who was well connected politically but had failed a civil-service test for a $17,450-a-year position with the Housing and Development Administration had soon afterward been rewarded by Beame with a $32,726-a-year position as deputy commissioner of the Department of Correction. When the man was sworn in without the usual City Hall fanfare, behind closed doors, the *News* reported that, too. Much later in the year, after the Mayor had described the pain it gave him to have to fire thousands of city employees, as the city's financial situation required, a reporter revealed that the new austerity had not prevented Beame from keeping his own rabbi on the city payroll at thirty-two thousand dollars a year. Presumably, it was no surprise to Beame that the reporter in question was from the *News*.

The *News* reporters' devious political operator at City Hall reappeared in the paper's editorial columns as the municipal statesman the *News* had hailed in an inauguration-day editorial as "the right man in the right job at the right time." *News* editorial writers had enjoyed lambasting the city's mayors for as long as most people could remember, and in the liberal and arrogant John Lindsay they had found the target of their dreams. Indeed, it often seemed that the full time of at least one editorial employee was spent devising outrageous epithets for the man who was then mayor. On one occasion, when the editorial writers discovered that they approved of something he had done, an exculpatory preamble was considered necessary: "Even a John Lindsay has to have a passable idea once in his life." The popular term for the *News* political philosophy is "reactionary," which could mean that it is preoccupied with the past. Curiously, however, except for a very few such exercises ("In contrast to the sloppy way the Lindsay administration totted up its annual spending programs Mayor Abe Beame's first capital budget is a tightly drawn, carefully pruned piece of work"), after the changeover in mayors the *News* showed a minimum of interest in the "in contrast with his predecessor" routine, and references to its former favorite whipping boy dwindled rapidly, appearing only in routine coverage of Lindsay's new careers as television commentator and movie actor. The *News* television columnist, Kay Gardella, suggested last August that a former officeholder's swift embrace of the theatrical trade was an insult to the noble profession of politics—although in the summer of 1974 it might have seemed that the insult was the other way around.

With the advent of the new mayor, *News* editorial attention to City Hall became considerably more respectful—and sparser. Mistakes taken note of

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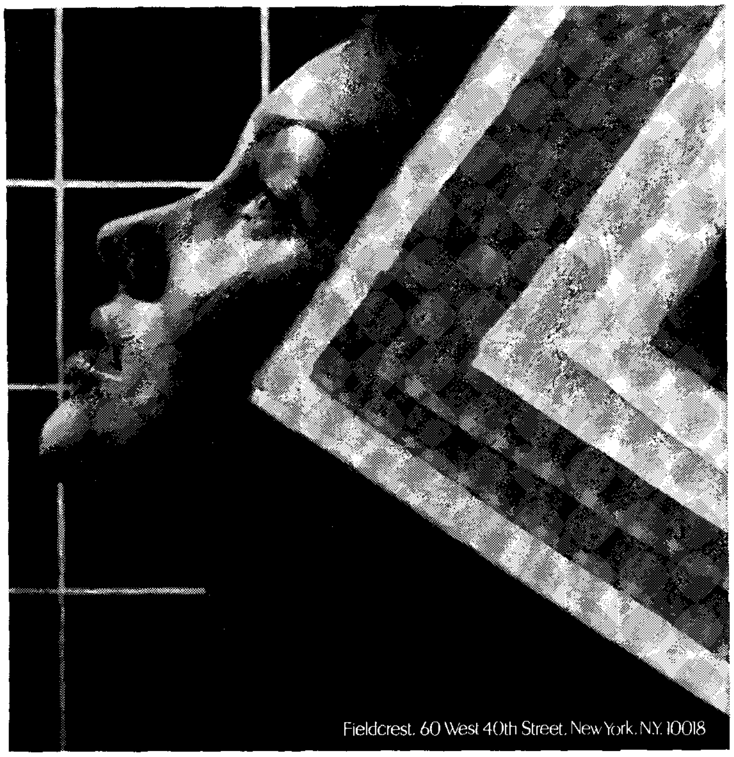

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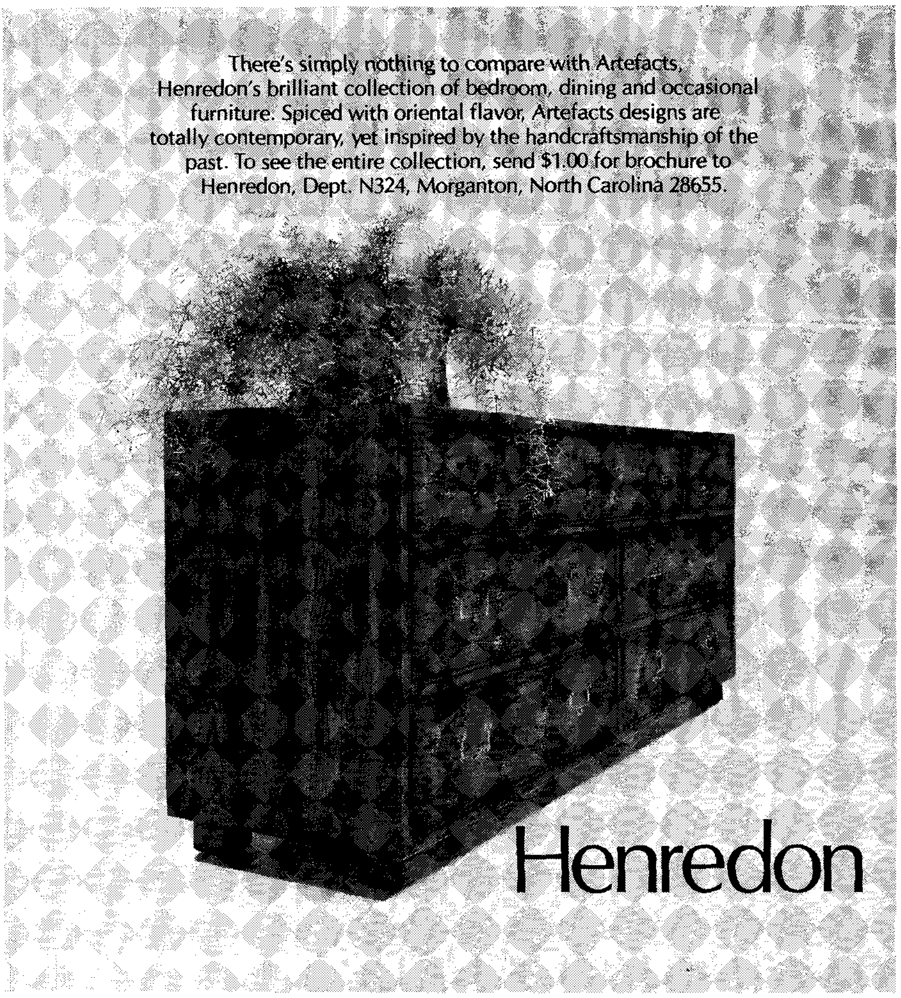

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were usually laid not to Beame but to an anonymous "City Hall hierarchy." As the months went by, the protective tone abated, but only last summer did the *News* editorial writers really get back into the swing of things. During July and August, Mayor Beame went through one of those periods, familiar also in the lives of non-politicians, when absolutely everything seems to go wrong. In July, it was revealed that, beginning a few months earlier, a city computer had gone wild, spewing out some seven and a half million dollars in welfare checks to recipients whose cases had been formally closed. Many checks had already been cashed and would undoubtedly be very hard for even a fiscal wizard to retrieve. Soon afterward, Beame's successor as comptroller, Harrison Goldin, began to issue his celebrated series of reports, commissioned from independent accounting firms, assessing the operation of the comptroller's office, particularly during the Beame years. The studies revealed that, as the earlier *News* series had suggested, the office had for some years been considerably less than a model of fiscal efficiency and was notable instead for mislaid securities, illegible records, and non-balancing city bank accounts. About the same time, City Hall released the details of the city's new contracts with the heads of the uniformed civil-service unions, which gave the lowest-ranking fireman, for example, nearly twenty-seven thousand dollars a year in salary and fringe benefits and a sanitation man ninety per cent of that. "Read It and Weep" was the headline on the *News* editorial about this development. The paper's reaction to the whole series of Beame debacles at City Hall was a disrespectful "Clean Up This Mess!" ("This casual attitude toward public money was not what we expected—or were led to expect—of Mayor Beame," the *News* complained the next day. "So far, we have seen little evidence . . . of the hard-nosed, no-nonsense manager of fiscal affairs that His Honor was cracked up to be.") Once again editorial disillusionment with the Mayor was rooted in money—the particular area, perhaps, where he had raised men's hopes.

After that, it was no great shock to find the *News*, as in the old John Lindsay days, calling for "fiscal sanity" at City Hall and accusing Mayor Beame of "jiggery-pokery" with the city's money problems—a procedure presumably not unrelated to the flim-flam game. Now even in the *Times* news columns Beame's statements on

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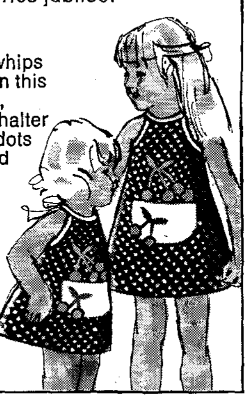

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city finances are often described as mayoral "claims," and there was no stir of public astonishment when, earlier this month, the Citizens Budget Commission, a private watchdog agency, announced that the $11.1 billion total assigned to the city budget passed last spring was largely a phony accommodation to avoid the politically unpopular imposition of additional taxes. The actual total, said the commission, was $12.5 billion, and the difference had to be borrowed by selling short-term notes at horrendous rates of interest. In a year's time, the Mayor has suffered a considerable loss of credibility in the field closest to his heart. "Ninety-nine per cent of his ego is wrapped up around his fiscal knowledge," a City Hall aide said a few months ago to a reporter for the *Post* (whose tiny City Hall staff manages to cover local government in an effective and often enterprising fashion). It is impossible not to sympathize with the Mayor in his predicament, and impossible, also, not to sympathize with those towns having only a single newspaper of monolithic viewpoint, where if a politician suffers such a loss word of it may not get around for a long time.

OVER the last half year or so, the variations in the local press coverage of Beame have evened out somewhat, and the *Times* news columns have more often carried reports that could conceivably cause the Mayor's office some distress. A front-page *Times* article last September, for example, described the city's Department of Consumer Affairs under Beame as "decimated by personnel losses" and "demoralized" by the new administration's lack of enthusiasm for pursuing consumer complaints against local businesses and, in one case, by a request (from Irving Goldman) for the department to "go easy" on a businessman who had contributed to the Beame campaign. (During the *Times* traditional end-of-the-year interview with the Mayor, however, no troublesome questions were asked when Beame listed as one of his important achievements the enlargement of the Consumer Affairs Department.) A few weeks ago, another long article described in detail how Beame, since he took office, had insisted on filling the city-employee rolls with members in good standing of local Democratic clubhouses, in order to build up the Party organization. The article noted that Beame supporters could well argue that Lindsay had done the same

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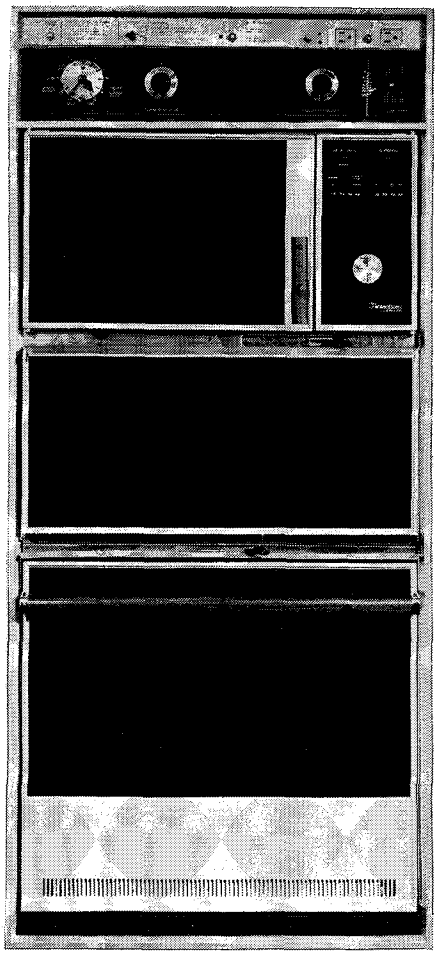

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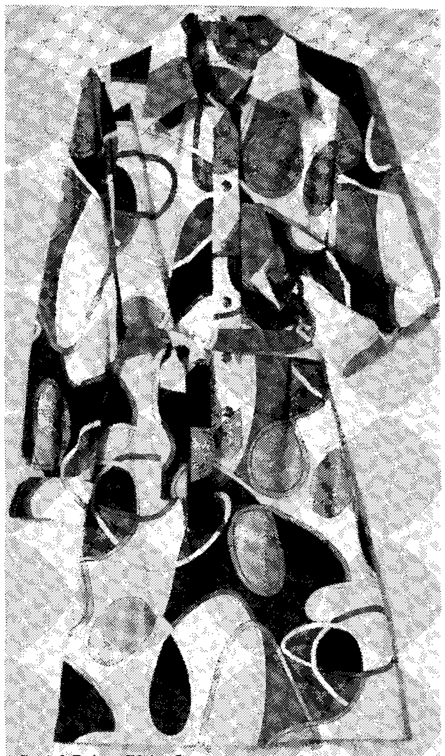
thing with his political friends, who were described as "young, 'mod,' energetic and, to use a term that his administration favored, 'innovative' " employees hired for the purpose of building up Lindsay's personal power base. On the *Times* editorial page, however, it was apparently felt that this version of things did not do Lindsay justice. After deploring Beame's addiction to political cronyism, the editorial commented, "The contrast with the Lindsay administration's frequent use of patronage to improve the city's middle management levels is striking."

Being different from one's predecessor is not always enough. As it happens, the Beame administration's non-acrimonious and allegedly less costly negotiations between the city and the Transport Workers Union last year have turned out to be enormously expensive, not only in terms of that one contract, which included a cost-of-living escalator clause, but also in terms of all the other contracts with local union members, who will insist on the same deal. The agreement has thus proved to be the opposite of a political asset, and the Mayor recently issued a disclaimer that he had had anything to do with it.

Nor has the new "air of coöperation . . . between the state and the city" done the city much good. A hundred-million-dollar loan from the state to help save the thirty-five-cent fare must be paid back, and as a trade-off for the setting up of the Stabilization Reserve Fund, which allows the city to borrow even more money for other purposes, Beame agreed to support a Republican-sponsored move to oblige Consolidated Edison by having the state buy two Con Edison plants, one in Westchester and one in the city. Not only will the city, which pays over fifty per cent of state taxes, contribute half the cost of the purchase but there has now been permanently removed from the city's real-estate-tax rolls an installation that formerly contributed eleven million dollars annually to help balance its budget. "They kept telling me they couldn't help us last year up in Albany, because the Governor and everybody else was running for re-election," Beame complained recently. But it is when the governor and everybody else is running for reëlection that the city, with its large number of votes, traditionally comes out way ahead in Albany. In both 1966 and 1970, which were also gubernatorial-election years, the city's representatives left the state capital loaded down with



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substantial handouts and also substantial, and long-sought, privileges, including the right to levy taxes on city residents and commuters—revenues that New York could not manage without today. Those prizes weren't won without some exhausting histrionics, however. When the 1966 negotiations were over, Lindsay was described by the *Times* as looking "like someone had just rescued him from the sharks." Mayor Joseph Alioto, of San Francisco, recently described the role of mayors as that of "professional moaners." And, indeed, Mayor Beame has slightly raised his voice and even threatened a few horribles, such as a sharp increase in the city's crime rate if more money for public-works jobs wasn't forthcoming, during recent hat-in-hand trips not only to Washington but to Albany, where, unfortunately, there isn't another election for governor until 1978.

MANY even of those millions of Americans who were once prepared never to ask anything more of Gerald Ford than that he not be Richard Nixon are now loudly clamoring for Presidential action on the country's current ailments. In Albany, of course, there's *another new* governor, who was sworn in only this January, and Hugh Carey can hardly get much political mileage out of comparing himself with his briefly tenured predecessor, whose name is rapidly slipping everyone's mind. The word that everybody's on his own now may not have quite got through to City Hall. In his discussions of the city budget for the coming fiscal year, Mayor Beame again mentioned the $1.5 billion deficit "inherited from my predecessor." No one paid any attention, however—not even the *Times* editorial writers, who also resisted the temptation to play last year's game by pointing out during the most recent City Hall financial crisis (the city couldn't find any takers for an issue of short-term notes and was in danger of not being able to meet its next week's payroll, until it finally found a bank willing to buy $537 million worth of notes at a record rate of interest that would cost the city an additional $44.6 million) that if Lindsay were still mayor someone would surely have mentioned that this kind of thing would never happen if Abe Beame were in charge of things at City Hall.

Last year's game does still have its followers, and late last month an article appeared at the bottom of the first page of the *Times* comparing the

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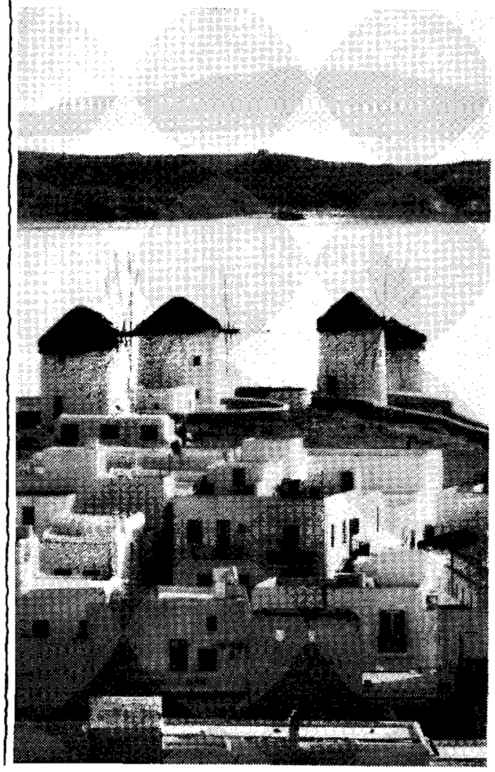
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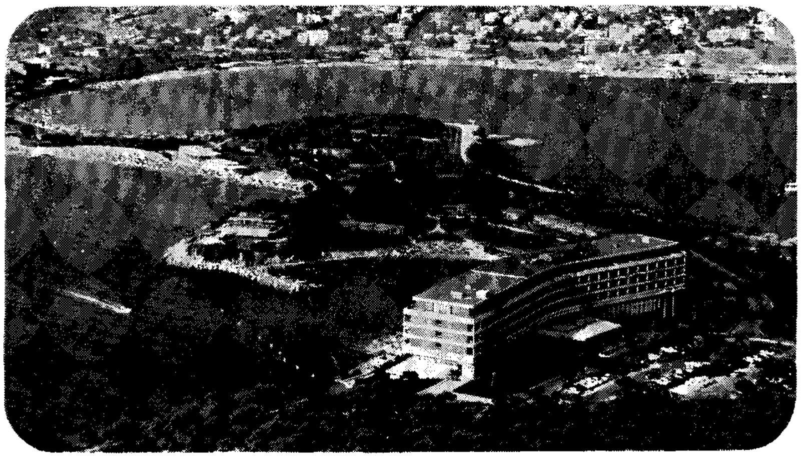

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Beame team's productivity program, which is supposed to measure the effectiveness of city operations, with productivity under Lindsay. But for one of the few times that anyone could remember since the present mayor took office a Beame-versus-Lindsay comparison in the news columns of the *Times* gave Beame the worst of it. Under Beame, the article pointed out, potholes were no longer being filled at their former pace, because nobody was keeping an eye on the pothole fillers, and the streets were now dirtier, because the Beame administration had yielded to union pressure and dropped a Lindsay-era agreement with the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association requiring more men to work on Mondays to clean up after the weekend. The article also passed along the rumor that Beame department heads were deliberately setting productivity goals low, so that their records would look better.

Two weeks later, however, ample amends were made. In a more prominent story—under a two-column head at the top of the front page on a Sunday—another reporter assured *Times* readers that, according to the Beame administration's own statistics, its productivity record was far better than Lindsay's had been. A new air of cooperation was said to exist between the city and the unions. Fewer potholes were now being filled, the *Times* reporter explained, because there were fewer potholes, and the reason less garbage was being picked up was that there was less garbage. Robert Bott, Beame's deputy budget director, was quoted in the story as saying, "We're doing things the Lindsay administration never dreamed of."

—ANDY LOGAN

•

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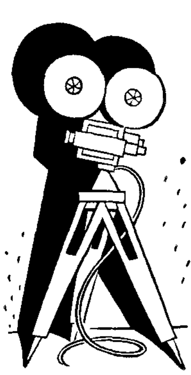

WHILE most of the artists in Hollywood fight the constraints of genre pictures, some highly successful directors, who can do what they want, are so hipped on their own adolescent movie dreams—or the princely sums the studios offer them—that they try to re-create the magic of old Hollywood. Peter Bogdanovich's "At Long Last Love," George Roy Hill's "The Great Waldo Pepper," and Sydney Pollack's "The Yakuza" are all movie-spawned adolescent fantasies gone wrong.

"At Long Last Love" is the saddest—a stillborn picture, without a whisper of a chance to recoup its six-and-a-half-million-dollar cost. Using sixteen Cole Porter songs as a basis, Bogdanovich has written a pastiche of a thirties romantic-mixup script, and he has attempted to make a picture in the Art Deco Lubitsch-Paramount manner—not thirties musical-comedy style filtered through a seventies imagination but early musical comedy brought back just as it was. Of course, he can't, and we can't look at his bored millionaire playboy (Burt Reynolds) and spoiled heiress (Cybill Shepherd) the way we looked at the characters in the Paramount musicals. Theatrical forms and movie genres—such as the musical, the gallant-aviator film, the gangster picture—develop out of bargains struck between the past and the present, the artists and the audience. Each form has its set of conventions that audiences accept for a while; then the conventions, hollowed out, lose their zing, and the forms change. There's no way to retrieve the general frame of mind that the early musicals came out of. Bogdanovich may long for their "purity" and the innocence of the values enshrined in them; he may want to test himself against the revered directors of the past. But "At Long Last Love" is an infantile film, and the Cole Porter songs don't help it. At the time the songs were written, the people who sang them felt daringly naughty; when they're performed as they are here, with every last syllable of chat in place, their antique smartness sounds smug. Now that Cole Porter's once expurgated double-entendres can be heard in a G-rated picture, it should be a warning to the moviemakers that the concept of raciness and wicked charm has had its day. Burt Reynolds and Cybill Shepherd can't sing or dance, but probably the picture wouldn't be a success even if they could, because the roots of Bogdanovich's script atrophied during the Second World War. The Broadway songstress (Madeline Kahn), the debonair immigrant gambler (Duilio Del Prete), the unflappable valet (John Hillerman), and the comic Irish maid (Eileen Brennan) belong to a make-believe world cut adrift.

Bogdanovich has no point of view toward this upper-crust society in which the gentleman's gentleman is more formal than his master, in which the lady's maid is her mistress's confidante, in which the only pastimes are falling in love and spending the millions that relatives obligingly drop in one's lap. You wonder that Bogdanovich had the energy to push ahead with this relentless vapidity. Clearly, it represents fun to him, but since he never shows us why it does, it doesn't mean anything to us. The directors in the thirties knew why they were working in the form, and we knew why: it was light, romantic escapism—stylized happiness. But we no longer escape the same way, and we don't understand why Bogdanovich wants to. I'm not certain what it is that Bogdanovich wants from the movie past, but I don't think it's safety; I think he's genuinely pulled backward. His films show no interest in the present; they don't even allude to it. Bogdanovich's casting is erratic, and his actors don't fill their roles, but his star-creation, Cybill Shepherd, had something in "The Last Picture Show": she was desirable in a mean, Gloria-Grahame-like way. She didn't have Grahame's marvellous trashiness (or her acting control, either), but she aroused the same vindictive masculinity. Men wanted to get at her to wipe the jeering smile off her face. Bogdanovich engendered these ambivalent feelings toward her: an overgrown baton twirler, she was a projection of men's resentment of the bitch-princesses they're drawn to. Within her limited role in "The Heartbreak Kid," Cybill Shepherd was effective, but she's an object, not a star; people don't feel for her and don't identify with her. And this was a big problem in Bogdanovich's last film, "Daisy Miller;" we needed to empathize with Daisy's harmless gaucherie and respond to her naïve independence, but when Shepherd spoke she was hard and snippy and mechanical, rattling on so artificially that she sounded half mad. She got better as the picture went along; though her only way of showing emotion is through slightly blurred eyes and a stare, her opacity and her inexperience as an actress began to be affecting—they almost matched up with Daisy's unworldliness. The film was unevenly directed and too stilted to succeed, but it was a genuine attempt, and it was by no means a shameful failure. "At Long Last Love" is. It seems to be designed as a showcase for Cybill Shepherd's musical-comedy talents, and she's a hopeless amateur, flouncing around and mistaking sullenness for airiness. You can't ignore her, because she keeps trying, and yet you don't have the sympathy for her that you did in "Daisy Miller." Not projecting onto her, not showing any emotion toward her, Bogdanovich reveals her as empty. Madeline Kahn is the real pastry here; she prisses the biggest bee-sting mouth you've ever seen, and she has lavish, teasing thighs in her "Find Me a Primitive Man" number. But all that the pros can do, actually, is make you miss them when the deadhead amateurs are on. Reynolds, attempting to turn his deadhead status to some advantage, tries for super-relaxation, adopting the sloshed-yet-still-ambulatory style of Dean Martin, but he looks incredulous, as if he couldn't figure out how he got turned into such a lunk.

Bogdanovich, despite his immersion in movies, directs scenes like the earlier directors trained in the theatre. You're always aware of the scene's having been set up, of the actors as actors. He has a nice sense of how long a scene should run, but, like a man of the theatre, he concentrates almost totally on story and feelings. He doesn't have the fluency that marks so many of the best young directors of his generation, here and abroad. An enjoyable movie of his, like "Paper Moon," is thin; there's no real conviction under it, because in movies conviction comes partly from the atmosphere—the sense of life surrounding the action—and in Bogdanovich's movies there's hardly any. He probably didn't intend to distance the thirties period of "Paper Moon" but did it unconsciously: he gave us the desolate, empty thirties as modern romantics see them. People too young to have known

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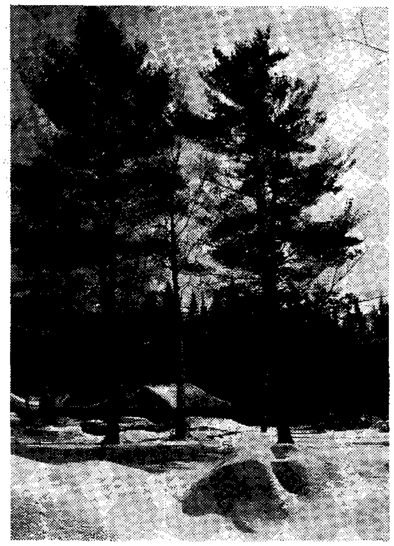

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the period might think his vision realistic—might think the past had been a time drained of color and life. Bogdanovich has the ability to communicate the emotions that his characters can't fully articulate. He has a feeling for hurt but little delicacy in expressing it; his approach to human emotion is rather blunt, yet he gets there. In moments—Cybill Shepherd's Daisy, unable to say what she feels as she looks at the man she wants to love her, or Timothy Bottoms' blocked face in "The Last Picture Show" as he reaches out to someone, part way—Bogdanovich shows an understanding of loneliness. If he doesn't have enough film technique for his movies to have an illusion of life, these images nevertheless make direct contact with the audience. He has a real gift for simple, popular movies; he can tell basic stories that will satisfy a great many people, and this is not a common talent. But he's not developing it—he's not giving full emotional involvement to his own films. When he plays around with past forms without putting them into today's terms, there's no narrative pull to his plots. In "What's Up, Doc?" it was impossible to care whether Streisand would be on the plane with Ryan O'Neal at the end, and in "At Long Last Love" one has no interest in whether it is Reynolds or Del Prete who is meant to be in love with Shepherd—or with Kahn. The romance in "At Long Last Love" must be between Bogdanovich and old movies, and the terrible thing is we don't feel that, either.

CONSUMERS today are being sold sweaters labelled "100% Virgin Acrylic," and George Roy Hill makes movies that are 100% pure plastic. "The Great Waldo Pepper" doesn't mar, and wipes clean with a damp cloth. It's a new version of the gallant-aviator movies, such as "The Lost Squadron," of 1932, in which Richard Dix and Joel McCrea played aviators, unemployed after the First World War was over, who went out to Hollywood and became stunt men, re-creating the air battles they'd been in. This one starts in 1926, with Waldo (Robert Redford) as a barnstorming pilot with a gift of gab; the William Goldman script is coldhearted and clever—scene after scene ends with a snapper. Hill brings back the Wasp world of old movies intact. After a day of taking up Nebraskans for five-dollar rides in his biplane, Waldo sits down to dinner with a farm family, and his flowing white shirt is so star-bright he seems to be saying "Fly

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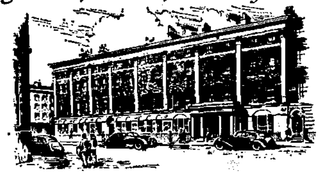

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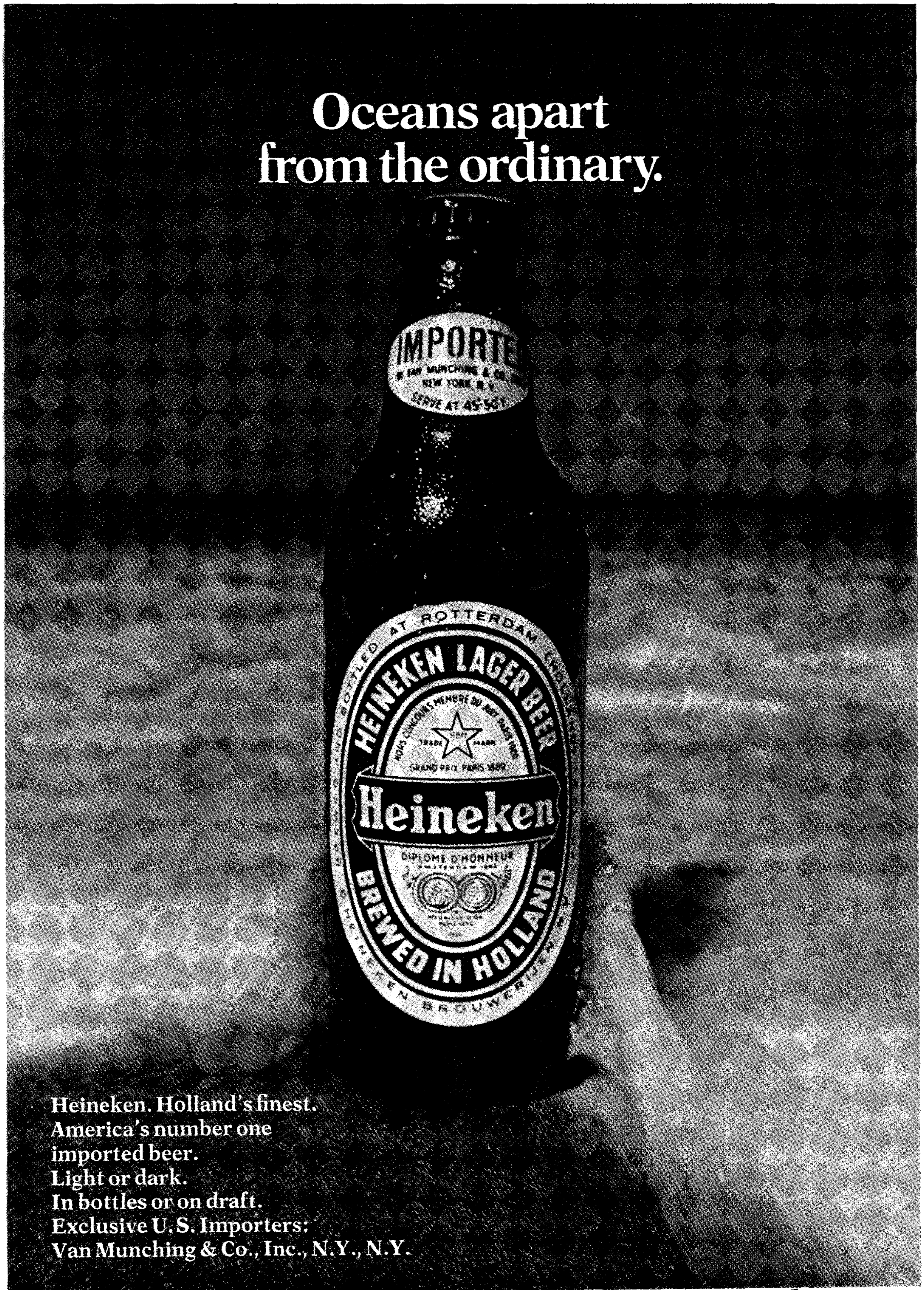
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me." You know how lovable Waldo is, because he has taken the farmer's little boy up for a ride, along with the kid's devoted dog. The boy is blond and old-movie freckled, and he's going to grow up to be just like Waldo, whom he idolizes; we know we're meant to think that the boy is Waldo as he once was. (The hero worship is a bit ingrown.) Little freckle-face isn't Redford's big romance, though. Waldo has a dream of battling it out in the skies with the No. 1 Imperial German ace, Ernst Kessler (Bo Brundin), whom he never got to fight during the war; when he reaches Hollywood, he meets Kessler, who's doing stunt work on the same picture he is. They adore each other, of course, and engage in philosophical conversations exquisitely calibrated for dim-witted ten-year-old males. Since they're both hooked on the glory of life in the clouds, and there's room for only one god up there, they turn a mock battle into a real one, and fight it out. It hardly seems necessary: Kessler is given to such maundering, ponderous thoughts he's practically the Eric Sevareid of the skies; he could bore his adversaries to death.

I can't tell if Americans will like this movie, but I think Hitler would have drunk a toast to it. It's a paean to purification through heroism, with the heroes fighting for the love of fighting and to determine who is the better man. Waldo and Kessler salute each other like lovers, and ram each other's plane. (George Roy Hill is such a straight, impersonal director that even this choice bit of homoeroticism has no kick. The picture might have been saved if Paul Newman had played the German—and had delivered the mystic poetry and paradoxes in a Sid Caesar dialect.) The offensive part of the fliers' adolescent-male-fantasy system is the contempt for the common folk down below. In one sequence, in the Nebraska days, Waldo's buddy Ezra (Edward Herrmann) crashes and is pinned under his plane. Waldo tries to pull him out, and then a spectator carelessly drops a cigarette and ignites the wreckage. Waldo appeals to the crowd of men who have gathered, begging for their help, but the thrill-seeking yokels just gape. He picks up a board and bludgeons his suffering friend on the head to spare him pain. This is only the most flamboyant of the incidents in which Hill and Goldman, both big-city boys, show their contempt for Midwesterners. Do they have to turn men who work on the ground into clods in order to push their five-and-a-half-million-dollar myth about the nobility in the sky which makes Waldo and Kessler spiritual brothers?

The picture actually celebrates the shortness of these aviators' lives: at the end, we're given the dates 1895-1931 for Waldo Pepper, the stunt flier, as if he had died a hero, *for us*. Hill seems to be enamored of the idea of the hollowness of tragedy, but at the point where this is being revealed (as at the end of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid") he freezes it for an ambiguous comment. Maybe we're supposed to take it as a comment on heroism, but it's more like a comment on eternal stardom. (Waldo died with his youthful beauty untarnished.) There is also an attempt to latch on to the last-of-the-individualists glamour-gimmick by calling Waldo "the greatest natural flier around" and setting him down in the period when commercial aviation was coming in. The director is credited with the story on which Goldman based the screenplay, but the sources are obvious. This movie was made by men who have a big stake in movies' not growing up. Goldman wrote "Butch Cassidy," which put Redford right over the top, and Hill and Redford did "The Sting" together. These movies, too, were by-products of old movies, and they weren't really much better than "The Great Waldo Pepper." The film's understatement almost amounts to a style: total inauthenticity. In this uniquely modish universe, when anyone speaks his heart the pretty sentiments sit on his head like a dunce cap. When Waldo is told that he's going to need a license to fly, he cries out, "Are you going to license the clouds?" The passion Redford brings to the lines that should be thrown away is a key to what's going wrong with him as an actor. He suggests that there's no reason for him to try to know the character he plays; it's as if the character was complete as soon as Redford got fitted for his wardrobe.

Redford goes through some perfunctory sex scenes with Margot Kidder. She's normally a sexy actress, but Hill has turned her into a dishrag; she's there to prove that Waldo can—not that he wants to. In a Goldman script, the men are really pubescent boys, and the romance in their lives is

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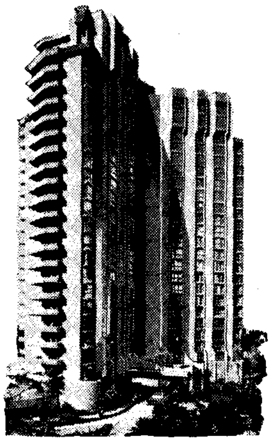

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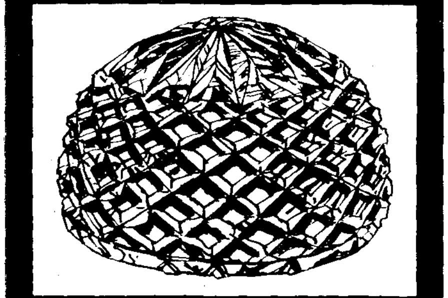

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fixated forever on boy games. Goldman's flip sense of humor, with its casual cruelty, enables the games to seem new. Early in the picture, carefree Waldo takes the landing wheels off another barnstorming flier's plane, so that it will crash, collects money from a crowd of onlookers for the pilot, and then, with a rakish smile, makes off with it. The only thing that distinguishes the hero from a rotten son of a bitch who enjoys mutilating people, and cheating them besides, is that captivating Redford grin. The heroes in "Butch Cassidy" were cuter than the Bolivian peasants they mowed down. Goldman writes in a make-believe world where heroes play boyish tricks on one another, and where they are masters of repartee one moment and strong, silent men the next. Hill's bland, dawdling direction of "The Great Waldo Pepper"—with music to match—obscures the real craziness of this world where the two heroes are kamikazes for the love of manly sport.

Is it unconscious adolescent fear that is behind the triggering device of the plot? It's a girl's hysteria that causes Waldo to be grounded just when he has the chance to be the first man to do "the outside loop" (a big thing in his life), and so she's also responsible for the death of his buddy Ezra, who flies in his place. As it turns out, Susan Sarandon, who plays the hysteric, and is killed because of her paralyzing fear in the air, is the only person in the movie who has an emotion the audience can recognize, and we care more about her falling to her death than about the dithering heroes. Probably her fall stays with us because the director provides no emotional release for the audience; Waldo and his air-circus friends, who talked her into risking her neck, don't shed a tear for her. "The Great Waldo Pepper" derives from movie fables, but Hill's fresh-painted, dry-eyed storytelling has none of the qualities of a fable. You come away feeling parched.

THE yakuza are the Japanese gangsters who in recent years have moved from gambling, drugs, and prostitution into shakedown rackets. Heads of Japanese corporations hire yakuza to police stockholders' meetings and intimidate any questioners—and sometimes the mobsters learn enough at the meetings to blackmail the corporations; and it was yakuza who maimed the photographer W. Eugene Smith when he was taking pictures of the victims of mercury poisoning at Minamata. Not the sort of men one

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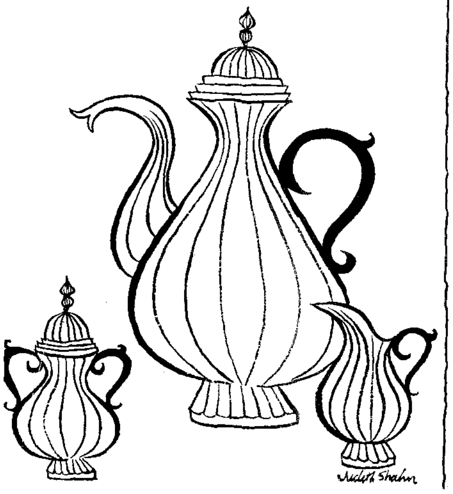
would expect to see converted into movie heroes. But when the samurai pictures had run their bloody course Japanese action-film fans began to turn to modern-day gangster pictures, and the yakuza mores were molded into heroic patterns. Enter the Americans, who—recognizing that many people who saw "The Godfather" wanted to believe that the Mafiosi, living outside the law, had a better code of honor than law-abiding people—grasped the opportunity to import the fantasy and reap the profits. "The Yakuza" is an attempt to sell that phony, romantic view of gangsterism, in an exotic setting. The item in the yakuza "code" that appears to have had the greatest appeal for Paul Schrader, who sold his original script, based on his brother Leonard Schrader's story, to Warners, is the rite of showing penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off one's little finger and presenting it to him. But Paul Schrader, who was a gifted, intense young movie critic for the Los Angeles *Free Press* a few years ago, must have seen a chance to create the kind of action-packed myth that he believes movies thrive on. Schrader is like John Milius plus philosophy; he wants to tear everyone's heart out, and his script whips up a mythic storm. The film offers a deliberate clash of genres: Harry Kilmer (Robert Mitchum), a professional loner and sometime private eye, goes to Japan to rescue a kidnapped American girl, the daughter of an old friend (Brian Keith). He enlists the aid of his Oriental counterpart, a "retired" yakuza (Takakura Ken), "the man who never smiles." (Yes, Schrader piled in a Japanese Clint Eastwood figure.) An ominously dignified master-teacher of swordsmanship, the man who never smiles comes back and fights next to Kilmer—the sword and the gun. Eventually, Kilmer, who has



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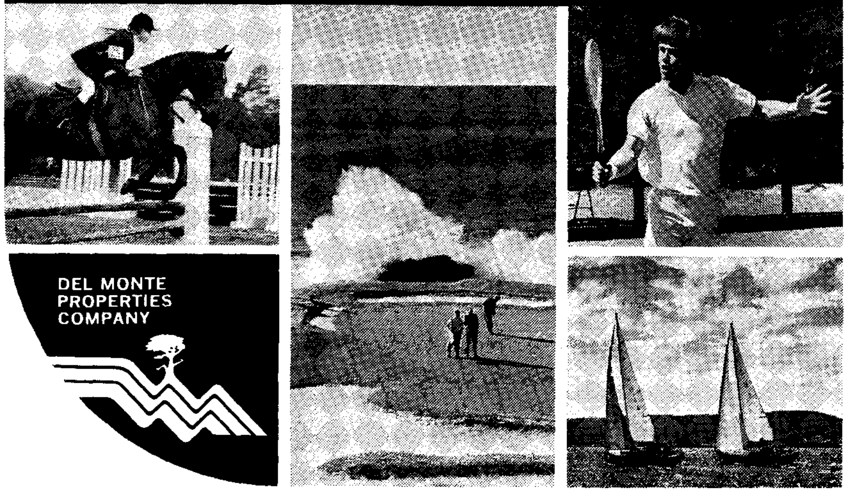

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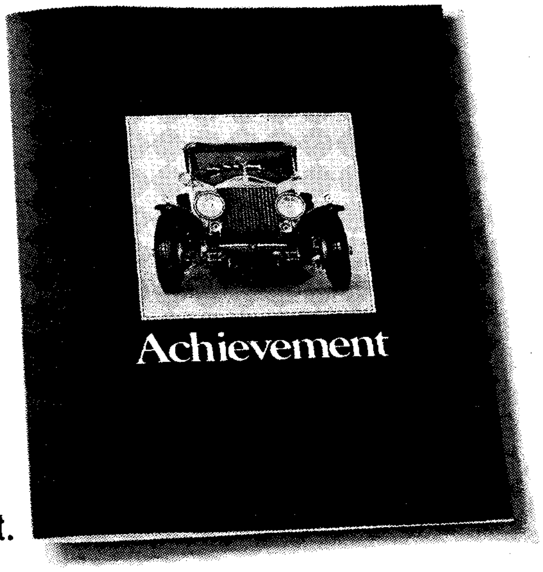

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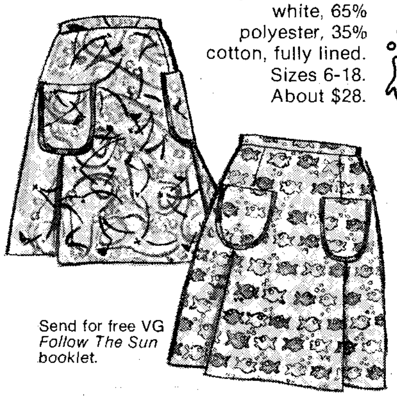
come to respect the yakuza code, realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penitence. The idea is so swaggeringly meretricious an adolescent fairy tale about finger-chopping that it might have worked for the same action-film audiences that turned out for the Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns. But the script is overloaded with exposition, and Robert Towne, who was called in for the rewrite, may have improved the dialogue (though it's hard to believe it could have been much worse), but he failed to simplify the plot. And Sydney Pollack, who signed to direct, came straight from "The Way We Were," bringing much the same style to this discursive jumble. There's an aphoristic explanation of an ideogram one moment, a severed hand flying through the air the next.

Mitchum's massive head has grown, his face sunk—and he looks great. He doesn't look as if he regretted a wrinkle. He seems to be the only movie star who's becoming a more commanding figure as he ages. And Richard Jordan, who played the wily, baby-faced cop to Mitchum's tired hood in "The Friends of Eddie Coyle," plays his bodyguard. Jordan's face shows the play of thought; he takes the camera in a deeper way than anyone else, and he gives the film fresh, unexpected moments. Takakura Ken, who has appeared in more than two hundred films (playing yakuza has made him the top box-office star in Japan), is the sort of actor who holds himself in; he dominates the space around him because his presence is an implicit threat. We can see that he's meant to be a smoldering hero, like Brando in "The Wild One," but when Brando was docile we still knew why he was known as wild. The moviemakers here supply the packaging but not what's being contained, so we don't feel the excitement of Takakura Ken's threat, and since he speaks colloquial American English formally and with great difficulty, like Raf Vallone in his American films, he loses his potency.

The yakuza films have caught on in Japan, particularly with the political right (since many of the gangster federations are powerful right-wing forces) but also with students (they identify with the romantic individualism of the heroes, who go into a rage of killing at the ritual climax of the films). For American audiences, this film offers Oriental decadence, with emphasis on the extravagant tattooing popular among the yakuza, which seems much more erotic than American



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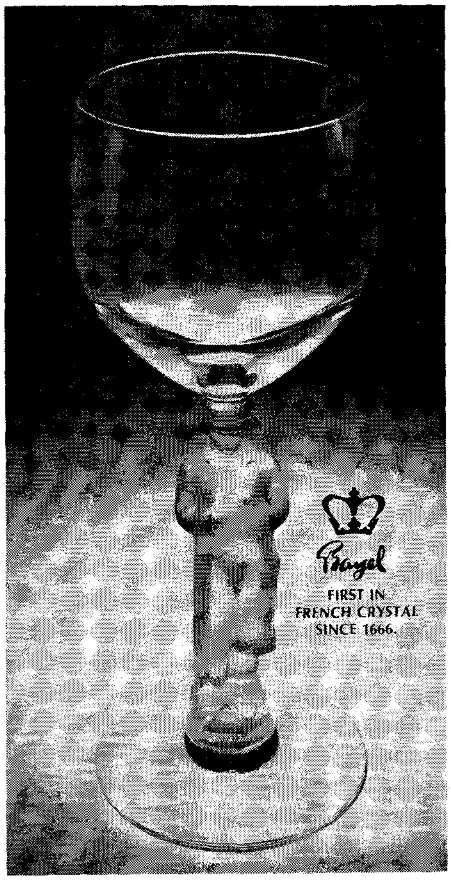

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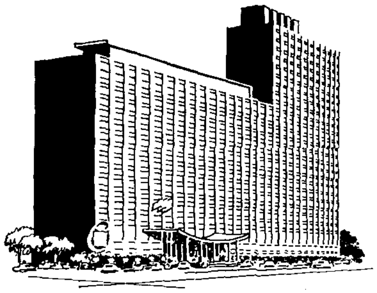

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tattooing; for Japanese audiences, it offers a chance to see how Americans view their popular (though not culturally accepted) movie form. However, watching "The Yakuza" is work, and not only because it's confusing but because it's solemn when it means to be Orientally inscrutable. The script is humorless, and Pollack, despite his willingness to make action films, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms work. The picture is full of old-movie tricks, but there isn't the poetic insight—in the writing or the directing—to give them epic charge. "The Yakuza" might have been a disreputable, mad classic if the Sam Peckinpah of five years ago had made it. It might have been a sizzler of a reactionary, brutal fantasy if the Don Siegel of three years ago had done it—he'd have known how to crank it up so the violence hit you in the eye. If the Sam Fuller of twenty years ago had done it, it might have been a Grade B smash. Pollack isn't a violent director, and he has even lost his bearings on what he's usually good at. He doesn't seem to know where emotions stem from in a scene. In a dialogue between Harry Kilmer and the Japanese woman Eiko (Kishi Keiko), whom he has loved since he was part of the American Occupation in 1948, he once again proposes to her, and she, though she doesn't deny her love for him, refuses him, without an explanation. Her reason is the clue to what wiped the smile off the swordsman's face, yet Pollack doesn't give any emotional weight to the scene. This material connects with nothing in Pollack's experience—it's not *his* fantasy he's peddling—and maybe it's a tribute to some essential honesty in Pollack that he doesn't know how to fake it. Sydney Pollack wants to play corrupt big-money games, but his heart isn't in it. The finale, with the two last men of honor dispatching nineteen hoods, is designed as a homage to the Eastern and Western movie ways of killing. I'm sure the Japanese have a fine, graphically handsome ideogram for horse manure; it can also stand for "The Yakuza." This film is designed to glorify the cheap mythology that Francis Ford Coppola countered in "The Godfather, Part II," the first movie to say no in thunder.

—PAULINE KAEL

EDITORS' NOTE: Pauline Kael and Penelope Gilliatt alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Kael concludes her current six-month period. Miss Gilliatt will appear next week.

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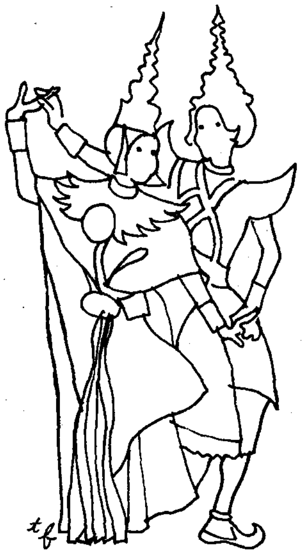
DANCING

Big City Blues

KURT JOOSS's "The Big City," made in 1932, is an overweight Art Deco cartoon whose reputation is out of all proportion to its actual impact in the theatre. When the curtain came down on the Joffrey revival at the City Center, I half expected to hear a collective "Huh?" in the auditorium. The ballet had just begun to move and suddenly it was over. But the audience, unperplexed, was prompt with its applause; Jooss himself, handsome and erect at seventy-four, with a Mabuse-like shock of white hair, was given an ovation when he appeared for a bow. At later performances I saw (the piece is too short to sit out), the response was just as warm, and the air over the dancers' heads as they took their calls was just as thick with the atmosphere of a dance that had not danced itself out.



"The Big City" prepares you for an extended treatment of its materials; it unrolls like an elaborate canvas, with every square inch filled in. Then, at the end of its third scene, when we are ready to concentrate on the details, it dies away, as if it only meant to be a sketch. But the panoramic scale and the ponderous pacing are all wrong for a sketch. They make us think the cartoon characters—the slum girl and her lovelorn boyfriend and the dandy who gives her a taste of the high life—are going to become intricately involved in a cartoon drama, one of those deterministic webs spun by the likes of "Grand Hotel" and "Street Scene." The working-class boyfriend seems cut out for heroic action of some sort; hands jammed into pockets, cap pulled over his eyes, he keeps sinking forward over one knee, intently profiled against the background. All that's needed to complete the silhouette is a gun. But the silhouette never goes bang, the dandy—who is called the Libertine in the program—isn't tied up with girls or with mobsters, and the slum girl doesn't die in the alley, taking the bullet that was meant for the cad. She runs off on her Cinderella date, to the reproving stares of slum neighbors—an obligatory scene heavily etched in what a program note translates as "back-yard gloom"—but this big, brown, baleful scene goes for nothing. When she gets to the hot spot, disillusion does set in, but not because the Libertine does anything libertinish; he'd rather Charleston. With such vague, echoey stereotypes for characters, "The Big City" seems irretrievably clownish. Yet Jooss is straight-faced—he wants to retrieve it. He reaches for smart urban poetry rather than melodrama. You can see that he intends the simple theme of contrast—the sober workers and the carefree rich—to carry the piece without exploitation. But the contrast is senseless except in terms of melodrama; was it only false, glittering people who danced the Charleston? Evading the melodrama doesn't turn the piece into art. It merely cuts short the logic of a genre. "The Big City" lacks the courage of its clichés. It's undistilled pulp fiction that doesn't follow through with the pulp formulas. In the opening scene, the moving frieze of city types which introduces the main characters goes on for so long we feel sure Jooss is establishing it as a point of cyclical return. Yet we never see it again; the life of the great metropolis does not roll on, impersonal and vast. The Big City doesn't exist.

Even if Jooss didn't happen to create one, ballet dramas of the "Big City" type were once plentiful. Their main value was that they transferred some of the energy of social dancing and musical comedy to the ballet stage. In the Jooss ballet, there are some pleasant moments involving the juxtaposition of the Charleston-mad dance hall with the *bal musette* of the workers. The dissolves from one to the other and the final intermingling of the two have a cinematic weightlessness, and for a few seconds the whole ballet seems to lift and flow. A light, transitory mood sustained throughout would have made a very different ballet—one that might have succeeded in floating free of any dramaturgical links. But Jooss's technique seems designed to work as much dramatic color into a piece as he has the time for, and though the score doesn't give him room to expand, he proceeds as if he were hammering together another "Green Table." The first surprise on seeing "The Big City" is that it isn't the kind of piece you thought it would be; the next surprise is that it *is*, but it's unfinished. The only excuse for this is surely that Alexandre Tansman did not write more of his German-Gershwin music. One solution would be to run the ballet in reverse as soon as it is over. However, it already has enough fox furs and cloches and top hats, and enough Meccano Set choreography, to satisfy the current appetite for Art Deco styles. What more can we ask of a Joffrey revival than that it be up to the minute?

Jooss's workmanship on the proper scale can be seen in "The Green Table," which preceded the making of "The Big City" by a few months. The Joffrey has kept it in repertory since 1967, and despite the inadequacy of Christian Holder, currently cast in the central role, it is still the best of the company's revivals—the one that on the whole lies most comfortably within the dancers' capacities. Certainly the piece has dated, but the years seem to have honored rather than betrayed it. Its foursquare rhythm, uncomplicated dance style, and posterish sentiment still hold a clunky appeal for a big audience. "The Green Table" is probably the most famous modern-dance work ever made, and it's Jooss's monument.

The best monument to John Cranko would be "Pineapple Poll," but instead of reviving its production of some years back the Joffrey has, as a Cranko memorial, reproduced "Jeu de Cartes," which is Cranko at his most boorish. The choreography attempts some display of wit compatible with Stravinsky's score, gives up early, and tramples the music to death. It gets laughs, but they're demeaning laughs, and the particular horror of this production is that the steps, such as they are, are so badly danced it *feels* mean to laugh. Of the hapless cast, only Burton Taylor and Rebecca Wright seemed to retain any kind of form—Taylor because he is still too good a dancer for this kind of thing, and Wright because her part was straight burlesque and she did it well.

—ARLENE CROCE

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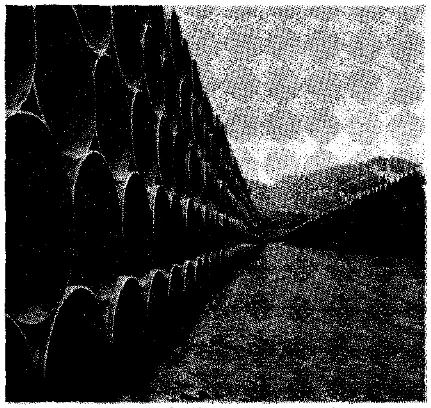

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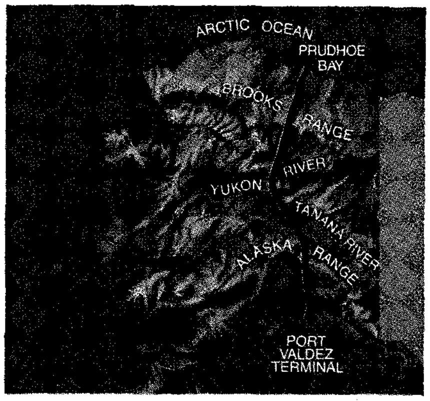

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The present schedule calls for the Pipeline operation to begin in the summer of 1977 at 600,000 barrels a day, with capacity of 1.2 million barrels a day shortly thereafter. Ultimately, the pipe may carry 2 million barrels a day. This important new source of oil will help America become more self-sufficient and less dependent on foreign oil.

For additional information on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System, write: Exxon Corp., Dept. F, Box 1147, Ansonia Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Minneapolis

MINNEAPOLIS has a new Orchestra Hall, the home of the Minnesota (formerly Minneapolis Symphony) Orchestra. It opened in October, but that was an inaugural gala, with an uncharacteristic program, and the players were still unused to their surroundings. So I waited for the orchestra and its audiences to settle, and then visited the place in midseason, for a regular concert in the subscription series. I was impressed by what I heard and saw.

Orchestra Hall stands downtown, in an open space that next season will be a park. Nicollet Mall, Minneapolis' central shopping street, free of all motor traffic except buses and taxis, extends to within a block of it, and will soon reach it; a new spur of "greenway" will lead to another park, across which are the Guthrie Theatre and the Walker Art Center. The hall cost $7,200,000 to build; the land, fees, furnishings, etc., brought the cost to $10,073,000. It seats 2,573 people, 1,590 of them in the orchestra and the others in three balcony tiers. The principal architect was Curtis Green, of the St. Paul firm Hammel, Green and Abrahamson; he has designed several performing-arts centers in the state. The acoustical consultant was Cyril Harris, who has the Metropolitan Opera House and Washington's Kennedy Center to his credit. Their Minneapolis auditorium is dramatic in appearance. Essentially, its shape is that traditionally associated with good acoustics: a rectangle comfortably wide (not long and thin), a coffered ceiling, narrow balconies along three sides, and plenty of space above the orchestral platform. (Modern halls built in fan or funnel shape, with reflectors swooping down over the players, have often run into acoustical trouble.) But "coffered" is not exactly the word for the Minneapolis ceiling. Apparently embedded in it is a series of giant cubes, of different sizes, set in edge-on, to various depths and at various angles. They are scattered symmetrically on either side of the central line (except for one, an odd cube out, which can catch and tease the eye when a listener's attention strays from the music). More giant cubes seem to have tumbled from on high and been caught in the wall behind the players (and again there is just one so set that its planes break mirror symmetry). The projecting cubes (which turn out to be in fact polyhedrons, of rock-crystal formation, when they are viewed from the platform end of the hall) are white. The ceiling and the wall behind them are pale blue-gray. The other walls and the floor are of oak; the seats and the tier fronts are of a color that might be called rose-persimmon. The first effect is of an explosion that drove the cubes into the building; it yields to one of serenity, of repose after violence. I was reminded of the great column drums of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia, roughly thrown about by an earthquake centuries ago, and now at rest. The hall is very picturesque. The orchestral players, wearing the black-and-white uniform that is still standard in America, looked rather out of place against so theatrical a décor. One felt that their costumes had still to be designed.

The sound is marvellous, and can bear comparison with the best music halls in the world—with, say, Vienna's Musikvereinssaal, Boston's Symphony Hall, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, or, to take two modern buildings that have turned out well, Adelaide's Festival Theatre and Aldeburgh's The Maltings. As I write that list, I realize that each place has its distinct acoustical qualities, not easily described until one has heard many kinds of music in it. I first entered the Minneapolis hall the afternoon of the concert, on the top tier, at the point farthest from the stage, and conversed in low tones, easily, with someone at the very back of the platform. This is a place, like Epidaurus, where one can literally hear a pin drop. Not a sound, not a noise—a footfall, a chair scraped back—is lost. None of the other halls mentioned have, I think, quite so keen and sharp a response to very small sounds. Morton Feldman's "The Prince of Denmark" (which is the quietest composition I know, after John Cage's completely silent "4′33″") could well be performed there. The program that evening consisted of a new work by Eric Stokes, "The Continental Harp and Band Report," for all the instruments of the orchestra except the strings; César Franck's "Symphonic Variations" and Liszt's "Totentanz," both with André Watts as the capable soloist; and Rimski-Korsakov's "Spanish Capriccio." One of the Stokes movements used the full cohort of brasses and woodwinds in broad, swelling chords, underpinned by drummed gong and cymbal, and this showed the hall's capacity for grand, big sound that could make a noble blaze without becoming a racket. Another was a "toccata" in which the instruments were only touched by the fingers, not blown into, and its dainty patterns of pit-a-pat could be heard clearly. The fortissimo string octaves that open the Franck were crisp. The pyrotechnics of the Liszt, its clarinet solo against a soft octave oscillation from the piano, the dry rap of fortissimo strings *col legno*—all made a vivid effect. So did the glitter, jingle, and brave, quick pageantry of Rimski's "Capriccio."

Untested by this fare were the hall's responses to a singer, to a chorus, and to string-saturated late-Romantic orchestral textures. But I believe that all these would come across well, for the acoustics appear to be happily even through all dynamic and pitch ranges. Mid-orchestra and first tier proved to be equally good locations for listening from. The instrumental sound was fresh and immediate, not fierce, not dry. The place seems to behave as if it were a musical instrument itself, a resonant box snug within its brick outer shell. That extraordinary ceiling (I climbed into its recesses) hangs from hundreds of tense wires, like a giant soundboard shaped by some modern Amati. Clustered around the brick shell, not quite touching it (there is an inch gap), are the offices and the foyers and lobbies. The last are of open, airy construction; glass outer walls and exposed girders and ducts form a lighthearted, unpompous, and interesting pattern of bridges, landings, and staircases, painted in bright colors. But there is not enough space for a full audience, during intermissions, to walk and talk, meet, eat and drink, and buy their scores and phonograph records without jostle.

Eric Stokes, born in 1930, teaches at the University of Minnesota. He has written a piece for the Minnesota Opera, incidental music for a Guthrie Theatre production, and various works for the orchestras of St. Paul and Minneapolis. "The Continental Harp and Band Report," commissioned by the Minnesota Orchestra for this inaugural season in the new hall, is a set of nine pieces, most of them reflecting aspects of Americana. "Cindy," for example, is a set of variations on the mountain

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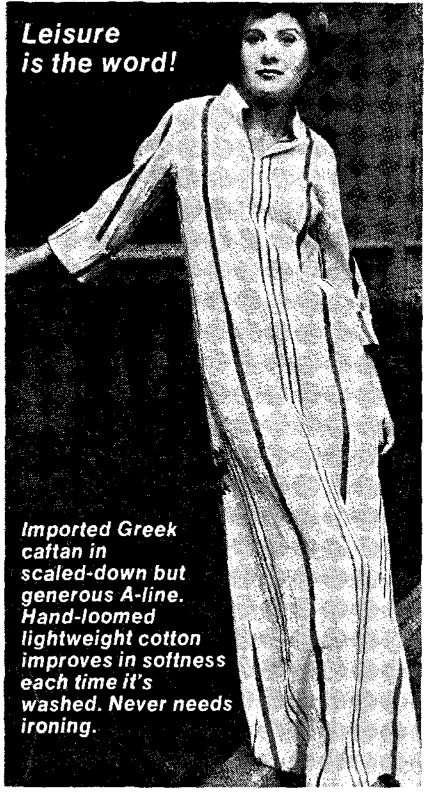

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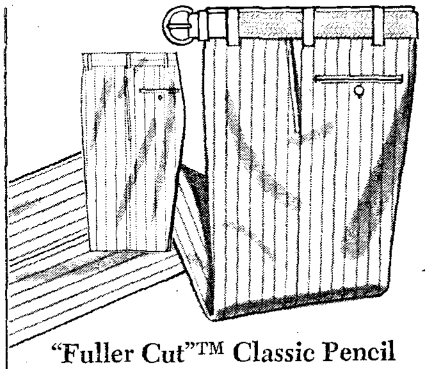

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tune. "Watergate Galop"—a dance "executed with many changes of steps and with hopping movements"—recalls Shostakovich's satirical "The Golden Age." One "Contrapunctus" is an Ivesian quodlibet on American popular tunes; another, subtitled "A Shopping Center Xmas Eve," is a merry piece of Kagelian music-theatre. The first and last movements, "Brooklyn Bridge" and "The Triumph of Time," are tone poems, both of which I found moving. The former, prefaced by a line from Hart Crane, prefigures a setting of the whole Crane poem which has occupied Mr. Stokes for some years; the other was inspired by the Bruegel engraving that also gave its title to a piece by Harrison Birtwistle. Time passes with Mahlerian tread in Mr. Stokes's piece; a distant trumpeter, slowly drawing nearer, provides another Ivesian touch. The "Report" is an album of scenes in many moods, an anthology whose items can be offered singly or in various groups. In all, it lasted about forty minutes, and was a stimulating sequence of entertainment, ingenuity, and poetic musing. The forces were deftly employed in many different manners. Any or all of its parts I would gladly hear again.

The orchestra, founded in 1903, has a distinguished history. The last four of its six conductors have been Ormandy, Mitropoulos, Dorati, and, since 1960, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. It plays well, and has moved into a hall that can only make an orchestra play better. Its prowess can be heard in the new four-disc set of Ravel's orchestral works, recorded in that hall and just published by Vox. Most of its concerts are broadcast, so that the whole community can share in them. Its program book, a publication that covers all the events in the busy hall, has long, thorough notes and is attractively printed.

IN fact, Minneapolis, on this brief visit, struck me as in all ways an uncommonly civilized city. The buildings—both new things, like the Orchestra Hall, Philip Johnson's IDS tower, springing from a bustling city piazza, and Minoru Yamasaki's graceful temple for the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company, whose portico closes the vista down Nicollet Mall; and grand old things, like Harry Jones's Butler warehouse (an Arnolfo di Cambio palace reclaimed for modern use)—are exhilarating. Walking there is a pleasure—down the carless mall, or through a glazed "skyway" system if snow starts to fall. The orchestra's

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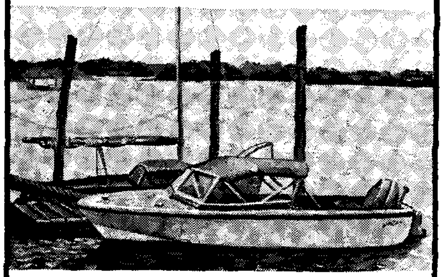

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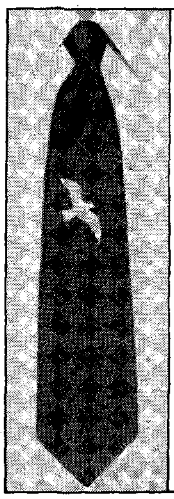

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concerts are fully subscribed, and there is contemporary music on twelve of the twenty bills in the regular series. The famous Children's Theatre was thronged. The two main art collections are housed in fine buildings—the Walker, by Edward Larabee Barnes, and the Institute of Arts, by McKim, Mead & White, now elegantly extended by Kenzo Tange. I wish I could have stayed longer, to get out to see Marcel Breuer's Benedictine abbey in Collegeville, and to attend some of the campus concerts and workshop opera productions that were imminent.

At the Guthrie Theatre, the Minnesota Opera Company presented Opera Today's production of an adventurous new work, "Gulliver." Two librettists (Robert Karmon and Louis Phillips), three composers (Elliot Kaplan, Frank Lewin, and Easley Blackwood), and the ensemble talents of this troupe long celebrated for its enterprise were concerned in the creation. "Gulliver" is not a show for children, or one for voice fanciers, but a highly intelligent, fast-moving piece of music-theatre for an audience with honed wits and alert consciences.

There is some reference to Brobdingnag, but the first part of the opera is a voyage out, and most of the second is set in "that unknown Tract of America, Westward of California, and North to the Pacifick Ocean," whose metropolis is Lagado, with its Grand Academy, and on the islands of Luggnagg and Glubbdubdrib. The piece is shaped as an odyssey. Gulliver's wife is the Penelope, and her lyrical arias, sung back in England while Gulliver dreams of home, punctuate the fantastic adventures. But his homecoming is horror. The beautiful songs of the Houyhnhnms (gentle haiku from an invisible chorus, stealing through the theatre) sound in his ears, but, with coarse sexual imagery, his family and friends force their and his Yahooism upon him. The use of Swift is largely allusive. There is no clear narrative structure. The listener needs a close knowledge of the "Travels" but must recognize that ideas from the book have been no more than starting points; they are dissolved into new scenes, which make sense only in terms of theatrical and musical imagery. Although Swift's account of eighteenth-century political and commercial morality hardly needs alteration today (on Glubbdubdrib, Gulliver discovered "How many Villains had been exalted to the highest Places of Trust, Power, Dignity, and Profit"), it is not the main concern of the opera, whose subject is

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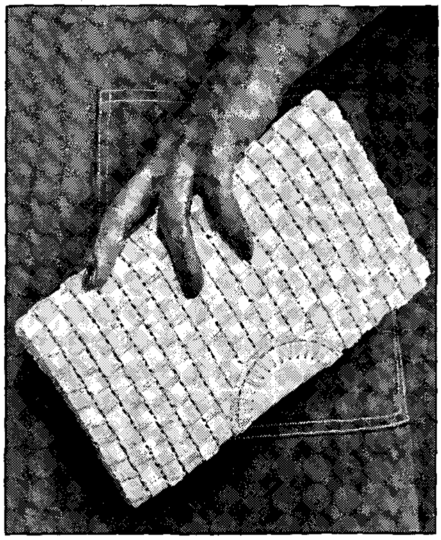

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not so much the world as an individual's journey through it. The libretto contains a certain amount of facile doggerel, which seems to me slightly imprecise stuff. "Gulliver" is admittedly a work in progress; some episodes need polish, and others a sharper focus. But the whole—created by sounds, lights (Patricia Collins), powerful costumes (Robert Israel), film, singing, speaking, music on tape, music from the orchestra, keen stage direction (H. Wesley Balk)—was wonderfully gripping. Just twelve singers, all of them accomplished, spirited, and physically agile, and twelve players, under expert musical direction by Herbert Kaplan, achieved an extraordinarily rich kaleidoscope. Swift said that his aim in the "Travels" was "to vex the world rather than divert it." Some people found this "Gulliver" vexing. Not I.

—Andrew Porter

•

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It was our luck to take too many drinks. Can't remember a single horse.

•

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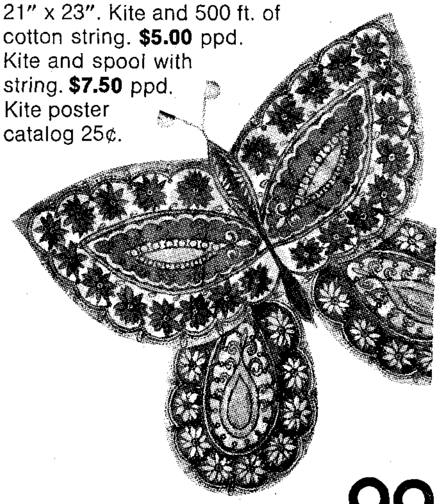

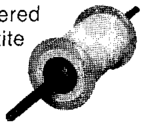

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BOOKS

Through a Continent, Darkly

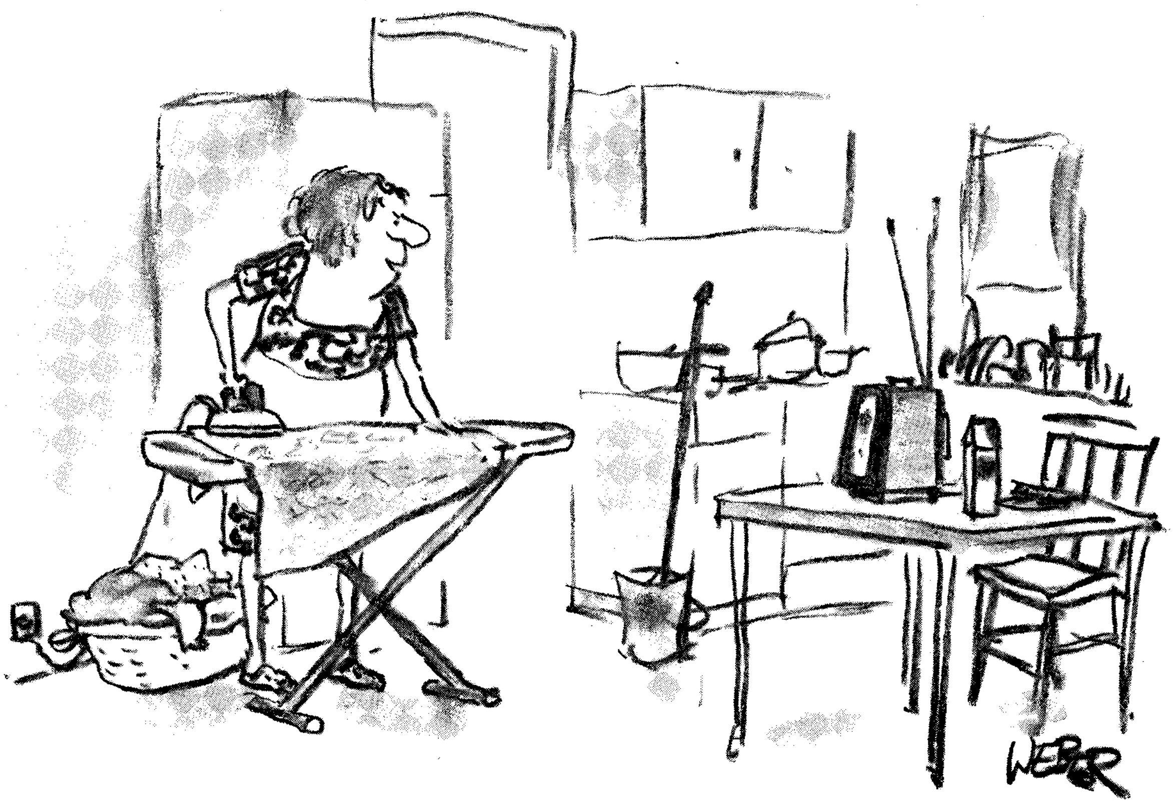
"AFRICA, that repetitive, bewildering continent in which everything is reiterated until one's ordinary sense of reality reels and one is thrown into stupefied, visionary states of mind"—thus Alberto Moravia describes the geographical enigma that, over nine years' time, beguiled him into making five sub-Saharan journeys, which produced thirty-eight journalistic essays now collected under the too perky title of "Which Tribe Do You Belong To?" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson). The first trip, taking him across Central Africa from Accra to Nairobi in the spring and summer of 1963, produced the most exhilarating impressions and most sweeping theories; the second, during which he was attached to a crew making a film on Tanzania for Italian television, encountered more misadventures (thefts, delays, quarrels with the natives, perilous plane landings) and evoked essays more disgruntled and problematical; the third, fourth, and fifth, touring the hinterlands of black Africa in the early seventies, show considerable traveller's fatigue and exasperation with the monotony, the impoverished sameness, the "oppressive and melancholy" lakes, the "tangled, evil bush country," the "red, obscene cones of anthills," the fleas, the bribes, "the wide prairies enlivened by the despairing gestures of dropsical baobabs." By the book's last incident (Moravia tries to photograph some "truly peculiar women" in Chad and is scolded by "three young men, probably students, reproaching us with nationalist severity"), the impressionable fancy of this highly alert traveller seems defeated by the inexhaustible drabness of what he sees. Moravia, who has composed a fresh, even impudent book about his tour of Red China, is one of the best travel writers in the world; in English only V. S. Pritchett can match his sharpness of phrase and flair for generalization.

Before the muddled, stubborn refusal by everything save the animals to be picturesque gets to him, he says a number of beautiful things about the Dark Continent and its inhabitants:

> The Africans walk; for their long, indefatigable legs space is needed.
>
> Indeed, all these Africans who were hurrying in small groups toward the market seemed already to be having a foretaste of the moment when they would plunge into the crowd and, mingling with a great number of others in the clouds of dust, in the sweat and the noise, would rid themselves of the unstable, troublesome superfluity of individual difference.
>
> ...the African is the only one among the so-called primitives who is capable of fitting happily—in fact actually by dancing—into modern industrial civilization.
>
> The African, in point of fact, does not know what awaits him in his dance, just as, in general, we do not know what awaits us in life.
>
> [Of a masked dancer] This mask, in fact, was not intended to arouse fear; it *was* fear....The face, enclosed in the stocking and covered with shells like a reef under the sea, was an allusion to the inability of man to show his face in competition with prolific, overpowering nature.

Anthropologically unprejudiced as only a European confident in his humanism could be, Moravia finds what is specifically African in the thinly populated immensity, in the landscapes that repeat "a single theme or motif [such as the acacia tree] to the point of terror," in the transnational tribalism centering on the market towns, in the "frenzy for trading" that makes Africans "one of the most contriving races in the world," in the African's unique success at "becoming a modern man while still preserving intact his original dancing capacity," and in the fact—apparent, as of 1963, in the shining and incongruous commercial buildings of the African cities—"that, whereas the red star of Communism shines over Asia, it is . . . the white star of neo-capitalism that gleams over Africa."

The crisp first impressions lose some starch in the later travels. Moravia's initial sense that Africa, "a great natural space, swarming with tribes but devoid of nationality," is destined to become one of "the great continental countries such as India, China, the United States, or the Soviet Union" runs up against the obstinate fact that the Africans cling to the institutions and arbitrary national boundaries created in Europe. The Nigerian civil war of 1967-70 represents for Moravia "a symbolic contest . . . between two different conceptions of nationality, the one previous to colonialism, the other



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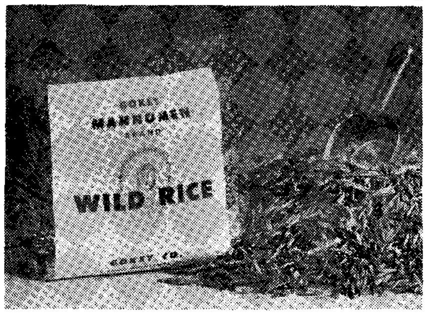

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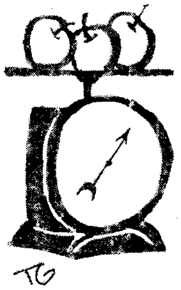
subsequent to it. The defeat of Biafra was the defeat of the tribal conception." And he admits to difficulty, as he moves through the open market of Fort Lamy, in imagining the traders "no longer unoccupied and on the alert but efficient and rational, sitting at European desks in bureaucratic offices." Some of Moravia's perceptions, like the things perceived, repeat to the point of monotony; the image of a red-dirt road as a bloody wound recurs close to a dozen times. But his eye remains basically attentive, his attention basically loving; some of the best pieces (few more than six pages long) are among the last, as he wanders from Timbuktu to the Mountains of the Moon. He combines the passive, even dazed traveller's receptivity to random detail with the thinker's determination to *see through*—to observe, as it were, aggressively. His essays not only describe to us wonders we will never visit, they tell some of us who were there what it is we saw.

SITTING in a posh hotel in Mombasa, Moravia observes across the dining room a tableful of specimens of "homo Victorianus"—a species extinct in Europe but surviving in Kenya:

> The English today rarely have those big, slightly bandy legs, those monumental thighs, those bellies as tight as drums, those muscular chests and massive napes to their necks, those prominent chins and toothbrush moustaches.

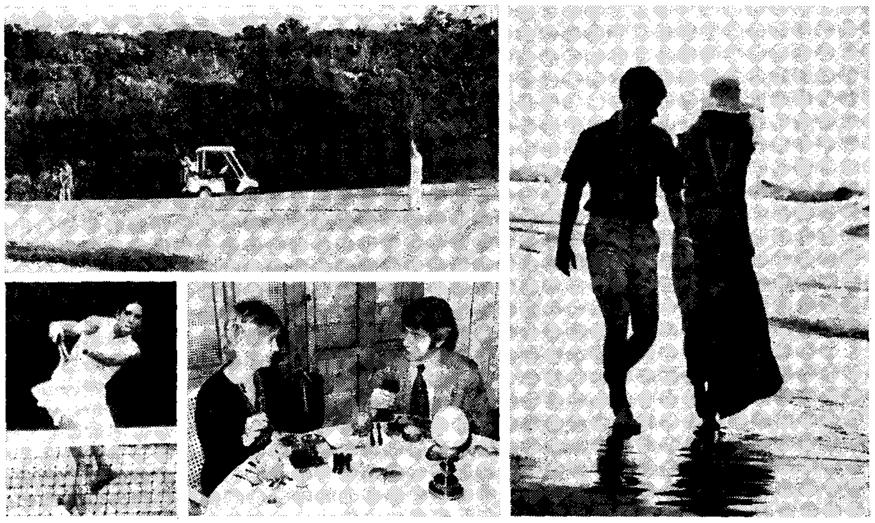
To a passing traveller, the late Louis S. B. Leakey might have seemed such—one of those white men whose whiteness, in the Kenyan highlands, has become self-cherishing, muscular, clever, and brutal. His memoir "By the Evidence" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) savors of the satisfied adventurer, of spacious opportunities ingeniously and unapologetically seized. It was Leakey, of course, who perceived the depth of human prehistory that lay beneath the sunstruck gorges and dried lake beds of East Africa, and who seized the opportunity to verify Darwin's intuition that Africa had been the cradle of humankind. With his discovery, in 1959, of the Zinjanthropus skull, a hominid fragment nearly two million years old, Leakey became the most famous paleoanthropologist of his time. "By the Evidence" is subtitled "Memoirs, 1932-51," and was meant to be the middle volume of an autobiographical trilogy. The initial installment was "White African"—published in England in 1937, in the United States in 1966. The third volume, because of Leakey's death, of a heart attack, the very day after he had completed "By the Evidence," is now never to be written. The book in hand tells, then, neither of his epochal, career-vindicating discovery nor of his extraordinary African upbringing. "By the Evidence" chronicles his settled middle years, between the ages of thirty and fifty. Too much of it is concerned with the organizational trivia surrounding such promotional triumphs as the 1947 Pan-African Congress of Prehistory; Leakey kept a journal, and our passage through his days sometimes plods. On the other hand, he is intriguingly terse on personal matters; his marriage to Frida Avern, he tells us, literally in parenthesis, "had, regrettably, broken up" while he was roughing it in the bush with Mary Nicol, who becomes Mary Leakey a few pages later. There is more revealed of the man in "White African"—regarded by the author, too lightly, as a "potboiler."



Leakey was born, his first memoir tells us, in 1903 of missionary parents in a mud-and-thatch hut in Kabete, eight miles from Nairobi, then itself "little more than a scattered collection of corrugated-iron bungalows, and offices, gathered for convenience round the railway station." Born prematurely, he was swathed in cotton wool, and had to be kept dry not only from rain leaking through the thatch but from the saliva of Kikuyu visitors, who believed spitting to be an anti-curse courtesy. In the isolated mission outpost, Leakey and his siblings learned Kikuyu along with English, and all his life he dreamed in Kikuyu. He was initiated into the tribe, with full rites, as "Wakaruigi, son of the Sparrowhawk." His playmates, the games they played, the bedtime stories he heard, were all African. Though his family several times made the long trip back to England, the boy found himself, when he entered British public school, in 1919, painfully disadvantaged—unfamiliar with cricket, accustomed to playing football barefooted, incapable of swimming (crocodiles discourage this recreation in Africa), innocent of Greek and of firsthand encounter with the theatre, yet habituated to an independence improper for English schoolboys: at the age of thirteen, in accordance with Kikuyu custom, he had built himself a house and begun to live in it alone; at English boarding school he was required to get permission to go shopping, and to wear a straw hat and dark suit on a Sunday country walk. So his outlook was biassed rather differently from the conventional "homo Victorianus," colonial subspecies; on his digs he insisted, to the scandal of Kenyan white settlers, on both digging beside his "boys" and carrying water with them. His imperfect indoctrination into European ways not only made his schooling awkward (at Cambridge he was rebuked for playing tennis in shorts and a sort of bush jacket) but may account for an abrasiveness that rubs through the memoirist's civil manners, for his unseemly delight in academic contests, which he always wins, and for the earthiness and voracity of his scientific approach.

For instance, in "By the Evidence" he heartily advises all would-be zoologists, "Always, as a matter of routine, examine the stomach contents of any dead animal to which you have access," and by way of illustration relates with a zest not quite infectious his own deighted discoveries of "a mass of water beetles" in the stomach of a giant pangolin, of millipedes and centipedes nside a civet, of cucumber seeds and red biting ants in an aardvark, and of "bracelets, beads, necklaces, and many other indisputable indications of the human meals that had been eaten" inide a crocodile he has shot. There s something savage about Leakey's reourcefulness—he tells us how to replace a broken car spring with strips of green hardwood and freshly skinned goat hide—and uncanny about his uck. "Leakey's luck" was a phrase coined by his rival prehistorians. On holiday in England, he was approached by a neighbor about some flakes of flint n one of his fields; though the spot had been snubbed by British archeologists, Leakey opportunely dug, and uncovered, he tells us, "an example of the arliest known dwelling anywhere in England." The casual skills proclaimed n this volume range from dog judging o handwriting analysis, of both the English and the Gujarati scripts. He displays by his own account authoritaive expertness in museum curatorship, ornithology, the care of sick animals, he primitive art of string figures. Durng the war he functions as spy, broadaster in African languages, graphologist, even footprint castmaker. Some of his sentences are downright comic in their bustle of enterprise:

> As well as gathering valuable information by chatting with the local people while I watched the Verreaux's eagles,



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I also located a series of Late Stone Age living sites belonging to the Kenya Wilton culture.

I could look back on the previous eighteen months as having been very rewarding. I had written three books, "White African," "Stone Age Africa," and "Kenya: Contrasts and Problems." I had also almost completed the research necessary for my first book on Olduvai Gorge and had undertaken some exciting studies of pygmy chimpanzee skulls.

But there was nothing comic, or especially lucky, about the archeological discoveries that are Leakey's main accomplishment. From the age of twelve, when he began to collect obsidian arrowheads lying about Kabete, he had a passionate, rather patriotic faith in East Africa's richness for the study of Man's prehistory. The Zinjanthropus skull came to light after thirty years, off and on, of "crawling up and down . . . with eyes barely inches from the ground." The spot in the Olduvai Gorge where Zinjanthropus was found is marked by a plaque, and can be reached through a little detour off the main road from the Serengeti Plain to the Ngorongoro Crater; it has become a tourist spot. But even now it seems lonely and barren and strange; a few orange-cloaked Masai herdsmen wander in the middle distance as if the immensities of African space were still untroubled. The great, lovable antagonist of Leakey's memoirs (and the first volume more vividly conveys this than does the second) is African space. The difficulty of getting there, of nursing machines through roadless terrain, of locating water sources in a geologically parching land, of finding a significant bone in an ocean of rubble—against such odds Leakey, no mere scientist, looms as a hero.

AFRICAN space of another kind, and patience of a more literary sort, figure in Walter Abish's remarkable, ludicrously programmatic novel "Alphabetical Africa" (New Directions). The adventure Mr. Abish has set himself is to compose a novel of twice twenty-six chapters, of which the first employs only words beginning with "A," the second words beginning with "A" and "B," and so on up to "Z," by which time the full lexical possibilities of the English language are available; then, from "Z" to "A," he moves back down the alphabet, subtracting letters one by one until the last chapter, like the first, is composed entirely of words beginning with "A." The hardships of such a journey should not be underestimated; "A" brings

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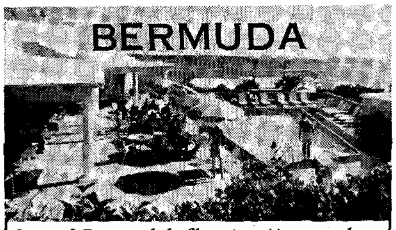

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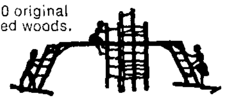

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with it a handy number of articles and connectives, but not until "H" is reached can the pronoun "he" and the helper verb "have" be used, and for all but the fourteen chapters between "T" and "T" such virtually indispensable formations as "the," "to," "they," "their," and "this" must be dispensed with. A character called Queen Quat cannot appear until after the middle of the ascending alphabet is reached, and must perish on the downhill side when her letter vanishes. Fortunately, Mr. Abish's style, even when unhampered by artificial constraints, is rather chastened and elliptic, so his fettered progress is steadier than you might imagine. Here is a paragraph from the first chapter:

> Africa again: Antelopes, alligators, ants and attractive Alva, are arousing all angular Africans, also arousing author's analytically aggressive anticipations, again and again. Anyhow author apprehends Alva anatomically, affirmatively, and also accurately.

By the time his verbal safari reaches "G," Abish can make, at length and almost fluently, observations reminiscent of Moravia's:

> Genuine gestures are African gestures, because Africans can by a few gestures demonstrate a deep and abiding affection between altogether different foreign bodies, each clap, each groan, each facial gesture conveying a convincingly eternal dramatic African confusion and also a fusion of bodies, as bodies explore boundaries, generously emitting a fresh African ecstasy.

"I" releases the possibility of self-exposition, "M" brings with it the themes of memory and money and murder, and by "S" only an alerted eye and hypersensitive ear would notice that a quarter of the dictionary is still being abjured:

> Summarizing Africa: I can speak more freely. I find fewer and fewer impediments. Soon I'll reach my destination. Soon I'll also complete my documentation and my book. Daily Africa is shrinking from extreme heat and fatigue, as rebels in bush battle African armies led by foreigners.

The attainment, long anticipated by he alphabet-battered reader, of "Z"'s otal freedom brings a disappointingly hort chapter, written in the cramped, clicking tone of the others:

> Zambia helps fill our zoos, and our doubts, and our extrawide screens as we it back. Each year we zigzag between he cages, prodding the alligators, the anelopes, the giant ants, just to see them move about a bit, just to make our life more authentic.

Each chapter, as it possesses another letter, celebrates its acquisition

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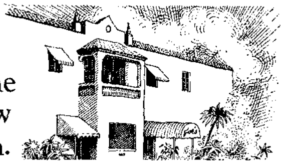

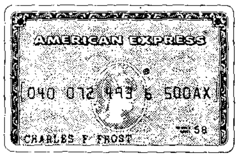

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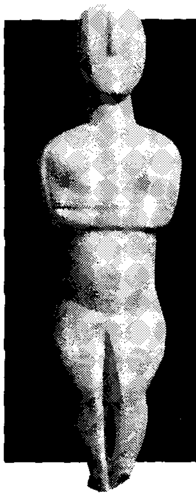

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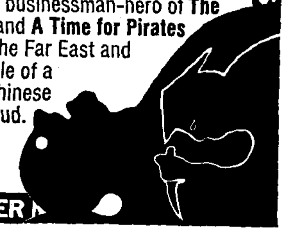

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with a burst of alliteration, so our knowledge of systematic expansion is aurally emphasized; this subtly joyous undertone of organic growth is lost in the book's second half, wherein the subtraction of letters echoes supposed shrinkage ("Africa's gradual deterioration and Africa's decreasing area"), and some violent events on Zanzibar swallow up Queen Quat (who has painted Tanzania orange to match the maps) and squeeze the novel's protagonists—Alex, Allen, and Alva—into a climax of betrothal. The extremely silly plot begins as a jewel robbery in Antibes and a consequent flight to Angola, Burundi, Chad, etc., and culminates in a kind of people's uprising by the Vietconglike army ants: "All complain close-by artillery barrage battered beautiful city, battered beautiful avenues, all because ants continue advance, continue creeping along, carving a continent." Though the tale is murky as well as absurd, one is tempted to concede that Mr. Abish has performed as well as anyone could, given such extravagant handicaps. "A masterpiece of its kind" does not seem too strong an accolade for a book apt to be the only one of its kind.

And there is a nice rightness to setting such a work in Africa, where incantations are still potent and national boundaries slice across tribal realities as arbitrarily as the alphabet schematizes language. Teeming yet vacant, mysterious yet monotonous, Africa permits this literary experiment. "Alphabetical Asia" would not have been so funny, "Alphabetical America" would have been cluttered with reality, "Alphabetical Antarctica" would have been blank. "Africa is a favorite topic in literature, it gives license to so much excess," the author explains, and confesses, of his old bush jacket, that it "fed my imagination long before I ever set foot on this continent." Mr. Abish is pictured on the dust jacket wearing this bush jacket, and a romantic black eye patch, in a studio containing African sculptures. For the Western mind, art and fancy and travellers' accounts form Africa's body. Though "Alphabetical Africa" gives some evidence that the author has visited the continent, it was not necessary; his Swahili dictionary and a four-color map took him where he wanted to go. Setting out with his elaborate impedimenta, he chose the mental milieu that offered him the most license and sport. Africa, explored and excavated and neo-capitalized as it now is, remains—for Mr. Abish as for Moravia, as it was for Leakey and Livingstone, for Gide

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The New Yorker writer, Edith Iglauer, is the only outsider ever to have accompanied John Denison and his crew as they built their annual 325-mile road through Canada's icy Northwest Territories.

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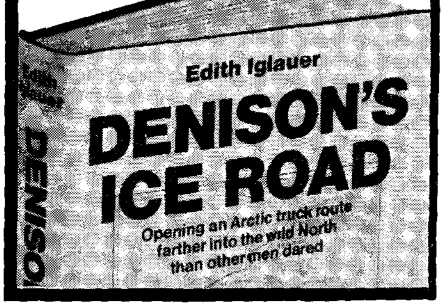
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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ONE JUST MAN, by James Mills (Simon & Schuster). The title refers to a Legal Aid Society lawyer in Manhattan who begins having "strange and dangerous thoughts," for this reason: "I believed our judicial system was one of the most exquisite creations of man. But then I began to see that the structure built to manifest that system—the police, courts, jails—was sick and crumbling. . . . If I were going to be loyal to the system, I would have to forsake what was left of this collapsing structure. I would have to destroy it." These are indeed dangerous thoughts, and when he puts them into action—his opening move being no more violent than advising a client to opt for trial rather than enter an accommodating guilty plea and receive an immediate release—the result is holocaust: real, rioting, rampaging, burning, looting, murdering holocaust. Mr. Mills has given us a metropolitan horror story for the nineteen-seventies that may not be as excessive as we are comfortably inclined to think.

ST. LAWRENCE BLUES, by Marie-Claire Blais, translated from the French by Ralph Manheim (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A frenetic, invigorating, pungent tour through the bohemian haunts of Montreal, led by an orphaned bastard and nonstop fountain of argot named Ti-Pit, or Little Nothing, or (his official moniker) Abraham Lemieux. Just about everyone Ti-Pit runs into is a torrential gabber like him, from the blowhard poet Eloi Papillon, who invents at least ten words every day, to Ti-Pit's drag-queen rooming-house neighbor, Mimi, who gripes about his earnings from homosexual pickups, to the old man Baptiste, who is laid off by his company so it won't have to pay him a pension, to about a dozen other aggrieved types. Mr. Manheim shows ingenuity in giving the prose flavor and movement, and we're left in no doubt that French Canada is something quite different from both British Canada and France. The difference, to judge by this charming book,

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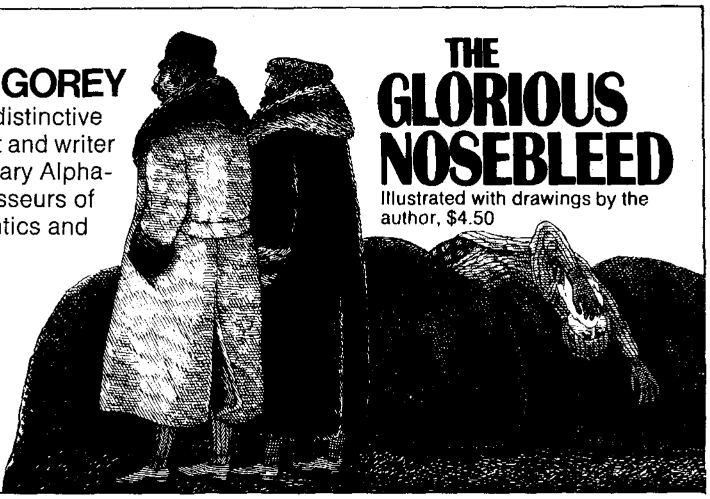
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comes from the warmth and fervor of being at the bottom of the heap.

GENERAL

THE WITNESS AND I, by O. Edmund Clubb (Columbia). The author tells something of his State Department service from 1928 on. As a Chinese specialist who could also speak Russian, he was sent to what must have been among the dreariest places in the world (Vladivostok in the Second World War, for example), but he found them all interesting, and some *fascinating*. He minded America's business in Peking until April, 1950, when the Chinese Communists ejected American diplomats. Clubb's work so impressed his superiors that he came home to a promotion: he was appointed director of the Department's Office of Chinese Affairs. He had served for about six months when the Department's Loyalty Security Board began procedures against him that seem to have been devised not (as Mr. Clubb thinks) by the Queen of Hearts but by the Mad Hatter. Most of this memoir deals with that sorry business; the author was first fired as a security risk and then, on appeal, cleared and reinstated, whereupon—knowing his career was, effectively, wrecked—he retired, in February, 1952. The author has his own opinion and comment on the Red scare's influence on history: what seems most striking in retrospect is how easily so many Americans were intimidated to the point where, having renounced their own independence of mind, they were ready to regard anyone else's independent judgment as dangerous.

•

The kestrel found dead in Saumarez Park at the end of last year was ringed on June 20, 1974 in Scotland.

Pellets were removed from the bird by the GSPCA and it was noted the kestrel bore a British Museum ring. A reply has been received from the Museum stating that the bird was ringed at Stroangassel Dairy, Kircudbright.

Chief Inspector Jeff Le Poidevin of the GSPCA expressed regret that the bird travelled such a prodigious distance, only to die in Guernsey.—*Guernsey (U.K.) Evening Press & Star.*

Come, Inspector. Let's not be parochial!

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The coldest Carlin-Sternhagen offspring is now 17, the youngest 7, and several have snowed some inkling of the-atrical aspiration.—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

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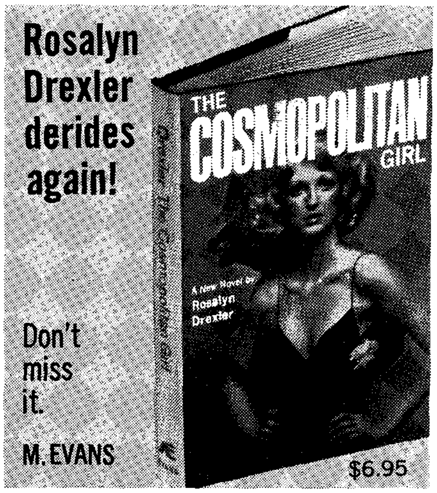

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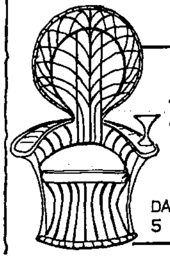

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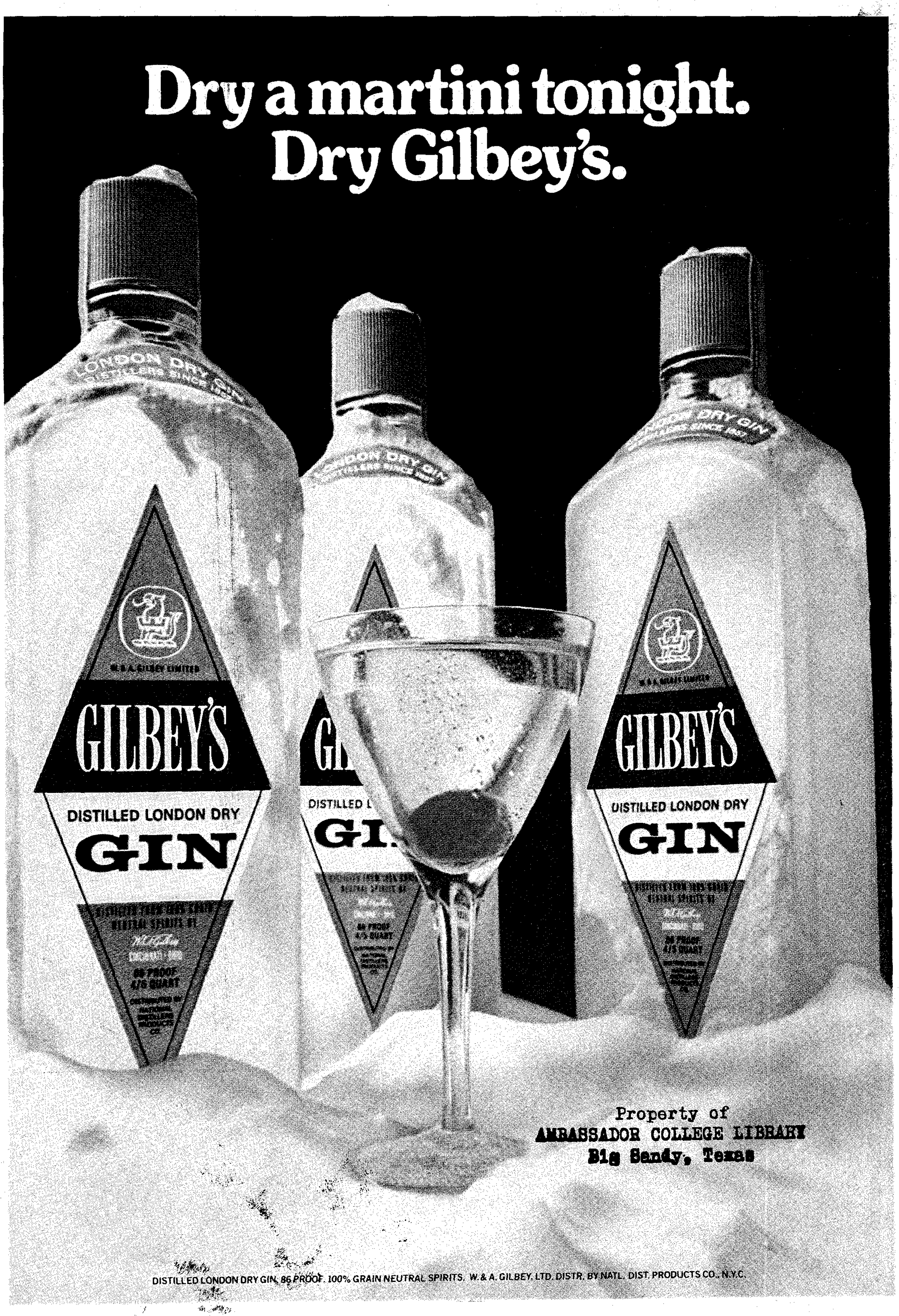
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